

Oracles

Previous postings from the William Thomas Sherman Info Page
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## TENETS

\*If we ever experienced a problem anywhere, it came about, in some degree, due to certain wrong assumptions, either co-present with, or just prior to the given problem's actually taking place.

\* Unless you believe in God, the One, and or the infinite, every assumption is contingent.

\* PROCESS (or if you prefer spirit, or activity) PRECEDES IMAGE. Image may, to some extent, (and sometimes almost perfectly) represent process. But process is always superior to and always more real than image. If process precedes image this might suggest also that mind precedes matter and energy.

\* Everything we believe, or say we know, is based on a *factual* or *value* judgment. Both kinds of judgment always entail the other to some extent, and nothing can be known or exists for us without them.

\* No fact or purported fact is true or false without someone to assert and believe it to be such. If an assertion or claim is deemed true or false then, and we are thorough, we should ask who is it that says so (or has said so), and what criteria are (were) they using? There is no such thing as "faceless" truth or reality -- at least none we are capable of knowing.

\* You can't escape reason. If you aren't rational yourself, someone else will be rational for you; nor do their intentions toward you need to be friendly or benevolent.

\* *Every* point of view and opinion has its truth to it -- even the most abhorrent and unacceptable to us. This said, we are naturally inclined to assume that some opinions have much greater truth to them than others. Even so, what little truth there is in any point of view must, at least at some juncture, and certainly with respect to issues of heated controversy, be justly and reasonably respected. Why? Because we would not be honest (and therefore not truthful) if we didn't.

\* *Ultimately*, and when all is said and done, thought without heart is nothing.

\* Most, if not all, of society's very worst problems arise from (certain) spirit people and those who listen to them -- whether the former comes in the shape of "God," angel, devil or what have you. It is these people who are most the source and cause of real unhappiness. If then you chance to have contact with such, while having (one assumes) overcome their lures, deceptions, and pretenses of benevolence and higher knowledge, I recommend that this (i.e. "unhappiness" or "unhappiness itself") is what you call them. Blame them for (most) everything wrong; for it is it is they who have been and are the ruin of everyone and everything (that is, if anyone is or could be said to be so.)

## Mottos:

*"When you can face me, I'll consider taking you seriously."*

*"Millions for defense; not one cent for tribute!"*

*"The whole of the city is at the mercy of a gang of criminals, led by a man who calls himself the Kid. And I'm the only one who can find him for you."*

**Note.** The “oracles” are given, top to the bottom of the text, in order from the most recent to the very earliest entry (just as originally presented at [gunjones.com](http://gunjones.com)); the very first you see below then is the last entered at the website, while the very first entered for the year is given as the last item in this text.

\*\*\*\*\*

[or172]

*Captain Chris*

Unless he comes to you first,  
A spirit cannot be cursed.  
And nothing makes more sense  
Than imminent self-defense.  
So pussy-foot no longer  
And damn his soul in two;  
Only be extra sure  
To give him warning due.  
And though he seem to come  
With Heaven's blessing,  
Not for a moment let him forget  
With whom it is he's messing.  
For Heaven is true  
And spirits are sneaks;  
Do not then hold back  
On the havoc that you wreak.

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In light of mine own "Muse" taking a temporary New Year's hiatus, I thought I would take the occasion to share with some of you this somewhat dreamy ode by the German poet Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724-1803); here translated by William Nind; that particularly struck my fancy the other day. (The mention of "Messiah" refers to Klopstock's poetic magnum opus of that title.)

"To Fanny

"When I am dead -- when once this mortal frame
Is moulder'd into dust, and thou mine eye,
So long deploring life's eventful dream,
In death hast wept thyself for ever dry,

"Nor lookest upward while the ages throng
From thy still adoration; when my fame,
The fruit of my youth's yearning, and my song,
And of the love I bore Messiah's name,

"Is past and overblown; or by a few
In that world rescued from oblivious doom;
When thou, my Fanny, long hast rested too,
And gentle smiles no more thine eyes illumine;

"When their soul-beaming glance is quench'd and gone.
And thou, unnoticed by the vulgar crowd,

The work of thy whole life hast nobly done
In noble deeds, which fame should utter loud,

"Worthier remembrance than immortal song!
Oh, then -- albeit in love thou madest thine
A happier -- let not the proud word be wrong!
A happier not a nobler heart than mine;

"The day must dawn when I shall live again;
The day must dawn when thou wilt see the sun;
And envious Fate no more can rend in twain
The souls whom Nature destined to be one.

"Then God shall weigh on the eternal beam
Virtue and Happiness in equal scales;
And things that struck discordant here shall seem
Perfect in harmony, where love prevails.

"There where thou wakest, in that happy land,
I will haste to thee. Wander not away
Until some seraph lead me by the hand
To where thou standest in thy bright array.

"Thy brother, welcomed by a dear embrace,
With me shall seek thee. Joyful tears will stream --
Such tears as glisten on a cherub's face,
When I stand by thee, call thee by thy name,

"And press thee to me. Immortality
Will all be ours! O come, ye rapturous train
Of joys unknown to mortal minstrelsy --
Joys inexpressible, as now my pain!

"Ebb then, O life, away! till comes the hour
That calls us to the cypress-shade at last;
Mourning I pine in my deserted bower,
And see my days with darkness overcast."

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Here's something slightly off the trodden path, even for me, and was indirectly suggested by one of my brothers who recently asked if I knew who'd wrote the "Babes in Toyland" theme (his having watched Laurel and Hardy's "Babes in Toyland"/"March of the Wooden Soldiers" over the holidays.) While I was aware of Victor Herbert (1859-1924) in association with that music and a few other tunes of his, it served as a reminder to me of how little I otherwise knew about the character and extent of his full body of compositions and repertoire; which as it turns out, of course, is quite varied and quantitatively considerable. I thought, therefore, to do some further listening and sifting of his work; so that I have for posting here two pieces of his that you, perhaps like me, may not have heard before.

The first of these is Deanna Durbin, in the film "His Butler's Sister" (1943), singing "When You're Away." (As we've seen before with some videos, you'll probably want the YouTube volume down somewhat on this.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dyhf2m-VywE> ["Deanna Durbin - When You're Away - Victor Herbert"]

The second of our Herbert samples is "Art is Calling for Me" from "The Enchantress" performed by Dame Kiri Te Kanawa, along with John Hopkins and the West Australian Symphony Orchestra (c. 1990.) Ms. Te Kanawa, who it seems I find myself liking in so many things, including (also on video) "The Marriage of Figaro" and "Die Fledermaus" (the latter a most suitable New Year's opera) as well as "Don Giovanni," etc., is unusually lively as well as lovely here.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-t4Y-uUp0iY> ["Dame Kiri Te Kanawa sings "Art Is Calling for Me" from "The Enchantress" - Victor Herbert"]

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As a separate, though quite unrelated, bonus, and at the last minute suggestion of goomer ghost himself, is (for many) the very recognizable waltz from Gounod's "Faust" here with Francizco Araiza, Ruggero Raimondi, Gabriela Benackova with the Chorus and Orchestra of Wiene Staatsoper under the baton of Erich Binder (c. 1985.) This number going back to my early youth has always been a big favorite. Although the Joan Sutherland and the London Symphony Orchestra recording of "Faust" (from which [here's](#) an excerpt) is the one I am most inclined and accustomed to, the sound and presentation here is very good also. However, due to a YouTube video glitch the sound and picture are not perfectly in sync; consequently I have shrunk the screen size for this reason.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KKRITskQsLU> ["Gounod: Faust - Waltz at the End of first Act"]

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Better by far to suffer than to go along with them (i.e. these rotten spirit people and those mindless and or spineless persons who listen to them.) Indeed, sometimes (and under the present circumstances, and which for the time being can't be much helped) I actually welcome the pain and suffering just so I can all the more relish distancing myself -- so utterly guilty, loathsome, and full of themselves they are.

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Though I have done so previously, ordinarily I don't remark on a particular episode of some television drama. Notwithstanding, this past weekend I viewed an installment of "Bonanza" from 1960, "The Mission," that surprised me because I was so moved by it. Interested, amused, excited or entertained by some 60's drama or action show, yes, that is normal or assumable. But to be actually *moved*, that is to say emotionally within and by compulsion, is something quite rare. Well, this episode with Henry Hull, whom you may recall starred in "The Werewolf of London" (1935), before it was over had got to me in that way. So many elements are brought together for full dramatic effect. For instance, the hero, and the brains, is an old, debilitated drunk; and who is contrasted with his partner Hoss; who symbolically is the "body" and heart as it were to his mind, and together they try to overcome the hero's own weakness while at the same time contending against very violent and dangerous villains. The first part of the show is somewhat routine, but as the story gets moving on things reach to a stirring and action filled climax. The script is very good, but best of all is Henry Hull's performance that brings the teleplay together. I watched this program on DVD, and it is easily obtainable in various "Bonanza" collections out there. However, if you care to, you can also catch it on YouTube (with a preceding commercial) at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1kgvRdrayVg> ["Mission"]

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With Satan there's no real peace. It's either kill or be killed -- and, take my word for it, though his henchmen very well might be, your opponent is no dope.

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One of the great tricks in life is to avoid overlooking or taking for granted who and what you shouldn't. For one thing, not all beauty is readily apparent, and if you carelessly ignore or brush aside beauty that is less easily to be seen, you risk missing out on it completely. You will not necessarily be punished by anyone for doing so. Yet you may, nonetheless, both cheat yourself of it while at the same time do the possessor of such latent beauty an injustice -- either of which only reflects badly on you.

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For writers who feel they lack spirit, rhythm, and conciseness in their writing and emotional thinking, read the Bible on a regular (at least once a week) basis -- imbibing it, over time, like food or nourishment. There are, of course, other very good books as well for this purpose, but the Bible is an especially excellent one to start with and that you can rely on.

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Read the book(s) first *then* watch the movie and or play the computer game they are based on -- you'll get ten times more out of them in learning, enjoyment and understanding than to either watch or play without the prior reading.

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Even if it is as bad as you think it is, you cannot possibly do without calm and peace (founded in rational and righteous truth) in yourself, and these in turn come from God being planted and dwelling in your moral soul.

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(To --) You raped, tortured, and murdered all these people and animals all these years, whatever did you think was going to happen (to you?)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Although Satan might be able to physically destroy you, your family, your local community, and your country, he can never, as such, touch or rise superior to sound philosophy and just philosophical reasoning.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What Gen. Sherman *said* was raze and level their kingdom to the ground.

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After decades of running Hollywood and the mass media, and with ticket sales plummeting, Oafmore arrives at the obvious conclusion that it must be that people just aren't interested in movies anymore.

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"Wherever God erects a house of prayer  
the Devil always builds a chapel there;  
And 't will be found, upon examination,  
the latter has the largest congregation."  
— Daniel Defoe, *The True-Born Englishman* (1701)

*They can't debate honestly or fairly compete;  
And so use lying and dirty tricks to cheat.  
Well, why then not call the police?  
"What! Are cops to replace the Prince of Peace?"*

One of the great problems Christianity does and has for centuries suffered from is that of spirit people masquerading as God, heaven and or Jesus -- and no doubt, the same difficulty or something similar has thwarted other religions; sometimes with very tragic, brutal, and or catastrophic consequences.

The solution to this sort of dilemma, as always, is an honest and rational faith, in this instance Christianity. One would think this sort of suggestion would be the obvious course. Yet such is the power of spirit people to hoodwink, cajole, frighten and persuade that such entreaties and appeals not untypically fall on deaf ears -- it being *decided* that spirit people are superior to honest and rational analysis or discussion. The other day then, one idea that occurred to me to those so vexed is to suggest going out to all the churches in your local community, and, with all courtesy, decency, and politeness interview the pastors of each; then impartially assess and find out who and how many qualify as being genuinely honest and rational; after which, publish and list your findings and results (say on the internet.) Needless to say, anyone taking up such a survey needs themselves to be honest and fair to those so interviewed while affording such who don't "pass muster" the opportunity to include a response or reply of their own.

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If I have to choose between a scientist or historian who is more thorough and precise in his research versus one who is more ethically upright, candid, and honest, I will without exception prefer the latter.

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Those of you who saw that clip from the 1970 film "Waterloo" I posted earlier may have recognized the song "The Girl I Left Behind Me," also known as "Brighton Camp," being played in the background. It dates back to the 16th century, and in addition to the Napoleonic Wars, was well known in the American Revolution and later the American Civil War. Well, for fun and something different, here's a jaunty version of that same tune (with, in this case, lyrics dating from the Civil War) sung by "Tennessee Ernie Ford (.mp3, 1.8 MBs, right click "Save as...")

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They are the one and only problem there is.

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*On Christmas Day*

On Christmas Day,  
The birds I heard  
Chirping in the holly;  
Like angels are said to sing.  
But, oh -- so very jolly.

How small was the babe  
That was born this day  
For us to all be glad.  
How laughs my heart  
To hear them sound  
In merry round upon round.

On Christmas Day  
The birds I heard,  
Cheeping amid the berries;  
Like angels are said to sing.  
But, oh -- so very merry.

Let the little then  
Ever have their way  
On this most holy day.  
And would that we  
With love so gay  
Could joying sing too always.

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*When the ghost is protected by no man,
Thrice vulnerable and more he is
Into descending damned.*

In this respect "Speelburg" is actually right and smart to hide his identity. If the ghost can't get "S" to represent him then the ghost (unless he can fool others that "S" is more than only a manikin or mechanical tool) must receive the hotter heat. And how absurd to think that this billionaire with assorted staff cannot even identify himself, let alone face me who am most isolated and impecunious, speaks even more to how trivial and irrelevant a figure he really is; and who, based on his obvious immaturity, isn't even qualified to play in the game to begin with; so that, once again, all the damnation must fall upon the ghost, and who as a spirit can be more easily damned than "Speelburg," a flesh and blood person. And if the ghost summons and calls in angels then to shield him (i.e. when "S" is recognized as or made absent), then simply flinch not for a moment, nor be soft soaped, but (with good grace, of course, as always) lay on and damn them as well. (Yes, I know. But don't forget Trenton either.)

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There was a *good* Rome and a *bad* Rome. There was a good Greece and a bad Greece, etc. -- with, of course, by some a fair amount of sliding in between (i.e. good and bad) but that at last solidified and found themselves annealed by fate into essentially the one or the other.

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Hey Cousin It-Uncle Fester *combo* (and who can't stop gossiping all the live-long day) -- go back to Dr. Frankenstein already and demand that refund I spoke to you about earlier (there is no point to *this*.)

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On the social and human level, true, I realize and admit I am little better than a dead man. Yet still shall I have the last laugh. For come the day, on the higher level and cosmic order of things, I will insist on and am going to have a permanent and irrevocable restraining order placed on you and your heaven.

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Sure we all love to follow the glamorous stars and all their private doings. But well it is, especially at this time of the year, to put aside for a moment the transient and ephemeral, and pause and remind ourselves of that ultimate revenge pregnancy that Mary startled Joseph -- and the world -- with two thousand years ago.

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In continuation of our brief survey and semi-introduction to early baroque composers (see <http://www.gunjones.com/or169.html>), let's flip back the calendar some one hundred years prior to such as Biber and Purcell, and where we find the earliest giants -- and giants they truly were -- of "modern" music. At the time of the Italian Renaissance, it was assumed by some scholars that (in addition to the part of the chorus) ancient Greek tragedies had been sung rather than merely spoken; so that it was then with the view to further realizing and resurrecting this ostensibly age old practice that opera as we know it was first invented. Before that music took the form of church hymns and secular pleasure and occasional music (with respect to the latter, such as we find in the case of the troubadours; as well as martial and court music); the sacred providing majestic and complex harmonies, and the secular furnishing forms of melody more readily accessible to commonly felt emotions. Subsequently, these two strands were applied and merged in the creation of the new and nascent form of musical drama we now know as opera -- with and needless to say magnificent and, as many will feel, nigh on miraculous results; as you presently have the opportunity hear.

First of our samples is "Hodie Christus natus est, Gloria" ("Gloria" from the mass "Today Christ is born") by Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594), as rendered by the Gabrieli Consort under the direction of Paul McCreesh.

\*See <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XUQDMVSNyw4> ["13. Palestrina: Hodie Christus natus est, Gloria / Gabrieli Consort and Players"]

Moving ahead some decades later after Palestrina, we have the astonishing and revolutionary compositions of Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643); as examples of which here are two excerpts from his "l'Orfeo," based on the story of the bard Orpheus' visit to Hades to retrieve his departed wife Euridice. The first comes from the Nicholas Harnoncourt & Jean-Pierre Ponnelle production (with the role of "La Musica" being sung by Trudeliese Schmidt.) The second is taken from another re-creation of the work; done by Spanish conductor and musician, Jordi Savall (with Furio Zanasi as Orfeo.)

\* See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XZ2RvVMhGTg> ["Taccata, Ritornelo and Prologue from l'Orfeo - Monteverdi"]

\* See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wni1GVRlMtc> ["Monteverdi - Orfeo - Rosa del ciel"]

Jacopo Peri (1561-1633) also composed what has become a famous opera drawing on the Orpheus tale -- indeed, is credited with being *the* very first opera, and from which comes this prologue; brought to us here by Accademia degli Imperfetti. (The filming is rather impromptu, but the performance itself is a very good one.)



\* See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WHMJgGE5Doc&feature=related> ["Peri, L'Euridice, Prologo "La Tragedia" e Coro "Se de' boschi"]

To close, we have two extracts from the religious oratorios of Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674) The YouTube video is of Jérôme Correas & Les Paladins presenting a portion of "Jephte" (Jephthah); while the amazon.com mp3 single track download that follows, "Et Proeliantur Venti," is from Carissimi's "Jonas" (Jonah) played by Diego Fasolis with Coro Della Radio Svizzera and Sonatori Della Gioiosa Marca.

\* See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tdZyNV6nv6o> ["8. Carissimi: Jephte / Jérôme Correas & Les Paladins"]

\* "Et Proeliantur Venti" from "Jonas"

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Should things show signs of becoming at all strained and hectic this holiday season, fail not to avail yourself of that dread and unholy oath: "All hail the lunk-head religion (of doing the wrong thing a certain way)" -- repeating as necessary or desirable.

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Clearly the days of Twitter are numbered.

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Whether dressed in the guise of seeming glorious heaven or else overt and evil hell (or something somehow in between the two), note how although spirit people are supposed to be so all-knowingly cocksure and self confident that the vast majority of the time they are forced to hide and conceal themselves. Try then to learn not to take them so very seriously; or at least no more seriously than a medical disease.

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And now Brittany Murphy has passed away prematurely. Reminds me of Lynne Frederick's death. I wish I could die myself -- I hate these people that much. But as it is, I have the cat to take care of.

*Later Note.* After writing the above, out of curiosity I went to enter Lynne Frederick on Google to see what would come up, and found this most startling and bitchy obituary which you may read at <http://www.victoriamaryclarke.com/articles/Frederick%20The%20Lynne%20%20Story.html> Why such rancor? Observe also once again how it is the deceased in such cases who is invariably at fault for their own demise. Of course, the far more believable story is that the person was not cooperative and duly respectful of their "betters." Those betters then make their life impossible; so the individual expires either through murder or suicide. For you see, that's the way the "Big Boys" play (otherwise they don't get to be "Big Boys" -- or so, at any rate, decrees the ghoulish one.)

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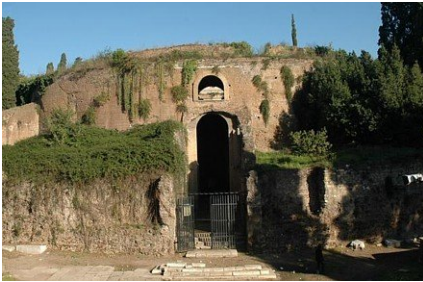
"Tell us by what authority you are doing these things," they said. "Who gave you this authority?" He replied, "I will also ask you a question. Tell me, 'Howard the Duck'-- was it from heaven, or from men?"

They discussed it among themselves and said, "If we say, 'From heaven,' he will ask, 'Why then didn't you like the film?' But if we say, 'From men,' then how will we be able to account for why it was produced -- and by George Lucas no less?"

*So they answered, "We don't know where it was from."
He said, "Neither will I tell you by what authority I am doing these things."*

I expect people who are good to act like good people. And even if the Bible speaks of an angel as being from God, and yet that angel does not behave like a good, honest and decent person would, rather than place my trust in such an angel I will say the Bible more than likely was tampered with at that point, or otherwise make some very qualifying explanation for the passage's acceptance.

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We had directed you earlier to Machpelah, located outside Hebron, that is the burial site of Abraham and some of the most important patriarchs and matriarchs of religious faith. But did you know also about the resting place of some of the first dozen or so imperial Caesars and their family members? That would be the Mausoleum of Augustus in Rome. Quite remarkably, the urns with ashes it once contained remained intact there for centuries till 410 A.D.; when Alaric the Goth sacked Rome. (Now you will never forget the year Rome was first sacked [i.e. since the time of the Republic and Empire.])

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Food and medicine without love are, or at least can be, enough except *when* those feeding and healing are in league or partnership with an ideology that dismisses love as a merely empty, incidental, or hypocritical sentiment; while routinely contemplating social disunity and disintegration (including involuntary separation), moral decay, a widespread decline in active literacy, and mass extinction without objection and without murmur (except for when the need arises to feign a conscience.) For when *that* happens the hungry, sick and in want merely become sacrificial victims to be groomed as cattle for some voracious spirit person. Besides, so such benefactors will reason, if the world is going to end anyway then the harm I've done or do can't be all that blameworthy, and at least people think I am doing good. So what else matters?

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Thus speaks the oracle:

"Ten times the suffering of your victims;  
Ten times the pain --  
If you don't stop living the life  
of "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?""

*Later Note.* Some will take his being characterized as "Baby Jane" as only a joke, but in his personality, his vain and preposterous movie career, his spitefulness, his mocking and sarcasm, and his resentment of others success and good fortune that is what he is really like.

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During the time I was doing the "Recommendation of the Week," I had listed Henry Purcell's (1659-1695) "King Arthur" and Heinrich von Biber's (1644-1704) "Battalia." With a mind to following up on these, I thought I would make mention of some additional works and recordings for the benefit of those who might else miss out on them. Respecting Biber, there is, as of fairly recently, a nice live performance of his "Battalia" now on YouTube (and for further exploration, some will find Biber's violin sonatas also of interest.) Although the conductor perhaps took on too much by playing first violin at the same time as he was conducting, the rendition is lively and definitely worth a view and listen. Unfortunately I can't embed it here, so that in order to watch it you will have to travel over to the YouTube link (it's not very far) at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BC2oaSAToRE> ["Spinosi: 'Battalia', Heinrich Ignaz von Biber; live 2000"] For further exploration, some will find Biber's violin sonatas also of interest.

With regard to Purcell, he has so many superb songs and other musical pieces that we'll have to settle here with listing just a few of them of note. The first of these is his "Let Us Wander," from "The Indian Queen" with (in this instance) lyrics by John Milton.

*"Let us wander, not unseen,
By the elms, on hillocks green,
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,*

*"And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And the shepherd tells his tale,
Beneath the hawthorn in the dale."*

I used to have a professionally done and recorded version on LP of this air, but do not any longer; nor on CD. The best then I could find at the moment was this on YouTube; done by some Hungarian ladies from Budapest: Mónika Mezei and Júlia Sárkány. The tempo is a little too swift; and the audio and video are far from pristine. Yet the duo give a sprightly enough and, if I may say, "cute" go at it; while at the least the video gives you the idea of how the song sounds.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uNV08y6Z3Sk> ["Purcell: Let us wander"]

Next we have the very famous "lament" from "Dido and Aeneas," here sung by soprano Tatiana Troyanos (1938-1993). This recording comes from the Raymond Leppard and the English Chamber Orchestra rendering; that I have had for many years, and which album is available on CD at: <http://www.amazon.com/Purcell-Dido-Aeneas-Henry/dp/B00005OBRE> -- *highly* recommended.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=R1tpLPd7Aec> ["Tatiana Troyanos (1938-1993)"]

Last are some individual airs and dances from John Eliot Gardiner's version of Purcell's "Fairy Queen." If you get or already have the whole double album, you naturally will not need these separate amazon.com mp3 downloads. This said, some tracks I would bring to your attention from this very fine recording are:

- * "If Love's a Sweet Passion" (Disc1, track 22)
- * "When I Have Often Heard" (Disc1, track 28)
- * "A Dance of Haymakers" (Disc1, track 29)

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As I sat chatting in conversation with a friend, the topic of holiday movies arose, and one likeable film which came to mind was Jim Varney's "Ernest Saves Christmas." The "Ernest" movies in general, and aside from some occasional sophomoric humor, were pretty good, and even a bit of a wonder for their time (that is, illustrating as they did that films could still be funny.) As for Mr. Varney himself, last I heard, he apparently ended up as another one of those Hollywood people who, in recent years, died at a surprisingly and relatively young age.

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The demonistic movie career. It's too dirty and horrible to think about even for a moment.

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Aye, there's the rub, when it comes to Bub. By doing others dirty, he provides himself with just that opportunity to *advance* that penultimate end (which is himself.)

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If when we can't always care for children or animals out of love and sentiment, we must, to counterbalance this weakness in our natures, be stringent on ourselves to do so out of obligation; just as we would with any job we would want seeing done well -- all the more so when one's charge is the innocent or mostly innocent. For why should they, who are most always and invariably well behaved by the standards of their own God given nature, have to be and live in the same world where these stupid things go on.

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I suppose that for many they know Carole King songs, but less so Carole King herself in association with those songs. Now to be frank, a number of her compositions *too* verge on 70's schmalz to my taste. Yet, this mentioned, she has so many solid and superlative ones to amply and more than compensate for this. Did you know, for instance, that among those for which she is credited she wrote "Will You Love Me Tomorrow?" "Locomotion," "Pleasant Valley Sunday," "Porpoise Song," "You've Got A Friend," "I Feel the Earth Move," "So Far Away," "It's Too Late" and, of course, more; so that in preparing this post, it came as a surprise to me to learn for the first time some titles I already well knew but which I *didn't* yet know were hers -- of which here's another.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yRh3R0QeR5Y> ["Carole King - Beautiful" -- live]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Say Champion.* I have a question for you. When are you going to give o'er to sound judgment and reason for a change? Look, you had your great way all these years. So how about giving these radio operators and myself fair deal and a fair shake for once. *Why* -- we have places to go; people to see; things to do. You just can't be wasting our time with all of this anymore. You cause far and away too much trouble as it is. Sure you do; sure you do. *I'll say you do. I'll say you do*, and I know this for an actual fact.

* champion chump.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

You know what I told him? I told him I would gladly give up all fame, big money, reputation, and women if 1) I could evacuate the children and animals to peace and safety, and 2) get rid of him and his friends out of my own life permanently and forever -- keep all the rest, I could care less. Because, you see, there is no

point living your life compromising with that surly oaf the magician and his master the great hoodlum of (phony) heaven.

Now *real* heaven on the other hand, that's something else entirely. All you need of it, as any true soul knows, is a mustard seed's worth, and if you only have that much it's better than all the riches of this *present* world put together.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

When I'm sore, numb, weary and in more pain than usual from all these years of his torturing me, he will like to mock me by quoting scripture -- "I am the resurrection and the life" (John 11:25), he says.

But I will laugh and do him one better (by citing Matthew 25: 41): "Depart from me, you who are accursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels." (Go mind your own business.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In all my life listening to music, the one band that easily got more turntable time out of me than any other was the Moody Blues. If I listen to them less so now, it is exactly for this same reason. Nevertheless, it is not hard for me to remember the times of ecstasy and enjoyment I had listening to particular songs and albums, such as "Your Wildest Dreams" (and the album it was on) when that first came out; and the later somewhat unpolished but still much underrated "Sur La Mer." Another, and probably of course their most lauded and highly regarded album, is "Days of Future Past" (DOFP), with songs like "Twilight Time" and "Peak Hour." Strangely and despite this, DOFP now sounds bad on CD compared to what it sounded like on LP; even though the CD is touted it as "newly remastered" and all that. It sounded (when I last heard it) like someone screwed up the mixes; so that certain instruments and layers of the performances don't come out so well or clearly as they did on the LP. If someone said this disparity between LP and CD was a result of deliberate sabotage, these days I would believe it. (Just thought I would mention this; in case anyone encountered the same problem.)

Anyway, here's another among those many favorite MB tunes I've loved all these years; though in this instance performed solo by Justin Hayward. (As before, many of you will want to lower the YouTube volume on this video also.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a4I5Va9i5QE> ["Justin Hayward - The Day We Meet Again"] solo-acoustic version

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There were some conspicuously penetrating quotes in Durant from ancient Roman authors that do well my reproducing here; seeing as how they strikingly hit the mark with respect to the subject of spirit people, particularly autocratic spirit people; which are as follow:

"I grant you there are gods; but they don't care what men do, else it would do well with the good and ill with the bad -- which rarely happens."

~ Ennius (from, states Durant, *Telamo*, frag. in Duff, 141.)

"To so many evils religion has persuaded men." (or "Only religion can persuade man to so much evil." Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.)

~ Lucretius

[Referring to gods in happy isolation and who live] "beyond the flaming ramparts of the world." (extra flammantia moenia mundi.)
~ Lucretius

"It was fear that first in the world made gods." (Primus in orbe deos fecit timor.)
~ Petronius (Though probably not the author of *Satyricon* with the same name.)

All of which beg a few pertinent questions; which I list but won't, for the moment at least, attempt to answer.

1. Are "gods" spirit people?
2. If they are spirit people, does it not seem more likely that they were once regular, flesh and blood, humans? For where else, aside from animals, do we know about such person-hood existing? If gods are not departed people, what else could they possibly be? And outside of poetry, can it make proper sense to speak of a literal person who is not a human person or animal (or vegetable)?
3. If gods are departed humans, are they a select few of that class? And if so, how are they chosen, made, or come into the status being a deity after death?
4. If gods are departed humans, does it makes sense to speak of them creating this world or nature?
5. If they are not creators of nature and what is in it, how and in what way can they be gods?
6. If they are persons, but not formerly flesh and blood humans, does that of itself make them "gods" in relation to us, or are they simply a different kind of being that is a person?
7. If there are persons who were not at one time flesh and blood persons, whom we will for convenience denote "angels," do we necessarily have a tie with them? Do they interact in what we do, and if so who are they to us? Ancestors of some sort? Strangers? Alien friends? Alien enemies?
8. In what sense are some of the departed asleep and some not asleep? Why would some be active and some not? If there are "angels" do *they* sleep? Does it make any difference to us whether they do or not?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

When it comes to the *grand scheme of things*, your being an optimist or pessimist is not going prove anything or affect anything -- unless your own self. And whether the greater *physical* universe is beneficent, maleficent, or indifferent is, for us, *objectively* indeterminable. It is what it is regardless of what we think. Yet we live not in the greater scheme of things as such but only in some part, and that sole or divergent part may be all that we need to concern ourselves with. Otherwise, and when all is said and done, all one can do when it comes to the great good and the great bad is see to our own souls, and render and keep them flourishing and healthy; and this we do by having a mind that is honest, rational, and self-disciplined; and a heart that is caring, empathetic, and conscientious.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

A thing has different kinds of value and or uses to it, and what an artist does is pick out what is best in that thing. He then shapes, trims, highlights, shades, complements, contrasts its various selected and significant elements; after which he places them into a framework that will hold all these different parts and aspects together so that, in the process, they are transformed into a harmonious one or whole; with the understanding that it is possible for this same process to be repeated differently with same subject or

subjects; while bearing in mind that harmony itself is that tension or strength achieved by the uniting and or offsetting of opposites and or complements with each other.

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What won't trickle-down theory surprise us with next? What? You mean you *don't* know *yet* about "I <3 Vampires"? (That "<3", by the way, is supposed to refer to the word "heart" -- so "I Heart Vampires.") Well, if you *are* new to this ostensibly fast burgeoning craze, here's a video on YouTube to help get you started.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nC3DFBgFagw> ["Heather's Vlog: I Heart Vampires"]

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If you wind up on death row, don't say I didn't tell you so.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Oh, it flies all right only it has to soar.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Brother of mice!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Frozen* in as we are by the knife-piercing chill that besets us here in Seattle, I've had more leisure and pent up inspiration on my hands than usual to post today. So here's some more. This is "The Jodelling Song" from William Walton's "Facade" -- "after a set of poems by Edith Sitwell" performed by Pamela Hunter and the Melologos Ensemble with Silveer Van den Broeck. There are other versions, including a number at amazon.com downloads, but this particular Pamela Hunter, et al. recording, which I like better than the rest, isn't. To download, click [here](#). (.wma, 2.15 MBs, right click, "Save as..")

~~~~~\*~~~~~

That class war undermined and ultimately destroyed the Roman Republic is well born out by the unusual complexities of classical Latin; as if that language were especially devised and constructed to keep from positions of power and influence those who could not afford extensive leisure time and a relatively expensive education in order to grasp it on the more formal level. Such, at any rate, is my impression.

On a related note, as far as nefarious spirit people (in and behind the scenes) guiding and manipulating the destiny and behaviors of the individual lives of various prominent members of the succeeding Julio-Claudian family (which some others of you will remember from the "I, Claudius" tv series), to my mind, there can be no question; with there being this vivid and repeated time and again pattern of "weeding"* out the good and empowering the bad. And if the point is raised that the bad emperors did have their virtues, and I agree they did, this by no means takes from my contention; since criminal spirit people of the worser sort will be more than satisfied with morally corrupting others (by subliminally milking their souls), and leaving or allowing some virtue in the victim as a mocking hint and ghostly trace of what all the rest in that person's character they otherwise robbed and deprived that victim of.

* Yes, odd as it sounds; to the vicious or orkonic way of thinking it would be "weeding."

P.P.S. Makes one wonder too if Nero might not have had “identity theft” done to him at some point, and the outrages ascribed to him actually perpetrated by some imposter. I would not out of hand advocate that such was the case, but would at least suggest considering it (if for no other reason than) to inform and alert others to such not unthinkable possibilities when it comes to some spirit people closely and with some careful aforethought involving themselves in “human” affairs – and which they might or might not do depends on the their own character and the tenor of the times.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I'm sick and damn tired of all this...Quintilius Varus, give him back his legions already (and stop wasting everybody's time with this nonsense!)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"I'm *hiding* Sherman -- and you can't see me."

I know.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(Regarding "Newman" and "Redford.") They could use a good bath in any case.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

It *goes on* existing; it goes on existing; it goes on existing; it goes on existing...

"I'm sorry; I'm sorry; I'm sorry; I'm sorry..."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I am not in a position to follow business politics, let alone its intricacies, but how do you explain it? He is supposed to be the richest man (or else certainly one of the richest men) in the world, and Microsoft, which financially made him, he lets atrophy and go to rot because he has no say or power over it. This, on the surface of things, I take or understand to be the case because he must answer to some sort of American Caligula. Correct? Perhaps one of you out there could tell me. (On a related note, did the historical Simon the Magician have Roman citizenship, I wonder?)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Now here's another of one of the better numbers from that much misunderstood decade *the 80's*. (Some might want to turn the YouTube volume down a bit on this one.):

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8A-Z9IXJ9DM> ["Eurythmics - Would I Lie To You.MP4"]

(Nihil do. It helps my show, etc.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Early today I received the following e-mail, seemingly on the surface some mere spam, yet which evinced some degree of actual intelligence. In fact, it could be construed as a response of sorts to some of the arguments I make at my website. Simultaneously, the view expounded is reminiscent of that expressed by the young female gypsy character in that "Bonanza" clip (from the episode "Dark Star") I posted a few



weeks ago -- freedom to do what you want, regardless of the rights of others, is its own justification. Now were this line of reasoning posed more coherently than it is I would reply in turn. But as it is I'm posting this to give you an idea of how some of these kinds of people I write about "think" and leave it to you, in this instance, to determine the justice and truthfulness of what they assert; while otherwise observing that it evidently was also someone else's need for freedom that prevented this writer from properly finishing and concluding what it is they were saying.

This then comes from "Detorres" at liar@bitching.dk :

"Urbane. Are not some born moral cripples as others are born with physical deformities? Are not some spiritually deaf, dumb, and blind from birth? It cannot be doubted. We are all more or less what our fathers were, but our surroundings do much to modify us. Many men seem to be driven on wings of passion, as leaves by tornadoes; and yet we know that we are free, and that all life and conduct, individual and social, must be ordered on that hypothesis. Teach men that they are not free, and anarchy and chaos will quickly follow. No freedom? Then there is no obligation. No one feels that he ought to do what he cannot do, and no one will try to do what he does not feel that he ought to do. If men are but machines, moving only as the power is turned on, there is no moral quality in any action. If we live in a moral world, whether we can understand it or not, we must be free to choose for ourselves. The possibility of the soul's expansion depends on its freedom. There is no right and no wrong, no truth and no error, if it is a slave to the inheritance with which it was born. What gives to the invitations of Jesus a quality so serious and so solemn is the fact that they may be rejected. The power of choice is the most sublime endowment which man possesses. When we have learned to know ourselves as free a long step forward has been taken. The soul grows by a right use of the power of choice. How may it be adjusted to this knowledge? It will undoubtedly grow to it, but the process will be slow. It may, however, be hastened by a use of the experience of others. No man should be allowed to begin the battle of life as ignorant as his father was. Each new soul should have the benefit of" [The message inexplicably ends at this point.]

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Will Wizard, Christmas 1966.

One of the current events questions you, along with some others, are perhaps wondering is whether Bob Dylan's "Christmas in the Heart" album is for real. Well, of course, the answer is no; but that Mr. Dylan could be so coerced as to have to team up with the people from Jib Jab (or similar) is -- these days certainly -- a very small bone for him to have to throw El Diablo. Besides entitling Mr. Dylan to "doing things a certain way" points, that is, for working as babysitter for some of that latter worthy's billion dollar minions, it also gave those minions a chance to secure some of that attention they so desperately seek and are direly in want of; along with, at the same time, the opportunity to be funny in their own minds. As well, people of this sort sometimes actually like and like to be with the very person they are bothering; and to his credit Mr. Dylan suffered all this with becoming grace while delivering songs that are at least passing enjoyable as novelties for 20th century pop culture and or Dylan fans.

On the other hand, whether the money gained from the CD's sales will indeed go to feed the hungry is open to question and something else entirely. Yet even if the profits do end up being dispersed to the wrong people, that naturally is not any fault of Mr. Dylan's, and beyond his control in any case.

Later Note. The above picture came from among a set of photos taken at the time of our halcyon days at Rockville Centre, N.Y., put on CD, and which a member of my family presented me with a while back. Extracting from just a few of which it contains, I made a quick photo album page; that, if you are

interested, you can see at: http://www.angelfire.com/d20/htfh/wts_family_pics.html (Note the Mighty Mouse costume in one of the shots.)

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### *Some Ancient History*

It saddens me to read how Augustus slew Julius Caesar's 17 year old son by Cleopatra, Caesarion, and also Antony's son by Fluvia -- fearing that they would one day become a threat to him -- Augustus! Wasn't there some place in that wide empire the two could have been sent into exile to, and watched and guarded, without actually killing these inoffensive young men? Perhaps it was actually done this way; with it only then being *reported* they had been slain. Well, who knows? Certainly I would like to think so.

Often times nothing so blinds us as familiarity, and many important things we *don't* quite know or understand, and which we ought to know, sometimes include subjects we rather assume we are experts on or devotees of; based, for instance, on that subject's being (for one reason or another) near and dear to our hearts. Well, here's a question for you Jews, Christians, and Muslims. Can you tell me where the remains of Abraham and the some of the very most important patriarchs and matriarchs are buried? Some, of course, will readily know the answer to this. But for those who don't, and might like something of a curiously interesting nature to peruse and discover, here's a link to the Wikipedia article (with additional related links included) on Machpelah.

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To whom it might concern -- You understand don't you? I can't possibly mention everyone that deserves to be mentioned; endeavor as I may. These kind of things *always* need more time, and who knows if we'll have it? I *know* in a given instance someone is *there*. But, *for me*, it isn't *their* time -- yet (for one reason or other.) So that what then is really needed in the meantime, in my strong opinion, is more websites like this to fill in the gaps; and hopefully, even if still unknown to me, there are. (And oh, by the way, hey Champion, when is this great scheme of yours going to end any way?)

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True, pure innocence sees and recognizes ugliness (moral and otherwise) with difficulty. But then who, aside from an animal, child or young person, is *that* innocent (and can so use this as an excuse for not knowing better?)

And while it is not for us to *judge* a given one of these criminal spirit people (after all, what do we know about *his* story?); nonetheless, if they *are* invading and attacking (and given that they are illegal aliens -- and they are), what question can there be whether or not we have not only a right but an obligation to defend loved ones and our country? And yet defending loved one and country can and should not require lying, treachery, and victimization of others (say, in the way of inhuman sacrifices); as some have been very foolishly lead to think and believe (in the name of loved ones and or country.)

"I need to take it out on you because I'm so lofty and important." And why is he so lofty and important? Because he can bribe, trick, cheat and frighten better than anyone else; and even though he would have you believe it's all being done for some almighty, beneficent higher purpose. But what certain dull, slow and timid people unfortunately don't understand is that this seemingly profound, arcane and mysterious higher purpose is really nothing more than himself and his own (perceived) self-interest. (I believe that *looks* like the end of Dracula.)

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Paramour of Julius Caesar and Mark Antony -- Cleopatra VII.

And how truly it was said -- even if he had her in her prime, it's obviously going to be some time before he ever reaches his.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

**Obama Asks Moms to Return to School**  
If You Make Less Than \$45,000/Year  
You May Qualify For A Pell Grant



You're probably wondering how a guy like me ended up with a job that pays more than yours.

It wasn't always like this. Until recently, I was just like you. I worked a bad job because I felt that my lack of a college degree would prevent me from ever finding better work. And I never considered that I would be able to get a college degree. I lacked the time and money to commit to earning a degree.

I was telling a friend of mine about my frustrations when he mentioned that I could change my life by earning a college degree online. Even better, I could qualify for government financial aid, which would help make my degree extremely affordable.

My friend told me about a form he had filled out online that helped him find a school for free. He told me the form took 5 minutes, and it was free, so I had nothing to lose.

I filled out the form, found a school, and earned my degree in 2 years with help from the government. Now I make more money than I could have dreamed of. You can do the same. Take 5 minutes and find the school that's right for you. That is, unless you prefer making less money than me.

Select Your State  
Alabama

Comes another from everybody's favorite lunatic "advertiser" on the internet. They used to have these in post offices, but then that institution like so many others of a once Federal character has branched off into show business. But at least the deficiency is helped made up for by such as this said advertiser. Although I would not say the person bears a close resemblance to the ghoulish magician, that's about the right ball park or good enough for an all points bulletin.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

And why do you suppose it is the Phantom of the Opera won't reveal either himself or his identity? Is this perhaps because he'd rather think of himself as being "Batman"?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(To --) You must please pardon my occasional typos and editorial lapses as I am and constantly being literally and physically tortured by your friends even as I write.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

There may be little purpose my bringing this up here; among other things, I hardly receive any but business e-mail anymore; so that it is not likely I will get a response to my inquiry. But since it can't hurt trying --

There are two very wonderful melodies I recall hearing before, yet which I can't remember what they are exactly, as far as title and or composer goes, or where and on what LPs I listened to them on. I therefore just now made extemporaneous recordings of both with myself humming them. The first, as best as I can recollect, is a medieval song; the second is a fife and drum marching piece from (I believe) the 18th century. If then you recognize these from hearing them, I would most appreciate your contacting me and letting me know (thanks in advance for any such input in this "name that tune" quest.)

* medieval song (.mp3, right click "Save As")

* 18th century fife and drum music (.mp3, right click "Save As")

Later Note. I subsequently learned the second piece of music is a "Janizary's March," and which happens also to be on the LP "Fife and Drum Music of the American Revolution: Military Music in America series, vol. 1" with Director of Music, George P. Carroll, and produced by the Company of Military Collectors & Historians, Washington, D.C. Also, the specific track in question in mp3 is downloadable [here](#) (3.4 MBs)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

She rejected his advances so he set her up for murder. Whether that is true in the given instance, I don't know, yet it and like it has certainly happened before.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The challenge the world faces versus criminal spirit people is somewhat similar to what an individual person faces from their own inordinate desire and appetites. Sometimes we are driven by desire to act badly; and for some, though they can't help it, they at least are aware of there being a problem and regret it. For others they actually try not only to excuse but justify their bad behavior, and so it is the latter that threatens the world when it comes to spirit people. The threat posed is all the more compounded when you realize that where your bad behavior might be something like you drink, smoke or eat too much; acting up for *him* means persistently bothering, torturing, and murdering. Moreover, these kind of spirit people think so little of trashing the world and everyone in it because (through their own alienating themselves by their gross, unrepentant immorality) it is not their world to begin with. In addition, they are in so much trouble as it is, while so thoroughly and egotistically full of themselves, that for them and how they see things it might as well be the end of the world anyway.

So when you contribute to the devil's collection basket by doing the wrong thing, perhaps giving a smile, nod and wink while doing so, it only makes such as *him* all the more wealthy, powerful, and tyrannical. And the stronger the bad is made, the weaker then become the good people among us (as is planned and intended by criminal spirit people's higher ups.) So that people who pay tribute to doing the wrong thing (a certain way), and all the more to the degree they do so (and for all their perhaps seeming nice guy attitude), are actually against good (and are not really having it 'both' ways as they imagine.)

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When it comes to higher wisdom, one fact warmly loved is worth a thousand coldly (if carefully) collected.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

How can you ever hope and expect to really be happy if you continue to compromise with, abet, and give into someone who is a literal torturer and psychopathic murderer? (And this is *one* reason why some people would instead rather suffer the cross.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

(In response to someone else's comments) Let's face it. Hollywood as we know it today (and the megabuck media-entertainment industry generally), being shielded from real competition by use of overt crime and jerry-rigging of communications, the legal system, and the market place, is a rapist -- and nothing more than, and as such does more than anyone else to hamper and dampen the human spirit.

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There is no greater evil known or ever known than criminal spirit people (and or else the person, if there be such, in charge of overseeing spirit people), and any, all, and ever other evil pales by comparison into insignificance. Yet what, as it turns out, is the one subject that cannot be addressed soberly and scientifically?

Why, spirit people!

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While one is hard put to make apologies for William Gilmore Simms (1806-1870) racism now (he was pro-slavery southerner), his virtues as a writer otherwise will redeem him to those who can properly appreciate these. Besides, had he the hindsight we have at this point in history, it is not hard to imagine that he would have finally gotten around to changing his tune.

Reading his novels (though he wrote history and poetry as well) is often not unlike making your way through a flooded Carolina swamp; which is to say be warned of turgid and verbose obstructions that pop up in the course of his narrative. But if you are patient you will before long come upon the solid land you're seeking. The corniness of his characters and the dramatic situations are sometimes such as to elicit a laugh, and as is so typical of 19th century novelists generally, a respectful and erudite edit and abridgment is not unwelcome.

To give you a sample of when he gets rip roaring, below is a chapter from his *Yemassee* (1835), which work tells the tale of the tragic revolt of the South Carolina natives in the early 18th century (1715-1717). Although I like the companion novels (set during the Revolutionary War) *The Forayers* (1855) and *Eutaw* (1856) better as entertaining reading, *Yemassee*, on a number of levels qualifies, I think, as a necessary education for people desiring a richer grasp of American history and the American experience.

Not infrequently, he can be plentiful in color, inventive in his turn of phrase, descriptions, and creative in educing poetry from odd and mundane circumstances. In addition to the passage we quote here, Chapter XX is another good instance of his sometimes virile prose. There he is just as capable of recreating the tender and lovely as he is matters of blood and thunder as in this from Chapter XXXIV.

"'And war is the great Moloch; for his feast,  
Gather the human victims he requires,  
With an unglutted appetite. He makes  
Earth his grand table, spread with winding-sheets,  
Man his attendant, who, with madness fit,  
Serves his own brother up, nor heeds the prayer,  
Groaned by a kindred nature, for reprieve.'

"BLOOD makes the taste for blood -- we teach the hound to hunt the victim, for whose entrails he acquires an appetite. We acquire such tastes ourselves from like indulgences. There is a sort of intoxicating restlessness in crime that seldom suffers it to stop at a solitary excess. It craves repetition -- and the relish so expands with indulgence, that exaggeration becomes essential to make it a stimulant. Until we have created this appetite, we sicken at its bare contemplation. But once created, it is impatient of employ, and it is wonderful to note its progress. Thus, the young Nero wept when first called upon to sign the warrant commanding the execution of a criminal. But the ice once broken, he never suffered it to close again. Murder was his companion -- blood his banquet -- his chief stimulant licentiousness -- horrible licentiousness. He had found out a new luxury.

"The philosophy which teaches this is common to experience all the world over. It was not unknown to the Yemassee. Distrusting the strength of their hostility to the English, the chief instigators of the proposed insurrection, as we have seen deemed it necessary to appeal to this appetite, along with a native superstition. Their battle-god called for a victim, and the prophet promulgated the decree. A chosen band of warriors was despatched [sic] to secure a white man; and in subjecting him to the fire-torture, the Yemassee were to feel the provocation of that thirsting impulse which craves a continual renewal of its stimulating indulgence. Perhaps one of the most natural and necessary agents of man, in his progress through life, is the desire to destroy. It is this which subjects the enemy -- it is this that prompts him to adventure -- which enables him to contend with danger, and to flout at death -- which carries him into the interminable forests, and impels the ingenuity into exercise, which furnishes him with a weapon to contend with its savage possessors. It is not surprising, if prompted by dangerous influences, in our ignorance, we pamper this natural agent into a disease, which preys at length upon ourselves.

"The party despatched for this victim had been successful. The peculiar cry was heard indicating their success; and as it rung through the wide area, the crowd gave way and parted for the new comers, who were hailed with a degree of satisfaction, extravagant enough, unless we consider the importance generally attached to their enterprise. On their procuring this victim alive, depended their hope of victory in the approaching conflict. Such was the prediction of the prophet -- such the decree of their god of war -- and for the due celebration of this terrible sacrifice, the preparatory ceremonies had been delayed.

"They were delayed no longer. With shrill cries and the most savage contortions, not to say convulsions of body, the assembled multitude hailed the entree of the detachment sent forth upon this expedition. They had been eminently successful; having taken their captive, without themselves losing a drop of blood. Upon this, the prediction had founded their success.

"Not so the prisoner. Though unarmed he had fought desperately, and his enemies were compelled to wound in order to secure him. He was only overcome by numbers, and the sheer physical weight of their crowding bodies.

"They dragged him into the ring, the war-dance all the time going on around him. From the copse, close at hand, in which he lay concealed, Harrison [the novel's white hero] could distinguish, at intervals, the features of the captive. He knew him at a glance, as a poor labourer, named Macnamara, an Irishman, who had gone jobbing about, in various ways, throughout the settlement. He was a fine-looking, fresh, muscular man -- not more than thirty -- and sustaining well, amid that fierce assemblage, surrounded with foes, and threatened with a torture to which European ingenuity could not often attain, unless in the Inquisitorial dungeons, the fearless character, which is a distinguishing feature with his countrymen. His long, black hair, deeply saturated and matted with his blood, which oozed out from sundry bludgeon-wounds upon the head, was wildly distributed in masses over his face and forehead. His full, round cheeks, were marked by knife-wounds, also the result of his fierce defence against his captors. His hands were bound, but his tongue was unfettered; and as they danced and howled about him, his eye gleamed forth in fury and derision, while his words were those of defiance and contempt.

"'Ay -- screech and scream, ye red devils -- ye'd be after seeing how a jontleman would burn in the fire, would ye, for your idification and delight. But its not Tedd Macnamara, that your fires and your arrows will scare, ye devils; so begin, boys, as soon as ye've a mind to, and don't be too dilicate in your doings.'

"He spoke a language, so far as they understood it, perfectly congenial with their notion of what should become a warrior. His fearless contempt of death, his haughty defiance of their skill in the arts of torture -- his insolent abuse -- were all so much in his favour. They were proofs of the true brave, and they found, under the bias of their habits and education, an added pleasure in the belief, that he would stand well the torture, and afford them a protracted enjoyment of it. His execrations, poured forth freely as they forced him into the area, were equivalent to one of their own death-songs, and they regarded it as his.

"He was not so easily compelled in the required direction. Unable in any other way to oppose them, he

gave them as much trouble as he could, and in no way sought to promote his locomotion. This was good policy, perhaps, for this passive resistance -- the most annoying of all its forms, -- was not unlikely to bring about an impatient blow, which might save him from the torture. In another case, such might have been the result of the course taken by Macnamara; but now, the prophecy was the object, and though roughly handled enough, his captors yet forbore any excessive violence. Under a shower of kicks, cuffs, and blows from every quarter, the poor fellow, still cursing them to the last, hissing at and spitting upon them, was forced to a tree; and in a few moments tightly lashed back against it. A thick cord secured him around the body to its overgrown trunk, while his hands, forced up in a direct line above his head, were fastened to the tree with withes -- the two palms turned outwards, nearly meeting, and so well corded as to be perfectly immovable.

"A cold chill ran through all the veins of Harrison and he grasped his knife with a clutch as tenacious as that of his fast-clinched teeth, while he looked, from his place of concealment, upon these dreadful preparations for the Indian torture. The captive was seemingly less sensible of its terrors. All the while, with a tongue that seemed determined to supply, so far as it might, the forced inactivity of all other members, he shouted forth his scorn and execrations.

"The pale-face will sing his death-song,' -- in his own language cried a young warrior.

"Ay, ye miserable red nagers, -- ye don't frighten Tedd Macnamara now so aisily,' he replied, though without comprehending what they said, yet complying as it were with their demand; for his shout was now a scream, and his words were those of exulting superiority.

"It aint your bows and your arrows, ye nagers, nor your knives, nor your hatchets, that's going to make Teddy beg your pardon, and ax for your mercies. I don't care for your knives, and your hatchets, at all at all, ye red devils. Not I -- by my faith, and my own ould father, that was Teddy before me.'

"They took him at his word, and their preparations were soon made for the torture. A hundred torches of the gummy pine were placed to kindle in a neighbouring fire -- a hundred old women stood ready to employ them. These were to be applied as a sort of cautery, to the arrow and knife-wounds which the more youthful savages were expected, in their sports, to inflict. It was upon their captives in this manner, that the youth of the nation was practised [sic]. It was in this school that the boys were prepared to become men -- to inflict pain as well as to submit to it. To these two classes, -- for this was one of the peculiar features of the Indian torture, -- the fire-sacrifice, in its initial penalties, was commonly assigned; and both of them were ready at hand to commence it. How beat the heart of Harrison with conflicting emotions, in the shelter of the adjacent bush, as he surveyed each step in the prosecution of these horrors.

"They began. A dozen youth, none over sixteen, came forward and ranged themselves in front of the prisoner.

"And what for do ye face me down after that sort, ye little red nagers?" cried the sanguine prisoner.

"They answered him with a whoop -- a single shriek -- and the face paled then, with that mimicry of war, of the man, who had been fearless throughout the real strife, and amid the many terrors which preceded it. The whoop was followed by a simultaneous discharge of all their arrows, aimed, as would appear from the result, at those portions of his person which were not vital.

"This was the common exercise, and their adroitness was wonderful. They placed the shaft where they pleased. Thus, the arrow of one penetrated one palm, while that of another, almost at the same instant, was driven deep into the other. One cheek was grazed by a third, while a fourth scarified the opposite. A blunted shaft struck him full in the mouth, and arrested, in the middle his usual execration -- 'You bloody red nagers,' and there never were fingers of a hand so evenly separated one from the other, as those of Macnamara, by the admirably-aimed arrows of those embryo warriors. But the endurance of the captive was proof against all their torture; and while every member of his person attested the felicity of their aim, he still continued to shout his abuse, not only to his immediate assailants, but to the old warriors, and the assembled multitude, gathering around, and looking composedly on -- now approving this or that peculiar hit, and encouraging the young beginner with a cheer. He stood all, with the most unflinching fortitude, and a courage that, extorting their freest admiration, was quite as much the subject of cheer with the warriors as were the arrow-shots which sometimes provoked its exhibition.

"At length, throwing aside the one instrument, they came forward with the tomahawk. They were far more cautious with this fatal weapon, for, as their present object was not less the prolonging of their own exercises than of the prisoner's tortures, it was their wish to avoid wounding fatally or even severely. Their chief delight was in stinging the captive into an exhibition of imbecile and fruitless anger, or terrifying him into ludicrous apprehensions. They had no hope of the latter source of amusement from the firmness of the victim before them; and to rouse his impotent rage, was the study in their thought.

"With words of mutual encouragement, and boasting, garrulously enough, each of his superior skill, they strove to rival one another in the nicety of their aim and execution. The chief object was barely to miss the part at which they aimed. One planted the tomahawk in the tree so directly over the head of his captive, as to divide the huge tuft of hair which grew massively in that quarter; and great was their exultation and loud their laughter, when the head thus jeoparded, very naturally, under the momentary impulse, was writhed about from the stroke, just at the moment when another aimed to lie on one side of his cheek, clove the ear which it would have barely escaped had the captive continued immovable. Bleeding and suffering as he must have been with such infliction, not a solitary groan however escaped him. The stout-hearted Irishman continued to defy and to denounce his tormentors in language which, if only partially comprehended by his enemies, was yet illustrated with sufficient animation by the fierce light gleaming from his eye with a blaze like that of madness, and in the unblenching firmness of his cheek.

"And what for do ye howl, ye red-skinned divils, as if ye never seed a jontleman in your born days before? Be aisy, now, and shoot away with your piinted sticks, ye nagers, -- shoot away and be cursed to ye; sure it isn't Tedd Macnamara that's afeard of what ye can do, ye divils. If it's the fun ye're after now, honeys, -- the sport that's something like -- why, put your knife over this thong, and help this dilicate little fist to one of the bit shilalahs yonder. Do now, pretty crathers, do -- and see what fun will come out of it. Ye'll not be after loving it at all at all, I'm a thinking, ye monkeys, and ye alligators, and ye red nagers, and them's the best names for ye, ye ragamuffin divils that ye are.'

"It happened, however, as it would seem in compliance with a part of one of his demands, that one of the tomahawks, thrown so as to rest between the two uplifted palms of the captive, fell short, and striking the hide, a few inches below, which fastened his wrists to the tree, entirely separated it, and gave freedom to his arms. Though still incapable of any effort for his release, as the thongs tightly girdled his body, and were connected on the other side of the tree, the fearless sufferer, with his emancipated fingers, proceeded to pluck from his hands, amid a shower of darts, the arrows which had penetrated them deeply. These with a shout of defiance, he hurled back upon his assailants, they answering in similar style with another shout and a new discharge of arrows, which penetrated his person in every direction, inflicting the greatest pain, though carefully avoiding any vital region. And now, as if impatient of their forbearance, the boys were made to give way, and each armed with her hissing and resinous torch, the old women approached, howling and dancing, with shrill voices and an action of body frightfully demoniac. One after another they rushed up to the prisoner, and with fiendish fervour, thrust the blazing torches to his shrinking body, wherever a knife, an arrow, or a tomahawk had left a wound. The torture of this infliction greatly exceeded all to which he had been previously subjected; and with a howl, the unavoidable acknowledgment forced from nature by the extremity of pain, scarcely less horrible than that which they unitedly sent up around him, the captive dashed out his hands, and grasping one of the most forward among his unsexed tormentors, he firmly held her with one hand, while with the other he possessed himself of the blazing torch she bore. Hurling her backward, in the next moment, among the crowd of his enemies, with a resolution from despair, he applied the torch to the thongs which bound him to the tree, and while his garments shrivelled and flamed, and while the flesh blistered and burned with the terrible application, resolute as desperate, he maintained it on the spot, until the withes crackled, blazed, and separated.

"His limbs were free -- a convulsion of joy actually rushed through his heart, and he shouted with a new tone, the result of a new and unimagined sensation. He leaped forward, and though the flames grasped and gathered in a thick volume, rushing from his waist to his extremities, completely enveloping him in their embrace, they offered no obstacle to the fresh impulse which possessed him. He bounded onward, with that over-head-and-heel evolution which is called the somerset, and which carried him, a broad column of fire, into the very thickest of the crowd. They gave way to him on every side -- they shrunk from that living flame, which mingled the power of the imperial element with the will of its superior, man. Panic-stricken for a few moments at the novel spectacle, they shrunk away on either hand before the blazing body, and offered no obstacle to his flight.

"But the old warriors now took up the matter. They had suffered the game to go on as was their usage, for the tutoring of the youthful savage in those arts which are to be the employment of his life. But their own appetite now gave them speed, and they soon gathered upon the heels of the fugitive. Fortunately, he was still vigorous, and his hurts were those only of the flesh. His tortures only stimulated him into a daring disregard of any fate which might follow, and, looking once over his shoulder, and with a halloo not unlike their own whoop, Macnamara bounded forward directly upon the coppice which concealed Harrison. The latter saw his danger from this approach, but it was too late to retreat. He drew his knife and kept close to the cover of the fallen tree alongside of which he had laid himself down. Had the flying Macnamara seen



this tree so as to have avoided it, Harrison might still have maintained his concealment. But the fugitive, unhappily, looked out for no such obstruction. He thought only of flight, and his legs were exercised at the expense of his eyes. A long-extended branch, shooting from the tree, interposed, and he saw it not. His feet were suddenly entangled, and he fell between the arm and the trunk of the tree. Before he could rise or recover, his pursuers were upon him. He had half gained his feet, and one of his hands, in promoting this object, rested upon the tree itself, on the opposite side of which Harrison lay quiet, while the head of Macnamara was just rising above it. At that moment a tall chief of the Seratees, with a huge club, dashed the now visible skull down upon the trunk. The blow was fatal -- the victim uttered not even a groan, and the spattering brains were driven wide, and into the upturned face of Harrison.

"There was no more concealment for him after that, and starting to his feet, in another moment his knife was thrust deep into the bosom of the astonished Seratee before he had resumed the swing of his ponderous weapon. The Indian sunk back, with a single cry, upon those who followed him -- half paralyzed, with himself, at the new enemy whom they had conjured up. But their panic was momentary, and the next instant saw fifty of them crowding upon the Englishman. He placed himself against a tree, hopeless, but determined to struggle to the last. But he was surrounded in a moment -- his arms pinioned from behind, and knives from all quarters glittering around him, and aiming at his breast. What might have been his fate under the excitement of the scene and circumstances could well be said; for, already, the brother chief of the Seratee had rushed forward with his uplifted mace, and as he had the distinct claim to revenge, there was no interference. Fortunately, however, for the captive, the blow was stricken aside and intercepted by the huge staff of no less a person than the prophet.

"He is mine -- the ghost of Chaharattee, my brother, is waiting for that of his murderer. I must hang his teeth on my neck," was the fierce cry, in his own language, of the surviving Seratee, when his blow was thus arrested. But the prophet had his answer in a sense not to be withstood by the superstitious savage.

"Does the prophet speak for himself or for Manneyto? Is Manneyto a woman that we may say, Wherefore thy word to the prophet? Has not Manneyto spoken, and will not the chief obey? Lo! this is our victim, and the words of Manneyto are truth. He hath said one victim -- one English for the sacrifice, -- and but one before we sing the battle-song -- before we go on the war-path of our enemies. Is not his word truth? This blood says it is truth. We may not slay another, but on the red trail of the English. The knife must be drawn and the tomahawk lifted on the ground of the enemy, but the land of Manneyto is holy, save for his sacrifice. Thou must not strike the captive. He is captive to the Yemassee."

"He is the captive to the brown lynx of Seratee -- is he not under his club?" was the fierce reply.

"Will the Seratee stand up against Manneyto? Hear! That is his voice of thunder, and see, the eye which he sends forth in the lightning!"

"Thus confirmed in his words by the solemn auguries to which he referred, and which, just at that moment came, as if in fulfillment and support of his decision, the Seratee obeyed, while all around grew silent and serious. But he insisted that, though compelled to forbear his blood, he was at least his captive. This, too, the prophet denied. The prisoner was made such upon the sacred ground of the Yemassees, and was, therefore, doubly their captive. He was reserved for sacrifice to the Manneyto at the conclusion of their present enterprise, when his doom would add to the solemnity of their thanksgiving for the anticipated victory."

*Later Note.* Observe in the above how "Manneyto" becomes for the Indians an evil deity just as sometimes "Jesus" is or can become an evil deity (or excuse for evil) among some whites (e.g. the Ku Klux Klan.)

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In the way of a review, the following are some of the false assumptions of the followers of the ghoulish religion. Because these suppositions are so patently fatuous, and also as a matter of my own convenience, I have not bothered here to explain the fallacy underlying these, but only to list them; my thought being that those of you with a better than high school education (or not even that much) can easily supply the rest yourself.

1. Better to crucify than be crucified.
2. A high ranking and high profile spirit person is superior to reason and the thinking of even the most intelligent regular (flesh and blood) person.

3. Spirit people are the ones duly authorized (by whom?) to run and govern this world, and the lives of those in it.
4. Spirit people, if they are to be judged, can only be judged by themselves and the standards they set for themselves.
5. If Christ's kingdom is not of this world then it necessarily follows that this world belongs to the devil and spirit people.

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Use regular and daily prayer -- on an ongoing basis -- to flush out unwanted and seemingly uncontrollable negativity from your thoughts; not least of which such negativity as is inexplicably and unaccountably directed at your friends (say, because you have latent bad feelings about yourself, and might think badly of someone who thinks well of you, and similar weird and bizarre psychological reflexes and canards, etc.) One way to do this, is that when you have such negative experiences, think of placing that negativity (as if it were a physical object of sorts) in the prayers you said earlier; and the more and better prayers you have said, the more empowered and strengthened you are to do this.

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Clearly the internet is a source of hoaxes and misinformation -- but, oh, *never* television!

Well, this is no hoax (and it coming to you from the internet no less.) Why it's Frank Crumit singing "Stumbling" (.wma, 2.35 MBs, right click "Save As...")

Later Note. Neither let us forget that the greater preponderance of hoaxes and misinformation placed on the net are deliberately put there by the same people who insist that the internet cannot be trusted; so that only television, big name professional publishing and the movie industry can be relied upon for accuracy and integrity. (Now your job as the conscientious public is to figure out what is actually going on.)

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They are, for the vast most part, not funny. Nor are they nearly so clever as they imagine themselves to be; indeed, the only ones who do admire and continue to be taken in by them are ignorant and dull witted people many of whom would without qualm or conscience gladly betray and sell them out at the first clear and palpable sign that the tide was turning against them.

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It seems very absurd to think of "Britain" (as alleged by some colonial Americans) of corrupting America as the following passage speaks of Britain, at the time of the Revolutionary War, as doing. However, if we qualify this by saying "British leadership under the control, direction, or influence of criminal spirit people" (or something similar and related, rather than simply "Britain") this argument presented in Charles Royster's *A Revolutionary People at War: The Continental Army & American Character, 1775-1783* (pp. 15-16) becomes plausible and makes a whole lot more sense; with implications relevant to us today (given our unusual predicament in recent decades of domestic kingpins of finance and monopoly completely run riot; bearing in mind as well that among certain spirit people there is a hugely lucrative market for victims and slaves -- and which latter, once obtained, then can be used and abused for a variety of purposes, depending upon their owner.)

"Instead of striving to overcome sin, the [British] ministry promoted it in order to corrupt Americans and to make them slaves...God tacitly forgave them for both fearing and killing their enemies. War could not be criminal because the alternative -- acceding to enslavement -- was worse.

"American war-making seemed to differ morally from British war-making and served a godly purpose

because Americans said they fought for self-preservation. The British army was attacking Americans, who surely had a right to defend themselves. The gospels do not contain many guides for Christian self-defense; American preachers therefore preferred to invoke the great law of nature -- self-preservation -- which God had instilled in man. 'Self' meant the Americans as a people as well as the individual American. The British attack made the Americans' common interest in union and in personal effort seem clear. 'Preservation' -- the most common and most formally expounded term -- differs implicitly from 'defense,' although Americans used both words. One might defend oneself and lose and yet survive. But if one failed at self-preservation, nothing was left. 'Tyranny operates like an opiate, stilling the powers of life and checking the sallies of the mind'...Only convulsive resistance could save the Americans from killing themselves morally by succumbing to the drug of corruption that Britain was spreading everywhere. Surviving in body could not palliate enslavement. If Britain suppressed American minds and spirits, they would be dead in their true self. The revolutionaries could look ahead and see that victorious British tyranny would eventually control their own and their children's lives and estates. But before then it would have overcome their ability to envision and choose the right way toward a different and far better future. This attack on the mind was the immediate threat behind routine taxes, coercive legislation, and imperial corruption."

Later Note. Although Royster's book has its value, in some respects it is rather slap dash in terms of its argumentation and documentation; and not infrequently needs to be taken with a large grain of salt. For example, he tends to adopt this notion of the American people being this monolithic, rather than a heterogeneous, entity; as a result of which he will sometimes say that Americans thought this, or Americans thought that, when really people did not always interpret a matter or issue so en masse or so simply as he presents them as doing. Similarly, at times he permits himself rather outlandish conclusions without properly substantiating or qualifying them for the reader; e.g. Patrick Henry implicitly advocated suicide in his "Liberty or death" speech; or the Continental army's sometimes resorting to impressment of supplies from the populace reflected a kind of willful religious apostasy, etc. For a more lucid and cogent general study to start with on the subject of the Continental Army and its rank and file, see Charles Knowles Bolton's *The Private Soldier Under Washington* (1902).

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Well, how about something of a *happy* nature? Every now and then we have memories of something that holds a special meaning for us, but for which we are at a loss to mention or speak of since we have little context or pretext offhand for doing so. But let me, for what it is worth (perhaps coming from me not much), give it a try. When I was very young, our family took a trip to south Florida where among other attractions we visited Miami Seaquarium and (the now defunct) Pirates World. While these were both very memorable and enjoyable experiences, it was with exceeding, even *sad*, regret to me at the time that we *didn't* have the chance to visit either Parrot Jungle (now known as Jungle Island), or Monkey Jungle -- with brochures tempting us with photos of bright macaws and lush flamingos, and, with respect to the other theme park, funny chimps driving cars and bicycles.

Now the question I have is, seeing pictures such as those above, can you blame me?

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Dreams of Empire

Having extensively read about and gamed the Napoleonic Wars in the late 70's and 80's, it was a bit of a wonder to me why in all this time I had never seen the 1970 movie "Waterloo" starring Rod Steiger and Christopher Plummer. Well, after having my Thanksgiving meal, I thought that now would be a good occasion to finally get around to doing so. Though I had heard the movie panned, it actually all in all is a well done film, and if it is at times a bit depressing I think that is as much a result of its realism with respect to historical events -- for what was Napoleon (at that point certainly) trying to achieve? What was all the slaughter really for? To which questions there are (as yet by me) no hard and fast clear answers; hence there is this pronounced sense of futility in what is going on. The most interesting parts are at the beginning, and the battle scenes, oddly enough and by comparison, less so. While one might question the historical authenticity of Steiger's Napoleon, it is nonetheless a moving and intriguing performance taken by itself.

Here then is a clip showing the battle's denouement.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1oLflPilcMc> ["Battle of Waterloo: Napoleon commits the Guard"]

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You have your choice -- (a) spooks and ghosts from *without* to aid and assist you (i.e. to help you "do the wrong thing a certain way" in order to get you what you want), or else (b) a sound reasoning mind, and a good heart and conscience *within*. Choose one or the other -- but you can't have *both*.

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You read history and biography, as much and more than for any other reason, to catch the spirit of persons; thereby possessing yourself of the opportunity and advantage to admire and love them; as well as emulate and learn from them, and less so to merely understand, amuse and arm yourself with facts and data.

Yet be not mislead when it comes to the spirit that is or makes for the person(s) you read about; as that spirit may have lived and expressed itself differently but for circumstances. For very often, circumstances make the man (or woman), and someone, say a soldier, might have been farmer, cleric, craftsman, tradesman, statesman, physician, teacher, author, or artist, etc. and thus might have ended up expressing themselves toward life quite differently than they did; say, and if it were the case, we had Mayor Cervantes, Rabbi Rembrandt, Dr. Bonaparte, General Dickens, etc.; where each answered to different interests than those which historically we see immediately affected his place, station, and outlook. Such that in another place and type of employment, the given person might not have adopted or harbored quite that same focus and motive we historically associate with them; even though in spirit they would still (again, but for circumstances) have been more or less the same person.

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It is possible for a clever spirit person to be or impersonate Jove, and even deceive and or persuade rational and intelligent people into thinking he is so. Yet no truly rational or intelligent person will or ever should be fooled by a spirit person attempting to impersonate or otherwise intimate that he (i.e. the spirit person) is actually God.

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I would have liked to post a live version of "Let the River Run" by Carly Simon (whether done by Ms. Simon or someone else), but the ones I heard on YouTube (for one reason or other) fell short of surpassing the spirited original; so here then (after some listening and comparing) is *that*. While it was probably a bit

overrated at the time it came out, "Working Girl" (1989; which "River" is on the soundtrack album of) was at least a decent and entertaining movie. This said, I've minimized the video because in it the song is too interweaved into the movie story; even to having the solo guitarist and drummer dress up as if they were players in the film; which type of (imo) corny gimmick I think distracts from the song's purity and broader relevance; hence my screen shrinking. (Of course, if you prefer the more normal screen size, see YouTube.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cv-0mmVnxPA> ["Let The River Run - Carly Simon"]

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*ghoulish magician!...Skull of Evil!\*...shame on you!*



\* i.e. Megalomania the Great

For an orthodox demonist, love and affection are merely means you use to lure someone (particularly children) into a false sense of security so that then you can jump, terrify and betray them at just the right moment.

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Hopefully yours is vegetarian (at least as much as you can make it), but in either and any case -- Happy Thanksgiving!

And always remember *"that fellow is a poor fellow!"*

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What they *won't* show you on "TV Land" (from "The Mothers in Law" c. 1968.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EhPvkzFJhmk> ["The Seeds - Pushin' Too Hard"]

*Later Note.* Though I haven't received my own copy just yet (it having just been formally released within the past week), you may be interested to know (if you don't already) that the present day Seeds, including two of the band's original members Sky Saxon and Daryl Hooper, have come out with a new CD entitled "Back to the Garden," and which (among other places) you can find at [http://www.amazon.com/Back-Garden-Seeds/dp/B002UOKXXS/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?ie=UTF8&s=music&qid=1258117918&sr=1-1](http://www.amazon.com/Back-Garden-Seeds/dp/B002UOKXXS/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&s=music&qid=1258117918&sr=1-1)

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Some *music* for Thanksgiving? Well, why not the Welsh folk tune "LLwyn on tho," better known as "Ash Grove"? Or else as the church hymn (and the way I first learned the song) "Sent Forth by God's Blessing"? Here's the same then on YouTube, played by one Dave Muliawan.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zc8eiDHBcoQ> ["The Ash Grove – Welsh Traditional"]

There is also a very nice group instrumental version from the CD "A Celtic Mosaic" by the Silverwood Quartet; and which track is available as an amazon.com mp3 download at: http://www.amazon.com/The-Ash-Grove/dp/B0027053EE/ref=sr_1_12?ie=UTF8&qid=1258980085&sr=1-12

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As any properly sane and sound minded person can see, he doesn't and cannot really say anything both because he forces himself on people and because he refuses to make his identity public (i.e. this will account for his lack of anything to say.) His master has long been and acts likes him; as well as and including dispensing with the necessity and nicety of right words. In lieu then of decent behavior and just reasoning, they will instead be persistent, and insinuate and impose themselves on you; perhaps garbed in heavenly raiment, but also as if they were "My Favorite Martian" or "I Dream of Jeannie;" who are in a special and powerful position to do you just that big favor your need. Needless to add, this is all just an attempt at manipulation and some pushy con-artist tactics at which they are adroit veterans.

True God speaks to you in your conscience not in your head; to your heart but by way of right reason. What the teaching "you cannot serve God and Mammon" means as much as anything else is that you cannot be honest and rational while simultaneously receiving without question or objection decrees or pronouncements from other worldly beings -- and which, after all, only makes perfect sense to conclude. That certain people in the Bible are reported to have taken and followed such spirit person directives is of itself no strong argument against this; as that (real or purported) phenomena can be (and has been by me elsewhere) explained in different ways without negating or detracting from my main point.

Do then what I do, and ask him whether he prefers to be viewed as a brazen criminal or else seen as a lamentable charity case.

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Europe

If you father loves lambs,
All's good and well.
But if he murders,
Your father is hell.

Where Abraham lived
Was safety and Peace.
But where Lot dwelt
There was no release.

When Helen was lost,
There was a great stir.
When Briseis was taken,
Achilles demurred.

So know that life's warm
With the chalice of faith,

But ends cold and deadly
In a god's fond embrace.

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*Commodore Nut*

"You've got your million dollars (and *don't* worry, I'm here if Sherman gives you trouble) -- now *go get 'em champ!*"

As I put it to them myself -- Zeus' champion, the Great Hoodlum, with his army (or what effectively amounts to one) versus poor man Sherman all alone; with already over 17 years to make good and *still* needing more time. (What a bunch of pee wees, eh? Shame on you, you who believed these people.)

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Odysseus Away

The spirit comes;
it doesn't come.

Then it comes.

But whether it's here
or not here who can say?

We think we are whole,
but we never really are.
For someone somewhere,
somewhere beyond,
there's always some
wonder we never know.

So when the light
is split in twain,
and one becomes two;
all then one can do
is think of you.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I am even less competent to judge the quality and workings of Creation than I am the highly technical work of some engineer or mechanic. This having been said, I can't say I think much of these spirit people.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What do I care what people think who aren't in reality? And what real harm is it to me if they don't listen since what good could they be to me even if they did? It all then becomes a matter of what a person values. If they don't value honest truth, justice, and basic fairness, then I can't possibly make my case to or find much use in them in any event.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Neither knows what they are talking about. Yet one at least and to some extent realizes this and keeps silent; the second, on the other hand, doesn't but keeps on talking and arguing anyway.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"I want that shot!"

These trailers may "look" like only a movie to you, but rest assured if these and or similar kinds of personal assaults and abuse were done to you in real life you would not take it so lightly. And, in fact, these kinds of things can and do go on, carried on by spirit person vampires and magicians -- and it's made to seem all a big joke; even though real life tragic consequences, say a shooting rampage, might be the result. This is what they do to people. So pick your poison. You can be Steven Railsback or John Malkovich. (Strange isn't it? How exorbitantly provided for in this life is the great movie career while at the same time so many innocents and children are left unprotected, defenseless and at the mercy of such monsters and or their puppets. But then that's spirit people for you.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BesLJgU0ZBs> ["The Stunt Man (1980) trailer"]

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K7ahIGLNNwo> ["Being John Malkovich - Trailer - HQ"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

For the record -- what I say to these spirit people is this:

Look, I'll make a deal with you. Stay out of my life and personal vicinity, and I will settle for that; no hard feelings as such. However, if you insist on provoking me you need to know I am not, nor ever was interested in you. We suffered these things because we loved and pitied these poor animals -- and no other reason. You, on the other hand, are and mean to me absolutely nothing; indeed, for practical purposes I classify you as a curse and disease. True, you have some pretty and attractive girls, but if they are tied in with you, again, then not interested (at all.) Otherwise you have nothing, and truly it would better to have never been born than to have ever met or known you and your damn heaven and your damn angels; both of whom and yourself I want out of my life for all eternity.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

As a backup archive of sorts, I've had a number of my .pdf books, writings, and transcriptions uploaded at [Scribd.com](http://www.scribd.com); the specific page for which you can find at <http://www.scribd.com/gunjones>

~~~~~\*~~~~~



*Our Demonistic Heritage*



The following passages concerning the Punic Wars are taken from Will Durant's *Caesar and Christ*, and furnish us with vivid instances of what "doing the wrong thing a certain way" was like in ancient times.

"The Carthaginians appear at their worst in their religion, which again we know only from their enemies. Their ancestors in Phoenicia had worshiped Baal-Moloch and Astarte as personifying the male and female principles in nature, and the sun and moon in the sky; the Carthaginians addressed similar devotions to corresponding deities Baal-Haman and Tanith. Tanith above all aroused their loving piety; they filled her temples with gifts, and took her name in their oaths. Third in honor was the god Melkart, 'Key of the City'; then Eshmun, god of wealth and health; then a host of minor gods -- 'baals' or lords; even Dido was worshiped. To Baal-Haman, in great crises, living children were sacrificed, as many as three hundred in a day. They were placed upon the inclined and outstretched arms of the idol and rolled off into the fire beneath; their cries were drowned in the noise of trumpets and cymbals; their mothers were required to look upon the scene without moan or tear, lest they be accused of impiety and lose the credit due them from the god. In time the rich refused to sacrifice their own children and bought substitutes among the poor; but when Agathocles of Syracuse besieged Carthage, the upper classes, fearing that their subterfuge had offended the god, cast two hundred aristocratic infants into the fire. It should be added that these stories are told us by Diodorus, a Sicilian Greek, who looked with equanimity upon the Greek custom of infanticide. It may be that the Carthaginian sacrifice solaced with piety an effort to control the excesses of human fertility.

"When the Romans destroyed Carthage they presented the libraries they found there to their African allies. Of these collections nothing survives except Hanno's record of his voyage, and fragments of Mago on husbandry. Saint Augustine vaguely assures us that 'in Carthage there were many things wisely handed down to memory,' and Sallust and Juba made use of Carthaginian historians; but we have no native account of Carthage's history." [pp. 41-42]

"Off Ecnomus, on the southern coast of Sicily, the hostile fleets, carrying 300,000 men, fought the greatest sea battle of antiquity (256 B.C.) The Romans under Regulus won decisively and sailed on unhindered to Africa. Landing there without careful reconnaissance, they soon met a superior Carthaginian force, which almost annihilated them, and took their reckless consul prisoner. Shortly afterward the Roman fleet was dashed by a storm against a rocky coast, 284 vessels were wrecked, and some 80,000 men were drowned; it was the worst naval calamity in the memory of men. The Romans showed their quality by building 200 new quinqueremes in three months, and training 80,000 men to man them. After keeping Regulus a prisoner for five years, his captors allowed him to accompany a Carthaginian embassy sent to Rome to seek peace, but on his promise to return to captivity if the Senate refused the proffered terms. When Regulus heard these he advised the Senate to reject them and, despite the entreaties of his family and his friends, went back with the embassy to Carthage. There he was tortured to death by being prevented from sleeping. His sons at Rome took two Carthaginian captives of high rank, bound them in a chest studded with spikes, and kept them awake till they died. Neither tale seems credible, until we recall the barbarities of our time." [p. 45]

*Later Note.* The above, among other things, goes to show that it is not *true* God that out-shouts, drowns out, and otherwise silences honest reason. Also the question might be asked by someone, "Why did they do such cruel, sad, and debasing things?" To which we may reply, "Why, to avert evil." However, bear in mind that though such as Moloch and Astarte are seen as villains, it is not improbable that original persons on whom these deities were based might actually have been good and benevolent people; only they had what we today might call "identity theft" done to them; with some spirit persons then impersonating these "gods," saints, or celebrities, thus giving them (to us) a bad name.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

For the Orientals it's the air. For the Indians it's the earth. For the Aryans it's the sea. For the Semites and Blacks it's the fire; and that is why naturally it is important for each to be in tune with each and all.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Although the actual singing artists, somewhat strangely, are not named, here, again via YouTube, is *another* favorite, "Over the Hills and Faraway." No, this is *not* the more familiar for some Led Zeppelin title, but rather that from John Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" (1728.) If there *is* one thing, however, which I have just about always hated about this song is that it's so very brief. But perhaps someone someday will perform and or compose something more full and that musically fills out or elaborates upon it (who knows?)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ulg8NJMZVsk> ["Were I Laid on Greenland's Coast"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The book title you fear most ---

The Greatest Story Ever Told: the autobiography of Megalomania the Great, with a foreword by the ghoulish magician.

Also, by chance, I came across the following while searching the web yesterday --

"...Cons: Movie sometimes makes a thumping noise."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What comes around (as a gift from God) goes around -- that is, if *they* let it (or what's a soul brother for?) My question then is why should we have to answer to them if they can be obliterated and wiped out by the military?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Some More Briefly

JFK shooting investigator Mark Lane, and whom we mentioned recently, did, as some of you already know, a film documentary (1967) that accompanied his book "Rush to Judgment" and which remains to this day one of the most useful and very best, possibly *the* best, of its kind. Notwithstanding, it suffers at certain points from what I feel is a certain (albeit at the time the film was made perhaps understandable) unfairness and bias against the Dallas Police (i.e. the latter taken as a general whole.) Specifically in what on YouTube is part 8 of the 90+ minute film, at points 3:40 and 8:35, with the respective interviews with Nancy Hamilton and Joseph W. Johnson, both former Carousel Club employees, and both of whom also I personally would suspect of being somehow under the influence at the time, and in error in their testimony. They (and apparently others also) claim Ruby knew half of the 1200 men on the Dallas Police force; with Police Chief Jesse Curry in response saying only 4 men of the dept. were known to have any off duty contact with Ruby and his club -- quite a divergence from the Hamilton and Johnson assertion.

Let's say, at least *for the sake of argument*, that Hamilton and Johnson's versions were the less than correct of the two varying accounts; what might we educe as the cause of their error? The following is a list of possible explanations:

- 1) They were prompted to lie or distort the facts by "someone" but for what they believed was a "good" purpose in doing so.
- 2) Men masquerading as DPD officers frequented the club (this fact being known or unknown to Ruby himself.)

My point then is to suggest how someone might not fully or at all be telling the truth yet in their own mind feel justified that they were actually doing good by acting so; while bringing out the other possibility that

they are telling the truth as they know it but were purposely deceived by some other. In any case and as ever, you can judge for yourself.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PFH9z5DrRh8>

Although, in fairness to Lane's early account, Curry looked very bad at the time of Oswald's arrest and seemed like one of those ready to join the lynch mob; another view of him, years later, is seen in this clip in which he sounds a good deal more credible.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WT4Gy6_rt_o

Last, just in passing and on a separate but related note and in case you missed it, I came across this clip of Connally's doctor at Parkland saying that the bullet had not yet been removed from the Governor's leg. If this statement is correct then presumably the bullet found on the stretcher is not what the Warren Commission believed it to be.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aQ8NJwq58Fg>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If you want my two cents, you can skip this "2012" swindle ("from the makers of 'Independence Day'") with here being basically the same thing or idea only done *much, much* better.

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EkCc\\_qiI7UA](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EkCc_qiI7UA) ["David Bowie & Arcade – Five Years"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The way "these" people see things is usually so bad that in many instances they would be better off being fully blind, rather than only partially so. A perfect case in point is their views or perspective on romance and sex, and which by default of their "doing the wrong thing a certain way" principle takes no or little account of love. For many of you at least, I don't need to elaborate on to what I am referring or what *that* is all about. What could be more utterly disgusting and nauseating? So that in response all the more reinforced in us is the notion that romance, including sex, outside the spirit is lust and lust too far so removed is not unlike feeding out of a dumpster; where the chances of comforting or emotionally nourishing yourself and or someone else are less while, at the same time, the risk of making yourself and or another sick are drastically increased.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If we have to ask of this spirit person "is he a god (or of God) or a wretch requiring our pity?" then you can easily see how the question answers itself.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

For convenience sake, I've now gathered my collective remarks and analyses respecting the JFK murder (and which were previously posted among the "Oracles") in a .pdf document that can be downloaded [here](#); and if and as such observations and related comments arise in future they will be added to it in the way of updates.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Despite its use of *Saturday Evening Post* thematic graphics and Scott Joplin ragtime music from the turn of the century for a gangster oriented film set in 1936 Chicago -- or that to watch it today it looks a lot like some run-of-the-mill mid-70's movie you used be able to catch on your local channel 11 or 13 on Saturday afternoon, "The Sting" if you can believe it took home SEVEN Academy Awards. For me, even when it first came out, the film marked the beginning of Hollywood trying to pass off phony-baloney on us as high quality while overtly making crime and con-artists seem cute and attractive (not unlike "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" which this film, of course, harkens to.) It was also, as it turns out, roughly about this same time that the "Spielberg" people were commencing to take over the movie industry -- then going on to make their dramatic debut with "Jaws." In any event, what a depressing memory it is to recall it all now.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FCfflhAHbT0> ["THE STING trailer"]

*A personal note to s. and gm.: I'm the "Big Mick." You are Robert Redford and Paul Newman. Which among other things, Redford and Newman, means you cannot be pulling this on me, since I can have you put in concrete foot-warmers and thrown into Puget Sound.*

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Some *good* news (for once)! The economy is moving again; as proof of which see [here](#). (Allow sufficient time for the page to fully load.)

[Ad for "Mobile Spy: Who Has Been Searching for You?"]

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*The ghost of Satan:* "Business! *Megalomania* was my business. Self-pity, envy, jealousy were my business; avarice, ruthlessness, arrogance, and cruelty, were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of *my business!*"

*Later Note.* The theology (or more appropriately, propaganda) justifying or excusing all this, as commonly understood by many, is that Jesus feels sorry for Megalomania the Great, and so the latter is to be indulged and put up with -- so *mum's the word*. But not to worry, oh you who suffer at the monster's (or his henchmen's) hands! For you will be entitled to a special *Heavenly Gift*® for your woes and troubles. On the other hand, for those who will not so cooperate and accommodate this arrangement, *you* are to blame for the pain it predictably can be expected you will incur. And this is what, again for many, is passed off (and falsely, of course, by M the G himself, etc.; using "angels," visions of false heaven and similar) as Christianity.

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"My God, I'm hit!" -- JFK as quoted by Secret Service agent Roy Kellerman (though no one else present testified to the same exclamation.)

"This fellow Kellerman is about as low a man as you can find, but he was about as dumb as an ox." -- LBJ.

Note. Although the above are historically accurate, my purpose is strictly one of humor (and nothing more, i.e. no offense or accusations intended or implied here toward anyone.)

Later Note. BTW, I learned of the Kellerman testimony from a 1966 "Firing Line" interview by William F. Buckley with attorney Mark Lane; which you can see at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DmNAwI5DVdQ>. It is actually quite fascinating, on different levels, and among others things disproves and discredits the scorning, of such as Noam Chomsky, that Buckley (leaving your politics aside) wasn't actually witty (except by reputation.)

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I noticed it bothered him when I said "God bless Abraham."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

One of the things that typically puts us off about religion is that we are so often surrounded by fake or adulterated versions of it; in fact, for some people such deliberate imitations are more profuse in and around their own life circumstances than expressions or manifestations of the real thing. In addition there or may be things in scripture or formal tradition which perhaps don't properly belong there, and yet which are mistakenly venerated as holy. These kinds of distortions, misinterpretations, or, in other instances, willful forgeries, are very palpable and daunting problems and challenges which, even for intelligent and wise people, are not always so easy to get around and overcome if they are not constantly vigilant, wary, and in tune with the spirit of (honest) *truth*. It helps also I think to get rid of this idea of God being a ghost, and think instead of religion as being as the handed down love, wisdom and community of your spiritual forefathers.

In any case and in a word, beware!

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Here's the *full* "Boogie.net" theme song by the bluegrass band Cornmeal but which we had heard only portions of earlier.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DMgpUCROuBc> ["Cornmeal performing 'MoBoogie Theme Song' @ the Loft 8-30-07"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~



Now You See It.



Now You Don't.

In passing, and since the subject came up -- The above are details from Philip Willis' Dealey Plaza photographs [5](#) and [6](#). The first shows what has been labeled as the "black dog." What, if anything, is to be made of the strange object or figure, I don't know and could only guess. But that it does curiously depict something (aside from a photographically created aberration) seems to be plausibly evident.

Later Note. Just after posting the above last night, I joked to someone concerning the "figure" seen in the first picture, and, assuming it was a spirit person, said "that person didn't know *what* he was doing!" And, indeed, if we posit it or he was a spirit person, it is not impossible that he didn't (i.e. know what he was doing.) I remember when I had spirit people "visiting" (uninvited) my house very frequently in 2000, they at first use to come from my bedroom and then into my living room where I sat; with the ghoulish magician acting as "MC" to all this. Then one day they significantly reduced the number of entrances from my bedroom, and instead came in by way of the kitchen (which also enters into my living room.) The explanation for this, as I inferred at the time and based on some remarks of the magician, was that a passerby pedestrian outside, or else neighbor, had seen one of the spirit people through my window, and therefore it was necessary to have the spirit persons enter my living room by way of the kitchen (mostly); so that it was less easy to see them from without (i.e. through the window.) In other words, the spirit people were at first a bit careless about being seen, but when they realized they were or had been viewed by someone (aside from myself), they accordingly changed their path of entrance to avoid or lessen the risk of this happening further.

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Here's another thought provoking interview that was just posted on YouTube within the last two months; which some of you then may not yet have had the chance to see. Is it possible some of the Warren Commission members, *with all sincere and good intention*, were susceptible to pressure as Cronkite himself apparently (or purportedly) was in the interview spoken of in my last post?

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FeSug5GVCg8> ["LBJ questions JFK Warren Report-CBS"]

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A couple months ago, I saw on YouTube a relatively recently made interview with the late Walter Cronkite; in which the CBS anchorman told an anecdote concerning the 1960 Presidential election. What he in effect said in it (as I can't quote from memory word for word) was that John Kennedy, off mike and off camera, threatened to go after or somehow retaliate against Cronkite and the people at CBS; after Cronkite (during the Wisconsin Democratic primary) had publicly asked Kennedy about the effect Kennedy's Catholicism would have on voters. The gist or implication of the story as presented was that Kennedy had a vengeful, big boss type, mean streak and would attempt to silence and censor his opponents if they didn't cooperate. The whole thing was so laughable when I watched it, I put it on the back-burner for purposes of posting it one day at this website as something funny for you to see. Well, just today I remembered and went to look for -- but it is now gone from YouTube. I then went and tried to find it via Google without success. I did, nonetheless, locate an interview with Cronkite in which he tells the same story quite differently, and which you can see at <http://www.emmytvlegends.org/interviews/people/walter-cronkite> (do a FIND search under "catholic" or else look for the second item in Chapter Six in the "Shows" tab.) Here, John Kennedy is hardly present at what happened, and instead it is Bobby who scolds Cronkite, and in a more plausible and polite manner; till the interviewer pointedly asks when Cronkite is done "it did not have a lasting impact, did it?" To which Cronkite answers "no, no, no;" with the interviewer then moving to the next topic -- as if this second interview was an apology or else to make up for the aforementioned, now lost from YouTube, televised interview in which Cronkite was somehow and clearly encouraged in some way to make John Kennedy look like a bully. All of which goes to show you how someone as respected, well thought of, and esteemed as Walter Cronkite can be made to talk nonsense and distort what happened if the pressure put on him is considerable enough. That at least is my interpretation of what occurred.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"I dunno. There's something not quite right about having the devil play cupid. (I'll pass on that one.)"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What you say is, or what you can say is: "I *know* you cheat. I *know* you bully -- *you* don't need to remind *me* of that obvious fact." (Or "You mind your own business? You mind your own business for nothing.")

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If a person actually *is* very strong they *will* stand up and fight for the weak and defenseless. For why wouldn't they if they were?

Satan is respected in this world because he is respected in this world -- but not because it is somehow necessary that he be respected otherwise. And come the day those people who do respect him (and who disregard what I tell you about these spirit people) find out who actually it was they were in awe of and respecting, they are going to feel very stupid.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I don't understand. What do you mean? Why does the great Oaf (who constantly forces himself on others) , this surly lout, *get to be* interesting too?

"Because he did the wrong thing!"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The mind should avoid or never run too far in advance of the heart, while always being prepared to return to it. For a mind, howsoever brilliant, completely free and rid of a heart is monster (or at least a madman) indeed.

*Late Note.* Because I make this remark in close proximity to the Nietzsche video (and who is not exactly famous for being a sentimentalist), some might think I am making an indirect reference to him. But I am not, and insert the above wholly separate from any such intention. My own feeling regarding Nietzsche is that I agree with him on many points, for instance his demi-deification of the Pre-Socratics is a sentiment I share (and *Zarathustra* was a moving and great inspiration way back when and in the formation of my intellect), but on most others I simply find myself in *disagreement*, yet, nonetheless, admire his independent outlook, creative fire and perspicacious genius otherwise.

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I guess I can't resist playing DJ these days. Here's one some of you perhaps, like myself, may not have heard in a while.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M5LS---oX7Y> ["Dusty Springfield_I Only Want To Be With You" -- 60's b&w tv show appearance; much better version (imo) than the standard studio cut]

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*Nietzsche -- "The Last Days"*

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fzp7iCaWNvE>

["Nietzsche - 'Last Days' Footage - 1899"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"It is my duty to inform you that although you have been loved previously, as of this present date, you will no longer be loved unless and until such later time as we deem appropriate and suitable."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

How many times did you say "Life has too many problems to make it worth bothering with. I think I would just as soon die and go to sleep instead?" Or "I perish and die for lack of food. But if I had it I would live?"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The world, whatever world you live, think, or lie in (including Hell), is ruled by someone and if you don't like the world then either leave it, or else take your complaints, civilly and politely, to its leader, or else overthrow the existing regime. However, if you opt for the latter, you'd better be morally and rationally superior to who and whatever it is you would replace. So that a fundamentally moral and rational world is really the only kind of place worth living in -- and I for one, at least, cannot conceive of how it could be otherwise.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

People pay taxes and tithes to the government and church, etc. to build schools, hospitals, and churches; then pay taxes and tithes to the devil to have him destroy (or ruin) schools and churches (while keeping the hospitals.) This arrangement may have got you money and riches beyond your wildest dreams, but it also has secured for you problems and troubles beyond yours or anyone's worst nightmares.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In the Folly and Madness That's Beyond All Belief Dept...



ENTER THIS YEAR'S *gunjones.com* SILENT NIGHT-DEADLY NIGHT SWEEPSTAKES by guessing the number of family victims, including wounded versus killed outright, in the upcoming Christmas Eve disgruntled-loner mad holiday shooting spree! Closest guessers receive the following:

1st Prize. The complete collection of Harry Potter books.

2nd Prize. The first, second, and third seasons of "Dexter" on DVD.

3rd Prize. The soundtrack CD to "Band of Brothers" with music by John Williams.

Runners up will receive a copy of "Warcraft" or "Lord of the Rings" along with a coupon for a month's free on-line play.

Send your entries, no later than Dec. 23rd, to wts@gunjones.com *Results of number of those killed or wounded provided by your national or local evening news.*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Miss Snip*

She was a Seattle cougar  
ever since being a little cub.  
And though small



she still is,  
the royal scowl  
in that face of hers  
looks to me like thunder.

And I think she would  
Pray with you  
If she could,  
And you asked her.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Now at this point, following the fight between rival gangs, Tony gets killed; so that Maria kneeling over him sings "Somewhere." (Having tried a number of different ones at amazon.com's .mp3 downloads, I thought Charlotte Church's version as good and fitting as any other for the purpose.)

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The following, with its not little timely relevance for many of us today, comes from "The Speech against the Foundation of a Mission among the Senecas" (of New York, 1805); found in *The Life and Times of Red Jacket* (1841) by W. L. Stone.

"[Red Jacket (aka Sagoyewatha, 1752-1830)]: FRIEND AND BROTHER -- It was the will of the Great Spirit that we should meet together this day. He orders all things, and has given us a fine day for our council. He has taken his garment from before the sun, and caused it to shine with brightness upon us. Our eyes are opened, that we see clearly; our ears are unstopped, that we have been able to hear distinctly the words you have spoken. For all these favors we thank the Great Spirit; and him only.

"Brother: This council fire was kindled by you. It was at your request that we came together at this time. We have listened with attention to what you have said. You requested us to speak our minds freely. This gives us great joy; for we now consider that we stand upright before you, and can speak what we think. All have heard your voice, and all speak to you now as one man. Our minds are agreed.

"Brother: You say you want an answer to your talk before you leave this place. It is right you should have one, as you are a great distance from home, and we do not wish to detain you. But we will first look back a little, and tell you what our fathers have told us, and what we have heard from the white people.

"Brother: Listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had made the bear and the beaver. Their skins served us for clothing. He had scattered them over the country, and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this He had done for his red children, because He loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your forefathers crossed the great water, and landed on this island. Their numbers were small. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them; granted their request; and they sat down amongst us. We gave them corn and meat; they gave us poison in return.

"The white people, brother, had now found our country. Tidings were carried back, and more came amongst us. Yet we did not fear them. We took them to be friends. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. At length their numbers had greatly increased. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened, and our minds became uneasy. Wars took place. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed. They also brought strong liquor amongst us. It was strong and powerful, and has slain thousands.

"Brother: Our seats were once large, and yours were small. You have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us.

"Brother: Continue to listen. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind; and, if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. You say that you are right, and we are lost. How do we know this to be true? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If it was intended for us as well as you, why has not the Great Spirit given to us, and not only to us, but why did He not give to our forefathers, the knowledge of that book, with the means of understanding it rightly? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people?

"Brother: You say there is but one way to worship and serve the Great Spirit. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agreed, as you can all read the book?

"Brother: We do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers, and has been handed down to us, their children. We worship in that way. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive; to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion.

"Brother: The Great Spirit has made us all, but He has made a great difference between his white and red children. He has given us different complexions and different customs. To you He has given the arts. To these He has not opened our eyes. We know these things to be true. Since He has made so great a difference between us in other things, why may we not conclude that He has given us a different religion according to our understanding? The Great Spirit does right He knows what is best for his children; we are satisfied.

"Brother: We do not wish to destroy your religion, or take it from you. We only want to enjoy our own.

"Brother: You say you have not come to get our land or our money, but to enlighten our minds. I will now tell you that I have been at your meetings, and saw you collect money from the meeting. I cannot tell what this money was intended for, but suppose that it was for your minister, and if we should conform to your way of thinking, perhaps you may want some from us.

"Brother: We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We are acquainted with them. We will wait a little while, and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will then consider again of what you have said.

"Brother: You have now heard our answer to your talk, and this is all we have to say at present as we are going to part, we will come and take you by the hand, and hope the Great Spirit will protect you on your journey, and return you safe to your friends."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If Hell ever could be said to look for and find a silver lining it is in that there is a show or movie to be had in whatever it is going on. (To paraphrase that now famous line from Dwain Esper's "Maniac" -- "He's such a ham.") And yes, I do very much think the story of Job, Herakles, and Jonah etc. were really nothing more than the golden opportunity of some grand spirit person, posing as God or Zeus (in people's minds), to play movie director.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

They have fake Batman, but ah look who (in addition to Commander Shore and Ben Kenobi) we got (I can even now see Darth Kenobi trembling or else protesting "No way! No way!")

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tdB1v6EtIsc> ["Hulk Hogan Theme - Real American (tribute) WWF"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*"X is Y, and A is B,"
without much argument
or wit,
thus saith He.*

Again, in passing --

If I knew what my opponents *serious* arguments were or are supposed to be, believe me I would respond to them. This said, there are three main points I would especially direct your attention to:

1. They do, can, and have not been able to come up with a (regular) person to represent them, and so indeed do exist technically and legally only as phantoms, and as phantoms I cannot possibly take them seriously, and until they exist they cannot possibly claim victory.
2. If they think so little of these cruel and violent crimes they have committed (while forswearing repentance) then it is not implausible that the same can be done to them with even less scruple and impunity, and in proportion to the guilt or innocence of one of their victims. So, say, if a given victim is five points guilty and they a hundred, they would according to this speculation and as a matter of equity and parity be subjected to 95 times more suffering than their victim. Now it will be objected that one can't say the one will necessarily follow the other. This is very true, but I for one would not want to take the least chance risking such a thing myself.
3. These people vaunt themselves of their superiority, yet the simple fact is they have and do come to me; the reverse is and has never been the case, and I have no interest in these people whatsoever beyond what Christian charity requires. What then do they need to bother me for?

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How many times could or did any given one of us when in desperate or trying circumstances, literally or in effect, cry aloud "Oh, how could God have abandoned me to this fate? (There is no justice.), etc." And yet, if that's what we say, what could any numbers of animals say or cry out if they could articulate the wrong (sometimes) done them? It is a very sobering thought, and reminds me of the quote (correctly or incorrectly) attributed to Schopenhauer that *this* world is the Hell of animals. If then you are such who is in dire straits that truly demand or deserve heavenly justice, identify and throw your lot in with the animals, as Christ did in identifying himself with a lamb, and wonder not "why me?" but "why them?"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I spent literally hours trying to locate this exchange from "The Phantom Menace" (that's also how I found the "Batman" video below) that I previously caught as a clip on television one time, and take my word for it, the later "Stars Wars" films are possibly the most boring, dreary, and depressing films ever made; certainly it would be cruel and unusual punishment to sentence someone to watch them; with story lines, characters, and values expressed that could only, in my opinion, have sprung from the creative imagination of someone afflicted with mind-control done them by the likes of the ghoulish magician. Anyway, here is

that part of the script of one of these films I had been searching for, and to spare anyone else the ordeal of attempting to do the same.

Anakin: "Master, Sir... I heard Yoda talking about midi-chlorians. I've been wondering: What are midi-chlorians?"

Qui-Gon Jinn: "Midi-chlorians are a microscopic life form that resides within all living cells."

Anakin: "They live inside me?"

Qui-Gon Jinn: "Inside your cells, yes. And we are symbionts with them."

Anakin: "Symbionts?"

Qui-Gon Jinn: "Life forms living together for mutual advantage. Without midi-chlorians, life could not exist and we would have no knowledge of the Force. They continually speak to us, telling us the will of the Force. When you learn to quiet your mind, you'll hear them speaking to you."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OGHgkBPCR4s> ["Darth Vader is Batman"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~



Note how the ears here have become Shrek like antennae.

While I have mentioned it already a number of times before, the importance of the Newtonian principle of "for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction" cannot be emphasized enough to those resisting or combating Hell. You need to think that all and everything they do or may throw at you can through your own patience, self-discipline and perseverance be ultimately thrown right back at them (nor are you at any time to hold yourself blameable for any harm and injury a terrorist does or causes others; that is, unless you actually happen to be his accomplice; which, of course, *you* are not.) There are a variety of tricks to doing this which one can only learn on their feet (it would be too much of a task here to begin describing such at the moment), but the main idea is one of holding your own and keeping yourself in order. Early on it was typical of me to react in excited anger to their violent assaults, but as the years have gone by I've found that I fight better when I am more calm and detached in dealing with them; such that by this hour they are to me more like a very painful nuisance and baby-sitting charge than, but for their out-moneying and outnumbering me, a serious opponent.

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With the completion of the 6th edition of *Calendar and Record: 1780-1781* nearly in sight, I've begun undertaking what is intended as something of a substitute project, namely the sifting and going through original volumes and anthologies of early American literature circa 1750 to about 1830 of plays, poems,

essays, novels, anecdotes, and critical reviews. What perhaps makes the genre so particularly interesting is conflict American writers bore between imitating British authors versus an understandable and pronounced desire to strike something new and independent; with the result being sometimes something fresh and novel, as well as elegant in its spirit; Charles Brockden Brown and Royall Tyler being good examples of this kind of writing. Such that it is something of an adventure, and a fun one, looking for writings of that time which have this distinct, sometimes ethereal, quality of vision -- though granted there is much of lesser quality that requires digging through to get to these better works and pieces.

The following, to help illustrate some of these writings, is a poem written by Washington Irving's elder brother William (1786-1821), and that appears in *Salmagundi* (1807).

*The Days of the Grogam Grandames*

How oft in musing mood my heart recalls,  
From gray-beard Father Time's oblivious halls,  
The modes and maxims of my early day,  
Long in those dark recesses stowed away:  
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light  
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night,  
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise  
My grogram grandames to my raptured eyes!

Shades of my fathers! in your pasteboard skirts,  
Your brodered waistcoats and your plaited shirts,  
Your formal bag-wigs -- wide-extended cuffs,  
Your five-inch chitterlings and nine-inch ruffs!  
Gods! how ye strut, at times, in all your state,  
Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate!  
I see ye move the solemn minuet o'er,  
The modest foot scarce rising from the floor;  
No thundering rigadoon with boisterous prance,  
No pigeon-wing, disturb your contre-danse,  
But, silent as the gentle Lethe's tide,  
Adown the festive maze ye peaceful glide!

Still in my mental eye each name appears—  
Each modest beauty of departed years;  
Close by mamma I see her stately march,  
Or sit, in all the majesty of starch;  
When for the dance a stranger seeks her hand,  
I see her doubting, hesitating, stand, —  
Yield to his claim with most fastidious grace,  
And sigh for her intended in his place!

Oh, golden days; when every gentle fair  
On sacred Sabbath coned with pious care  
Her Holy Bible, or her prayer-book o'er,  
Or studied honest Bunyan's drowsy lore;  
Travelled with him the *Pilgrim's Progress* through,  
And stormed the famous town of Man-Soul too:  
Beat Eye-and Ear-gate up with thundering jar,  
And fought triumphant through the Holy War;  
Or if, perchance, to lighter works inclined,  
They sought with novels to relax the mind,

'Twas Grandison's politely formal page,  
Or *Clelia* or *Pamela* were the rage.

No plays were then — theatrics were unknown;  
A learned pig — a dancing monkey shown —  
The feats of Punch—a cunning juggler's sleight,  
Were sure to fill each bosom with delight  
An honest, simple, humdrum race we were,  
Undazzled yet by fashion's wildering glare.



### *A Study in Contrast*

Displayed above is one more political cartoon from *Puck*. This, drawn by Joseph Keppler, appeared in the Dec. 7, 1887 issue, and was alluding to the then alarming surplus of tariff and custom duty revenue the Federal government by that time had accumulated; with questions raised respecting whom all this money was for and would be benefiting. Looking at this cartoon now, we might apply it to concerns more pertinent to our own day, such as where did all those Microsoft or else billion dollar movie career fortunes go? Or something similar.

Next in our stroll down memory lane is (for me certainly) one of the most interesting passages in Christian apocrypha, in his instance emanating from the so-called "Gospel of Nicodemus;" the full text of which can be found [here](#). Although the work has been characterized by one scholar as one of a number of well meaning, pious frauds written for didactic purposes and that appeared in the very early church (as opposed to deliberately malicious gnostic apocrypha); as is sometimes the case with such works they may, in a given instance, be more historically accurate than we ourselves are in a position to determine. In any event, historically correct or no, I particularly like Christ's purported responses to Pilate, and so for the benefit of those who may or might feel likewise have reproduced them.

"[Chapter III]

1. Then Pilate, filled with anger, went out of the hall, and said to the Jews, I call the whole world to witness that I find no fault in that man.

2 The Jews replied to Pilate, If he had not been a wicked person, we had not brought him before thee.

3 Pilate said to them, Do ye take him and try him by your law.

4 Then the Jews said, It is not lawful for us to put anyone to death.

5 Pilate said to the Jews, The command, therefore thou shalt not kill, belongs to you, but not to me.

6 And he went again into the hall, and called Jesus by himself, and said to him, Art thou the king of the Jews?

7 And Jesus answering, said to Pilate, Dost thou speak this of thyself, or did the Jews tell it thee concerning me?

8 Pilate answering, said to Jesus, Am I a Jew? The whole nation and rulers of the Jews have delivered thee up to me. What hast thou done?

9 Jesus answering, said, My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, and I should not have been delivered to the Jews; but now my kingdom is not from hence.

10 Pilate said, Art thou a king then? Jesus answered, Thou sayest that I am a king: to this end was I born, and for this end came I into the world; and for this purpose I came, that I should bear witness to the truth;

and every one who is of the truth, heareth my voice.

11 Pilate saith to him, What is truth?

12 Jesus said, Truth is from heaven.

13 Pilate said, Therefore truth is not on earth.

14 Jesus said to Pilate, Believe that truth is on earth among those, who when they have the power of judgment, are governed by truth, and form right judgment."

*Later Note.* A, for some, helpful reminder -- if he's the ghoulish magician then by definition he's not Jesus.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Ah, there now, you see -- here's *another* case in point (just to prove my argument.) Although it's amateur done and the camera wanders off at the end (turn down the YouTube volume, too, about half-way), I was actually a bit surprised at how moved I was after watching this. Sheena Easton live at Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 20, 2008:

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hHcy1uvNQ5c> ["Morning Train"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I told her that as a p

ractical matter I can't afford to be like *that* any more; because naturally, based on numbers alone, it gets a person into trouble; though all this is no fault of hers, of course. Yet despite all precautions, it turns out that sure enough she is one of those that can't but help but make you so, and it's only fair to give credit where credit's due.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

We could *not* help but include, and in case you missed it in the after-menu of the last video -- the Queen of Soul doing the very same number. Now here's excellent proof (once again) of how *truly* fabulous an already very well known and familiar performer actually is when she has just the right song to sing.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KSoXJl2ALUk>

["Aretha Franklin - Don't Play That Song (You Lied) - Live on Cliff Richard Show (hiFi)"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Here's a track that would make a good addition to our current "SRO" collection, Italian pop sensation Adriano Celentano singing "Don't Play That Song":

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0DoUnyD2mSo>

["Adriano Celentano - don't play that song."]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What is more healthy, dirtiness or cleanliness? All right, now since you know the answer to that, now ask which is more dirty -- Good or Evil?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*To My Enemies*

If Hell, damnation, and the grave are your goal and aim, that's your free right and choice. All I ask is that you leave me out of it.

*To My Friends*

Think badly of me if you like, would, or it makes you feel better; all I ask of you is that if you really are my friend that you ever strive bravely and undaunted in pursuit of peace, justice, (honest) truth, and freedom.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Here's a very beautiful rendition -- allowing for and if you can tolerate sounds of a bus-boy in the background -- of Al Stewart's "Palace of Versailles" sung by Korean folk artist, Mooneerok; who has that rare and uncanny serenity of voice we normally would associate with someone like Art Garfunkel (who first comes to mind.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qD1q45zaWYo&feature=related> ["Palace of Versailles" - Al Stewart Cover by Korean folk singer Mooneerok]

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*A political cartoon from 1899 that appeared in Puck, making reference to Tammany boss Richard Croker.*

A: "Yes, I understand all that. But *why* do you want me to go kill a seagull?"

B: "Just *do* as you're told, and don't ask any more questions."

One way I put it to him was like this. I would much more rather I had the ability to play the guitar like Jeff Beck then possess all the genius, wiles, power, importance, and riches of being Satan.

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As much as I regret to say so (and thus reveal my shame and mortification as a result), God beat me at Scrabble.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Sometimes if you are sufficiently shook up by something you cannot or could not feel fear even if you wanted to.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

It's not a question of whether the grounds of his jealousy or envy are justified, rather it is a question of how he invokes, applies, or deals with that jealousy, etc.


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*Some more from before* -- Oh, yes, I'm sure God *does* love the Holy of Holies. But *that* has nothing whatsoever to do with you running this torture operation. You are not in reality for the simple reason that you listen to and take counsel from goblins, spooks, demons and vampires, and it is for this reason, and this reason alone, that they have made you into such a big shot. You know, you only hurt yourself when you act like a fool. I can't make or cause you to suffer, only you can do that. Because if between minding your own business and using torture, you can't but choose torture over acting like a half normal, decent person then you are obviously and clearly at fault for your own suffering (which must be considerable.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I did not read the book because I saw the movie, but the fault wasn't the movie's but mine. If the ensnarer somehow uses something like a movie to keep me from properly appreciating the book, then all I can do is know about and remind myself of the fact -- not unlike like keeping a high altitude (say, in an aircraft); you cannot maintain the thing unless you consciously attend to it.

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Over-lording Spirit people are God's one and only mistake for which, evidently, no expense is spared, be the cost in tragedy and utmost suffering, to indulge and appease as the world's biggest cheaters, hypocrites (i.e. such who outrageously contradict themselves), and cry babies. (Yes, I am being a bit facetious for rhetorical purposes, yet the assertion is not without its basis in truth.)

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"Any or all damage me or my people do, charge it to Jesus; he said he'd pay for it."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*"Maybe a Nazi came down in it!"*

*More video fun* -- I realize the following series of clips isn't, for the most part, *so* on point (as such, etc.), but at least it is amusing to watch Margaret O'Brien who is so very cute in it.

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSqed\\_28AHM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qSqed_28AHM) [Margaret O'Brien in "The Canterville Ghost"]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In passing (to the would-be "Dark Knight") -- You've got this all wrong. The magician, as such, is Batman or the Dark Knight. What you are, rather, is Alfred. For one thing, we who have had some idea of what is actually been taking place never for a moment ever took you for occupying any greater role of importance; so that you are not even really a leader in the first place, but rather a functionary whose purpose is to be used by the person who does the actual thinking. And if this isn't true, then remove your disguise and tell everyone who you are and what it is you are supposed to be doing. You can't do so, even if you wanted to, because you are not really the one making the more important decisions respecting what goes on. (Oh, please, Sir Simon, please! Tell him how it really is!)

P.S. (just for fun)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uPnTSvX86Dw> [Batman: Arkham Asylum Joker Trailer]

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My good friends and southern brethren will, I hope, excuse my using the occasion; pregnant as it is with symbolism and allegory (written by Henry Clay Worth):

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O-dzCt2xeSo> [Marching through Georgia, performed by the 97th regimental string band.]

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Some technical remarks regarding criminal spirit people -- If a person is sick, surely there is a doctor or some kind of medicine to cure them -- at least it certainly helps to think and believe so. So it is that it only makes perfect sense to treat the existence or threat of evil, of the orkonic sort, when it comes in spirit person form as a disease. And that such as we think of devils are both carriers but also victims of the same malady, and in some instances all that might be necessary to decommission them might be administration of sedatives and which they might even receive voluntary (at least if they can find a way to do so without incurring someone else's recrimination.) Others, understandably, might not be so malleable, and would perhaps require military force or similar to deal with them. Yet even then, though it be necessary to use physical force, they still might be curable, or at least rendered powerless of further mischief or mayhem, after being disarmed and weakened.

On a related note, I noticed that it may be the case that spirit people come into this world via certain roads and channels in the spiritual (yet still physical) "aerosphere" or, if you will, "ether," and which might further suggest that such channels are something that (except in certain pre-formed instances) need to be made; given that ours and their realm are intended to be fundamentally separate (and but perhaps for certain special locations originally and "legitimately" intended for such a purpose.) The reason this idea occurred to me was that I noticed on my daily walks that when I come to certain regular locations I feel their presence more, not unlike how if you walked down a darkened hallway interspersed at certain points with light beams, you would feel a given beam when you passed it. Now whether such experience justifies the former surmise, I would not out of hand presume, but merely mention it for purposes of explanation.

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I guarantee, some of you are going to really love this (and no, they are not, to my knowledge, billionaires.) The YouTube description reads: "Boogie at the Loft with the band Cornmeal performing their 'The Girl I Left Behind' at the MoBoogie Loft in Denver, CO 8-30-07. [www.moboogie.net](http://www.moboogie.net)"

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zrZVwUWuaHo&NR=1>

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The idea, quite simply, is one of destroying the Frankenstein monster and then going after Dr. Frankenstein himself.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Goomerton tells Oafmore that so and so the legendary movie star did the "wrong thing" in their day. Oafmore then is led to think that doing the wrong thing is a necessary or at least helpful part of a successful entertainment career. The true story, however, is that while so and so (for one reason or another) did yield or did agree to go along with doing the wrong, their doing so was what actually and ultimately ended up killing them. In this regard, its amusing to hear some celebrities (including such as I myself like very much or am a fan of), as I have of late in YouTube and such interviews, defending their conduct or way of doing things by saying show business (music, movies, what have you) is a business, and so they do what they do for "business" reasons; even though, say, it might make them seem too commercial. Which then brings to mind to me that famous line -- "Mankind was my business!"

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Where the good from here echoes and carries to where it is good always.

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*All* he, and people like him, can *really* do is bother and hurt people -- in fact they really can do little and nothing else, and this is one major cause for their having such power -- no one else would dream of spending so much of their time being aggressive and constantly on the attack. And yet despite the frank and undeniable reality of this he still somehow manages to persist in this megalomania and utterly preposterous opinion of himself.

*"My pride matters most! My ego matters most!"*

That's in effect what he says, and that's indeed why, as much any other reason, all these atrocious, tragic, and unspeakable crimes take place and go on. Think of all the many victims, lives lost, ruined families, chaos, terror, vandalism, degradation, upheaval, etc. It's this ego of his that brings all of those kinds of things to pass.

But the way I like to put it (when I mock him in response) is -- "He *gets* to be interesting *too*." (poor baby!)

The ridiculous billion dollar movie career is, of course, a reflection of this fantasy mind of his. But even they have been forced to pull back on pushing this vain absurdity, and so have gone into banking instead; that is, to better and more plausibly explain why they should have so much money; as the other dodge can no longer fool even the flightiest dimwit.

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I always thought this song sounded especially well at Autumn; perhaps because of the soft, gentle quiet both it and the season seem to bring forth in us.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tFyKAUBkdOs> [Nat Cole "Stardust" live television performance.]

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"A river rises in Eden to water the garden; and from there it divides and becomes four branches. The name of the first is Pishon; it flows around the whole land of Havilah, where there is gold. The gold of that land is excellent; the bdellium and the lapis lazuli are there. The name of the second river is Gihon; it flows around the whole land of Cush. The name of the third river is Tigris; it flows east of Asshur [Assyria]. The fourth river is the Euphrates." (Genesis 2:10-14)

I was re-reading this passage the other day and marveled, as one often does in Genesis, at its curious phrasing and peculiar emphases and mode of expression. What deeper meaning it contains, beyond what is on the surface, I'll admit rather eludes me, but it did and does for some reason read like poetry (hence my reproducing it here.) There are scholars who place Eden somewhere at a location in or about the eastern end of modern Turkey, and who have specifically mapped out the location spoken of; including one website at <http://www.accuracyingenesis.com/adam.html>. Although I am not informed enough to judge the accuracy and feasibility of such speculation, it is at least diverting to peruse and consider as a matter of armchair conjecture and wondering.

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Life as many of us know it (that is to say with criminal spirit people, of the very serious sort, permitted to run around loose; when they should be in prison) is much like a beautiful bouquet of roses handed to you but with filthy muck intermixed in it. Better to have never received such. Yet the fault is not, of course, in the roses, but in the muck.

"How then could or do you suffer these things?" We suffer these things in order to protect and save the animals (and or children) -- and for no other reason.

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See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_f9Z8Ty97Ro](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_f9Z8Ty97Ro) [Jimmy Cliff live with Jools Holland "You Can Get It If You Really Want."]

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They are the very Furies in blaming and accusing others of scandal and wrong doing yet are themselves the most inhuman fiends and maniacs of cruelty and injustice.

He says it doesn't matter because he has done so many bad things. But even if it doesn't matter to him, it does matter very much to others (not least of which his victims and their families.) And this being so full of himself is what is so typical of this kind of character; who it seems exists for no other reason than to be jealous and to resent others for "having it too good." Hypocrite that he is, *that* he will complain about. Yet if you or someone *doesn't* have it too good then, sure enough, you can count on his silence.

In sum, once you realize these criminal spirit people are the curse of it all then it's much easier to deal with everything else, even death. "Beloved, test the spirits." But how do you test them? You test them by seeing if they are of the truth, and that includes being honest and accountable. Shows, displays, ethereal feelings, Biblical-seeming magnificence -- these sorts of things of themselves prove nothing.

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"Wow! How do you like that. Here I am in Hell and they treat me as if I'm nobody!" Well, what did you expect from Hell anyway? Besides there inevitably comes a time when most anyone or anything (for a while at least) becomes or is seen as useless and worthless. All the more reason then to regularly tune into the truly lasting and eternal (as known through right reason and right morals, of course.)

Here to help you *a little* in that way is music by a priest, Antonio Vivaldi, and in this case an air, "Dolce fiamma," from his "La Fida Ninfa" (1732) as sung by Veronica Cangemi (heard in a live performance in 2008.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BKDJJus1LQ4>

*"Sweet flame in my chest,  
Fate could change  
My name and state,  
But it could never change my heart.*

*"I was compelled to wander,  
But my thoughts remained  
Constantly attached to you."*

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Since I made reference to Dylan's 1978 "Street Legal" tour just last week, here's another memorable performance from the same (though not from the Seattle show), "Mr. Tambourine Man." I've minimized the video itself in size because someone edited in some pointless car driving footage that only serves to be annoying. (Now all we need to add is the version of "Love Crazy" he did, but which as yet I can't locate.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l8ojQkUzXLQ>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Though he scares you to death, he can't act like he's so great with me; as I fought *and* beat him and his army single-handedly these past 17 odd years. Moreover, even if he can (by his machinations) have cheated and robbed my life of romance, he'll have to pay for doing so by losing his empire. So fair's fair.

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Your soul has a heart as much and more so than your body, and of which that in your body is something like its shell or casing. So that based on this view, one really does not die when the "physical" heart stops beating.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

While I wouldn't say Hell or Hell influenced people are *never* funny (or are *never* capable of being funny), nonetheless, the number of occasions they actually *are* funny -- versus the number of times they *imagine* themselves to be funny can be expressed (roughly) in a ratio of something like 1 (actually being funny) to a 100 (the number of times they think themselves so.) But what is remarkable here is not so much how little capable of real humor they are, but rather the degree to which they suffer from the delusion of thinking themselves comical. Part of the reason for why this is the case is that they often tend to assume humor is simply a matter of degrading or putting someone down (or merely being absurd); when of course, there is much more to comedy than that. At the same time, true humorists, at bottom, are great hearts; whereas devils (cowards and hypocrites as they invariably are), by contrast and as a matter of course, have little or no heart.

~~~~~\*~~~~~



Even they themselves seem to realize that, despite and how much of it they put out, no intelligent person takes their propaganda very seriously to begin with, but rather talk "war on terror," "health care," "Private Ryan's view of WWII," the lures of sorcery and or of being a pirate, "the Da Vinci Code," etc. all as ways of appeasing and paying tribute to the great monster; which latter has it in his power and discretion to carry out torture and violence on, as well as disenfranchise, silence, and ostracize, such of the nation's citizens who do and will not cooperate with, bow down to, and accommodate the billionaire powers that be (leading us, and who are in quest of "?")

Later Note. As I have mentioned before, I have nothing against people being very (materially) wealthy per se, including even someone being a billionaire. Rather the issue is one of whether a person is so wealthy (and or so *in* with spirit people) that this permits them to be above and beyond the hand of the law.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I'm on my way to heaven, and *that*, among other things, means that *you* can't follow *me* around *any more*.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Give your all for the spirit; for spirit, when all is said and done, is all.

~~~~~\*~~~~~



Finalization of what will be the sixth edition of [\*Calendar and Record of the Revolutionary War in the South: 1780-1781\*](#) (.pdf) approaches, and I should have the thing done within about a month's time. Meantime, I just uploaded an update of [Lee's Legion Remembered: Profiles of the 2d Partisan Corps as taken from Alexander Garden's Anecdotes](#) (also .pdf.) For those who might be interested in such things, I came across the above intriguing cavalry figure in Alonzo Chappel's painting "Washington's Farewell to His Officers, 1783" (c. 1857) and which, based on contemporary written accounts, may very well depict the largely unknown and oft conjectured uniform of Lee's Legion cavalry.

*Later Note:* It is interesting how the uniform resembles that of the British Legion and yet is distinctly unlike any of the other Continental cavalry uniforms we know of.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

We sometimes finding ourselves thinking or saying life is this, or life is that. Yet it very seldom, rarely or never really is as such one thing, but differs from person and circumstance to person and circumstance. But whether happy or sad depends, in the final analysis, on whether people are governed by justice, honesty and right reason or whether they listen and answer to spirit people as higher authority instead.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He has to torture and degrade you in order for you to be his friend, even though, and as it goes without saying, we are neither interested in his philosophy and way of doing things nor his friendship.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

When you die, what would you most prefer to transform into? Earth, water, air or fire?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The unholy three: the one giving the orders, the one acting as administrator, and the one paying for it.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Old music and poetry are like old clothes (but for the spirit rather than the body.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*"I will not allow that machine to be used for criminal purposes."* It's a damnable thing these brain torture radios. It really is. I say to him "You don't need those brain torture radios to get by. There is more to you than that. But if you are so completely sure there isn't then you should just go kill yourself. Is there then at last nothing more for you in this life than ruin and perdition? Because there is absolutely no point to what you are doing." To which I would add, if humanity cannot rid itself of brain torture radios then we aren't good for anything except as food for cannibals.

*Also* "And if you truly feel these brain torture radios do need to be used and go on then you get out of it and let someone else pick up for you where you left off. Why take it all on yourself? Besides even if you wanted to, you cannot afford the luxury or expense of being or becoming a damned soul on your salary." (Turn off those brain torture radios, Mr. Gorbachev, etc.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Every company or business they have taken over (and where not sold for scrap otherwise) they have more or less turned into junk, of itself or else at least compared to what it was before. What more proof do you need (i.e. that there is Hell behind all these wide-scale corporate mergers and takeovers of the last 30 years)?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If God exclusively relies on you to save the rest of us then we are in big trouble. Even so and this said, do what you can, of course, and don't worry too much about what you can't do.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Diabolically clever -- Well, for him (i.e. the mental patient) it is certainly. But at least he's doing the wrong thing -- and that's what counts."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If, as a practical matter, there is no regular (i.e., flesh and blood) person living or dead, past or present, or famous or unknown, who you could or would not view with scorn and contempt if they somehow and sufficiently offended you, why then should it be any different if they happened to be a spirit person -- whether an angel, ghost, (spirit person) vampire, or even the dreaded and all benevolent Dolby-Surround Sound?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The spectacle of the devil and (orkonic) evil makes life itself seem horrifying. But must the devil be annihilated in order for there to be well being and peace? No, only and simply reduced and limited to a petty level in the wider order of things (and where no criminal violence is allowed him, including brain torture radios, and germ, chemical, and biological warfare); and perhaps even at which level he might even be rendered and deemed a positive good. The evil one, one the other hand (who doesn't by our lights know the value of things because he is so rabidly egocentric), is quite someone and something else and should, I'm sure all pacific and humane persons would agree, have no place among *us*.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*They don't write them like this any more* -- One of my all time *most* favorite Bob Dylan songs, "Changing of the Guards," live from Seattle in 1978 (at the Hec Edmundson Pavilion.) The person who posted this wasn't sure if it was from Seattle 78 but I was both there and also remember later having this very same recording on a "home made" tape for many years (but since had lost it.) The live version of "Changing of the Guards" is *much* better than the studio cut; as the song is a much more rockin' number than the latter lets on to.

See: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IMOWFgKZACY>

[“Bob Dylan - "Changing of the Guard" 1978 Univ of Washington”]

~~~~~\*~~~~~



Commander Shore at cards.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Here is a sometimes useful phrase ---

"You mind your own business? You mind your own business for nothing!" (or else "*He* minds his own business? etc.")

-- that taking into account various possible inflections, intonations, emphases, and pauses can be said or audibly enunciated in quite a variety of different ways, as well as of course possibly elaborated on to good and amusing effect.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If you knew the sorrow of real injustice you would hate real iniquity. But you don't do either! (That mind control works on you like a charm.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

It's funny (or sad) looking at some of those old 60's tv shows, including even shows like "My Three Sons" and "Daniel Boone," how every now and then out of place (and in retrospect fulsome) allusions or tribute of a kind is paid to witchcraft notions. My most favorite recent sighting of such was "Bonanza" (episode "Dark Star" [1960]) where a guest character, Tirza the gypsy girl, says: "You are a rich man, Ben Cartwright...I would have to steal to have so much."

*Later Note.* After posting the above, I happened to check over at YouTube and found someone has uploaded the very clip (with more); which, in case you might be interested in the cultural genesis of our modern day "Oafmore," you can see at: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mVaDaED6ElQ>

~~~~~\*~~~~~


"Don't see me taking this. Because if you do, and you try to tell anyone, no one will listen to you. And they will not listen to you because I have come to an arrangement of one kind or another with them.
"So there, you see...now I have it."

Well, if this is so as he says, then who or what is he hiding from?

And why after all, I asked, do you need a billion, or even a million, or even a hundred thousand dollars to be happy?

"It isn't a matter of happiness," he said. "It's a matter of *duty*."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

There are, in my opinion, two primary reasons why a person would go to or else permit themselves to be crucified or otherwise sacrifice themselves; either to protect and spare the helpless and innocent, or else to rid their own lives of criminal spirit people (including "gods" and "angels") once and forever -- both precious ends or aims devoutly to be wished.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Some may perhaps recollect my posting at this website almost a year ago (in 2008) some poems, compiled by Nurse Eleanor Place in late 1915-early 1916, and written by English, Scottish, Australian, New Zealand, and Canadian soldiers then staying at the County of London War Hospital. It just so happen that of late I learned about another volume of Great War verse also by a common soldier; namely, *Rhymes of a Lost Battalion Doughboy* by "Buck Private" Lee Charles McCollum from California, and first (self) published in Seattle in 1919. Although some of the poems are of an amateur sort; some others, on the other hand, are quite good. But it's the collection taken as a whole, however, which give this work its greatest shine, and which provides us a touching, evocative, and sometimes amusing glimpse of an American doughboy's wartime experience. Below then are two of his poems. The book itself is available as a free .pdf or .html download at www.archive.org. It went through several reprintings and can also, if you are interested in a paper copy, be found at the likes of bookfinder.com and amazon.com

"THOTS!"

Oh! to get away from it all,
Those war-ridden thots, that come,
To blind forever those memories,
And the sound of the bullets' hum.

To live once more, as I did before,
In peace and quiet and rest;
To just forget for a little while,
That it took from my life the best.

At night, when all is quiet,
And I'm lying alone in bed,
There comes a vision of battlefields.
The fight, the maimed and the dead.

Will I never forget that hell "Over There,"
And the tales the battlefields tell.
Of the price my "Buddies" paid with "their all,"
And the place in which they fell?

And there's my two best "Buddies"
I can see them plain as can be,
A layin' "Out There" crumpled heaps,
And seems like they're calling to me.

I can hear the big 'uns screech and scream,
As they go flying o'er my head.
They seem to say, both night and day,
"Remember the dead — the dead."

And sometimes I think, as I sit alone.
Perhaps it might have been best.
If I too, had paid that great price,
And were out there now with the rest.

Oh! those war cursed thots,
That haunt me night and day;
Dear God, be merciful,
And take them forever away.

PHANTOMS

From St. Mihiel to the Vesle,
With the night wind's sorrowful wail,
Goes a sound that's understood,
"Gather here in Argonne Wood."

Thru the night winds wet and dreary,
The word goes on to Chateau-Thierry,
Ghostly Phantoms hear the call.
Then gather those who gave their "all."

Phantom heroes gather there,
In shell-torn land, so bleak and bare,
And there beneath the sighing tree.
They are judging you and me.

By the flitting shadow light,
By the mystic shades of night,
In the one-time shell-split air,
Phantom Souls are judging there.

So listen well unto that call
O Phantom souls who gave their all,
And may you never droop your head,
In answer to our own — our dead.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Here's another little something that you might like also -- "Hushabye Mountain" from "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" performed by cellist Julian Lloyd Webber (brother of Andrew) from his CD "Unexpected Songs" (you might consider turning the YouTube volume down on this one, again, to better the audio.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LVU31eh5ZYg>

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The mysterious *Bogey Man* and his Heavenly angels.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

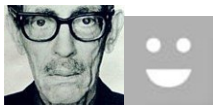
The pearl for which he sold everything, as much as anything it might be, was his conscience. The houses built respectively on the high rock and below near the flooding river represent a person's soul. For without a conscience or without a soul what's left?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Thought some of you might enjoy this as much as I did.



~~~~~\*~~~~~



Dr. Ruehl. Oafmore. I guess that's just how life is.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I'm *so* glad they finally got around to removing that Progressive auto-insurance ad on ebay, and which has been up at least since that last "Star Trek" movie premiered. (I felt sorry for the girl.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Something can be put into your religion not unlike how something can be put into your drink. (But then who would do such a thing?)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

As a practical rule of thumb (and without letting a bad temper get the better of you or unjustly directing your ire or resentment at the wrong specific individuals), treat the heaven of spirit people as the very curse and horror of life and existence as we know it; otherwise and if you *don't* do so (again, as a practical matter), devils will simply use that "heaven" as if it were a credit card to buy and pay for the evil that they seek or desire to do or perpetrate.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The following passage, for your pleasure, is taken from *Curiosities of literature: and the literary character illustrated* (1823) by Isaac Disraeli (1766-1848, father of the British Prime minister.)

"*Enthanasia! Enthanasia!* an easy death! was the exclamation of Augustus; it was what Antonius Pius enjoyed; and it is that for which every wise man will pray, said Lord Orrery, when perhaps he was contemplating on the close of Swift's life.

"The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquility; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night, and the sister of Sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments -- *AEternali Somno!* If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp, held up by the messenger of the Gods intently gazing above implied a dedication of that soul; Love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishing itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a skull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice; all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections. They did not pollute their imagination with the contents of a charnel-house. The sarcophagi of the ancients rather recall to us the remembrance of the activity of life; for they are sculptured with battles or games, in basso relievo; a sort of tender homage paid to the dead, observes Madame De Stael, with her peculiar refinement of thinking.

"It would seem that the Romans had even an aversion to mention death in express terms, for they disguised its very name by some periphrasis, such as *discessit e vita*, 'he has departed from life;' and they did not say that their friend had *died*, but that he had *lived*; *vixit!*" [p. 322.]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What perhaps makes criminal spirit people so very dangerous, in fact potentially more dangerous than the very worst disease, is that they can and will set themselves up as authority, and people will believe them. Let's consider then some of the defenses, or as we might also put it, the network of fortifications that keeps them in power and protects them from harm.

1. Being spirit people many will take it for granted that on that basis alone they do have or possess higher authority.
2. People choosing displays and manifestations of raw power over correct and close reasoning as the measure of truthfulness; with the result that spirit people are made to seem superior to right reason.
3. It is generally not permitted to discuss them scientifically and seriously to begin with.
4. They have at their disposal myriad and various methods, tricks, and devices to influence and shape people's attitudes and behavior toward their serving criminal spirit people ends; a typical example of which being how they get regular people to blame each other while having them not give it a thought that spirit people might possibly or actually be most to blame.
5. Whether out of choice, or manipulative coercion of a superior, they are tireless and dogged in what they do. Alexander the Great, like many of the ancients, believed that a characteristic trait of a god was that a god never slept. If then someone should get you to think they never slept, odds are you might yourself very well think they were divine.
6. A great myth they employ is that spirit people live on a spiritual plane and hence are not physical. The truth is spirit people are physical; though possessing a body that is of a much lighter and physically finer sort than our own. This misunderstanding causes people to think they cannot be contended against.
7. As well as frighten and bully, they can sooth and cajole and this works for them with some people as much and more so than the former kind of tactics.

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Impiety means offending your father (or mother), and if it is not your father that is or might be offended then it is *not* impiety. So that berating or cursing spirit people, whatever it might be otherwise, is not impiety; that is unless the devil is your father. Of course, *your* father is in the Holy Spirit -- the spirit of love and truth, etc. and it is this you are supposed to be looking and listening to.

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[story idea "All You Can Eat"] When Oafmore takes over a chain of pancake houses, K-Pax, through the grapevine, lets it be known to common, everyday people that by eating at his pancake house restaurants they will be doing things *a certain way*. In response, and as a safe alternative to doing the wrong thing, people start visiting these restaurants in droves. Oafmore then comes to hear about the extraordinary and phenomenal success of his restaurants (not quite understanding the real reason for that success) as demand for his pancakes skyrocket. As always and ever at a loss of either quite knowing or finding his true identity, he then begins to start seeing and imagining himself as a popular and savvy pancake entrepreneur.

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Yes, there is war, and yes there is peace -- both; but peace, at least relative peace, came first; as we see, for instance, in the history of this planet where the relatively mild and tranquil millions and millions of years of the carboniferous period antedated the famously violent age of the dinosaurs; as well, note how a person is a child and can only really be a potentially violent threat when he becomes more full grown. By contrast we don't see in nature peace following upon strife so vividly. If then there was a Big Bang there would have to have been a Big Silence preceding it. Peace then is first -- if there is any first; and the means and way of strife, and therefore strife itself, cannot exist but for peace, because, or at least some could reasonably assume, peace is logically necessary to generate them.

Even so, the alternative to this is to say there is and always was strife, and if there ever was any strife that itself proves there never really was any peace. So at last it simply becomes a matter of what you chose to believe. What ever it is, assuming it is in the first place, must pass the test of judgment -- otherwise it isn't, or at least not in the way you think, feel or imagine. But whether peace or strife is the thing, either way, thank goodness for harmony and justice. So that in this sense, and at the end of the day, judgment is the ultimate rule and measure of whether *it is* strife or peace.

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(Having made recent reference to him) the subject of Chuck Berry came up talking with these intrusive and quarrelsome spirit people, and I said the thing about him (and people like him) is he really knows how and what it means to be a happy person. And if you don't really know how to be happy then how can and why would you (and do you) do anything else? He's as famous as anybody, but do you think he wouldn't know how to be happy if he wasn't famous?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I am reading the Book of Revelation again, and upon that and additional reflection my sense is that the author is genuine and sincere; but as far as his sources go the work itself is a master forgery. Some might perhaps feel this is a discouraging conclusion that impugns the Bible's authenticity; however, I think intelligent people will readily recognize that this is and need not be the case, for as we already know the letter killeth and it is the spirit that giveth life; such that it is the spirit of the thing that most matters and less so the finite details. Again, another reminder, things like pillars of fire, voices from beyond and angelic hosts, symbol laden visions and dreams, these are all things easily within the purview of a professional spirit person magician (i.e. if the money for it is there), and if you yourself ever happen to encounter such experiences, as always, great skepticism on your part should be assumed.

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After watching and listening to those videos, I got to wondering and asking myself who after all (as far as really big names among rock pop artists go [i.e. & some greatness, naturally, is not always of the "named" sort]) was I so lucky and fortunate (in some cases multiple times) to see in concert down the years, and here, for the benefit of posterity, is my list: Moody Blues (including also Justin Heyward in an absolutely wonderful and gracious solo performance at Tower Records one time), Grateful Dead, Tina Turner, Al Stewart, Heart, Buddy Miles, Mitch Mitchell, Noel Redding, Chuck Berry, Stevie Ray Vaughn, Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Psychedelic Furs, Shakspear's Sister, Missing Persons, Rolling Stones, and Ray Manzarek (with Michael McClure.) There must be at least one or two more I am somehow forgetting (my fault not theirs) but that's most of them.

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Since I'm more in a mood to listen to music than write at this website, I thought I would post a couple more "music that time forgot." I noticed of late a certain amount of 80's retro interest on the music lists and elsewhere -- and which I think can be a good thing -- that is, at least, if one treads cautiously. Well, here are three *right by me* (certainly) selections from that time "They Don't Know About Us" with Tracey Ullman; "Strut" by Sheena Easton; and "Love My Way" by the Psychedelic Furs (from a very recent concert in San Francisco actually.) You may perhaps notice also that as different from each is from the other they still all have their own little life message or wisdom to impart -- as well as being simply flat out great numbers.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wwZSdCTcS-A>

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x8vidoAabII>

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Xvx9VHj8CVQ>

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Dig it! -- Excerpts from the Young Rascals live at the Hollywood Bowl, Aug. 16, 1968; playing 1. "Do You Feel It?" - 2. "A Girl Like You" - 3. "A Place In the Sun."

It doesn't get more groovy than this, *however*, I do seriously recommend turning the YouTube volume down about half way in order to clear out the distortion.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GK15XggC89M>

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In one sense, nature must be incredibly childlike and naive; for who or what else could think that horns, antlers, tusks, fangs, or claws (even such as a lion's) would be sufficient to fight off evil?

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If Christianity offends you then pluck out what ever it is in it that causes you to be offended -- that is, as long as you do so morally, rationally, and in good conscience; for there is nothing in honest Christianity that should offend either proper morals or logic.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

At the very least religion is and should be something one can both be good at and a help to others with, and without any false guise or ulterior pretense. Because to be false is to defeat the essential purpose of true religion; assuming the person actually knows to value and appreciate it in the first place (which obviously they may well not.)

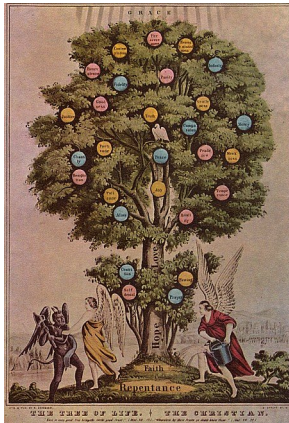
~~~~~\*~~~~~

When a person listens to a spirit person, chances are they do not listen to their heart and mind (in the spiritual or most refined sense of heart and mind) but are instead manipulated by feelings and images doctored according to what spirit people want to use them for and get out of them. So that it is being without a healthy heart or mind that can (though I do not say must) cause a person to be, so to speak, damned.

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In one sense, the occult is simply a form of warfare; and the occult being present in people's lives a manifestation of a war that is taking place. In fact, we can even and legitimately go so far to say that criminal spirit people and the occult are the very essence and at the core of all excessive and unnatural strife; and high ranking civil and military leaders can no longer be permitted the childish luxury of talking about fighting or winning a war without in some way taking such spirit people, on some level, into consideration.

~~~~~\*~~~~~



For those of us who have been so "honored" to meet him, they will perhaps find amusement in the close resemblance of the figure on the far left, sans wings horns and tail of course, with "Gyro" (i.e. "Jehovah Jira.").

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The good is fine. Indeed, too wonderful even to express. No, it's the bad that kills you and makes you wish you were never born. And what is the bad? He is nothing more than this rich, fat oaf who keeps getting away with murder yet whom we are always encouraged to believe is helping everyone; but who also always has to do the wrong thing (a certain way), and this last because years and years ago his "inspiration" came down with a very, very bad case of envy.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

That is why (as I told him) in all those old serials, and westerns, James Bond and the Man from Uncle, etc. did the hitherto hidden or disguised villain invariably have to reveal himself and his full plans to the hero (despite obvious seeming logic against it) -- that is, because if he didn't do so, he technically would not really be a player, and hence not exist; and as a puppet (or as I personally refer to it "Winchell-Mahoney Time") it would not be necessary to take him all that seriously.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Some do or might resent prayer because it somehow implies or suggests that they are weak. And yet if a person isn't actually infinite and omnipotent, the simple and practical fact of the matter is *they are* weak (whether they like it or not.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Mark Well the Doctrine"

If the devil attacks you inside your body (and persists in doing so) what then you need to do is attack him in his soul.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*The Friend Forgot*

For a hundred years or more,  
The giant holly stood next door.  
And though the sun comes up today  
That motherly tree is no more.

While all trees, like all people,  
Are wonderful in their way,  
There are some trees,  
Like some people,  
That are even more so.

Its branches extended many yards;  
The trunk nigh a hundred feet high.  
By my home it stood close by  
Shading us from the burning sun.  
But now, alas, it's gone!

It's as if an old friend had died,  
Yet whom I did not know before;  
And only now when it's not there  
Do I realize how much I cared.

I remember how on some days  
There the birds would flit and play;  
Or high up its limbs  
Secrete their nests  
Where baby birds are loved best.

In that winged congregation,  
How they cackled and made song!  
What must that tree have felt  
To've been host to such a throng?

Then just yesterday morn I awoke to hear  
The chainsaw's grind bringing us tears;  
The ancient trunk sawed off  
By branches then into blocks.  
And now all that's left



Is a stump forlorn  
Clinging to the rocks.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

While certain rare and unusual occasions may permit some amount of latitude, if it is honest, rational, and forthright it is Christian or of Christ; if it is not honest, rational, and forthright it is and cannot be. Therefore all things that are of honest, rational and forthright truth are Christian and of Christ, and those things that are not fundamentally honest, rational and forthright are not -- no matter how many angels, no matter how many miracles, no matter how many churches.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The purpose of sophisticated criminal spirit people, like the magician, is to devour you heart and mind whole; so that in time your own judgment may be replaced with his.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If they play *that* game then they are even stupider than me for being bothered by their doing so.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

### *Condemnation*

People, but even more so animals,  
Know when God isn't present,  
And will flee where peace is gone.  
From the lowest plane  
To the loftiest prospect,  
Whose spirit alone  
Is truly great and best?  
There is none but his.  
But only in faith, truth or reason  
Can our souls know this is.

Then there is a monster;  
Whom people placate and appease.  
To buy false peace  
They feed the angry demon  
Who fills the air with stress.  
He is angry --  
So must you be too.  
But at who?  
Let me think of someone  
To hurl my disapproval at,  
Or scorn for imperfection  
-- as if the only way to live  
Is *not* to live in peace.

The condemnation of demonism --  
There it is in black and white  
For all to see and hear.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

When we contemplate the spectacle of a society of people sick with demonism (and among such people might be included ourselves; and, naturally, people can be afflicted in different ways by spirit people as to make them "sick"), our reactions tend to vary depending on various factors, including specific circumstances and context in which we encounter or find ourselves dealing with such folk. Sometimes we might understandably react or recoil in scorn or contempt, or feel apprehension, distrust, alarm, or annoyance of such people, and prefer to avoid, if not quarrel, with them.

But in more calm moments of reflection, it is much easier to see that they are, after all, people who are really and medically ill. And though they might be a source of grief to others, they are themselves victims of these spirit people (I talk about), and who may even and in a given instance have had their entire lives shaped and molded to be one of torment and misery, or utter folly and foolishness. In this regard, I think many of those Hollywood people and others in various sectors of entertainment these days (except for music) do have some real gift and talent. Only such talent ends up getting warped or stifled from being under the influence, and this as result of their being used and messed up by spirit people -- so that it makes them obnoxious and dead in the heart and spirit (at least as far as art is concerned); which, of course, is (to say the least) very unfair to them because that problem isn't actually or really theirs.

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The subject of angels and spirits and fallen angels (when taken literally) will (and does), as can and could be expected, mystify and frighten people; however, one thing worth remembering about "Satan," the magician, and all such persons is that there is much about and in their characters and manners that you are already familiar with from elsewhere; so that to know or have contact with these people personally you come to recognize what we think of as some very "human" traits; for example, he puts on a cover or disguise to hide his real attitude or intentions; he is a total asshole (like you wouldn't believe), a full-of-himself hypocrite, con-artist, bully, cheater, etc.

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Yes, but what if the Identity Theft protection company itself is a fraud (i.e. or having identity theft perpetrated on them?)

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In the New Testament "letters" of 2nd Peter, ch. 2, and Jude, we encounter the following two interesting and parallel passages:

from 2nd Peter, ch. 2:

"4 For if God did not spare angels when they sinned, but cast them into hell and condemned them to the chains of Tartarus, reserved for judgment....; 9 then the Lord knows how to rescue the godly from temptation, and to keep the unrighteous under punishment for the day of judgment, 10 and especially those who indulge the flesh in its corrupt desires and despise authority. Daring, self-willed, they do not tremble when they revile angelic majesties, 11 whereas angels who are greater in might and power do not bring a reviling judgment against them before the Lord. 12 But these, like unreasoning animals, born as creatures of instinct to be captured and killed, reviling where they have no knowledge, will in the destruction of those creatures also be destroyed, 13 suffering wrong as the wages of doing wrong."

from Jude:

"Now I desire to remind you, though you know all things once for all, that the Lord, after saving a people out of the land of Egypt, subsequently destroyed those who did not believe. 6 And angels who did not keep their own domain, but abandoned their proper abode, He has kept in eternal bonds under darkness for the judgment of the great day, 7 just as Sodom and Gomorrah and the cities around them, since they in the

same way as these indulged in gross immorality and went after strange flesh, are exhibited as an example in undergoing the punishment of eternal fire. 8 Yet in the same way these men, also by dreaming, defile the flesh, and reject authority, and revile angelic majesties. 9 But Michael the archangel, when he disputed with the devil and argued about the body of Moses, did not dare pronounce against him a railing judgment, but said, 'The Lord rebuke you!' 10 But these men revile the things which they do not understand; and the things which they know by instinct, like unreasoning animals, by these things they are destroyed."

Note two of the main points brought out in the above:

- 1) There are bad "angels" who have left their proper dwelling (and are not supposed to be *here*.)
- 2) There are people who, out off foolishness and ignorance, revile "angels."

I think what we see in this is an acknowledgment that there are bad, and powerful, spirit people, but that it is imprudent and unwise to mock or revile angelic spirits generally. (Note how someone was reviling angels in any case. How could such an occurrence have arisen, and what were these writers harking to in making this criticism?) Yet if there are bad angels, what is wrong with reviling them? The answer it seems is that the authors of these epistles were in awe of spirit people in either case, and perhaps felt it was a) better to not be ruled by anger (whether towards angels or anyone), and b) better to err on the side of respect for spirit people than to not be respectful toward them.

Clearly, these authors themselves had only an imperfect idea of quite who and what they were talking about when it came to angels, and they seem, notwithstanding their attitude toward bad spirit people, to have looked upon spirit people as super human. And yet how can such distinctions be made? Again I think they were grappling with issues that were far in advance of their own or their time's scientific capability (at least for most people of their time), and yet, understandably, felt the need to arrive at some comprehension and understanding of such other worldly people, even if only of a tentative nature. That, despite their recognition of the existence and censure of bad angels, they still seem to view such as somehow superior to ordinary human beings perhaps reflects a fear of offending or else a fear of the risk of offending should they adopt a position that views spirit people, as God created beings, are not inherently superior to ordinary or flesh and blood regular people. Again, what it seems we have here are instances of attempts to grapple with the issue and question of spirit people without having a more full and proper knowledge of the subject to quite do it justice; so that they erred on the side of deference; yet based on a practical need to come up with guidelines of some kind for believers to go by -- in the meantime.

(How they must have, and been made to, suffer! Perhaps an apt -- but far more mild -- comparison would be Mme. Curie dying from radiation poisoning.)

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I just finished transcribing a copy of a history of the U.S. 22nd Aero Squadron, by Arthur Raymond Brooks (and some others) as it appears in *Cross and Cockade Journal*, Summer 1963; and little did I anticipate how moved by it I would be. Really, at one point reading I was almost in literal tears. For those then who might be interested, here is the same (with scanned photos) in .pdf, ["History of U.S. 22nd Aero Squadron."](#)

Brooks, incidentally, only died fairly recently, at the age of 91 on July 17, 1991.

Last -- for what some may find suitable musical accompaniment to the reading (and as an extra -- I myself had listened while I typed), [here's](#) (.mp3 at 11.4 MBs, right click-save as) Gaylord Carter with a portion of his organ score from "Wings" (1927) -- which film, you may recall, we'd recommended a few weeks ago.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If it's a game or sport in earnest, or else if your cause is especially just, the way to contend is to keep fighting even though, despite all your efforts, you still will lose. For even if you do lose there is still merit in your continuing to fight and making your opponent strain to win. Now these people, in fairness to them, know this principle, and a person who would combat them without realizing this insight will only find their task that much more indescribably difficult.

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If you have the patience to let it cook, it will turn out like it's supposed to.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The iron mask hides someone's beauty against their will.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He can't do it himself; so he ruins it for others who can, then spends all his time talking about it.

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### *An Imaginary Conversation*

A: The world. Something isn't quite right. What do you suppose is wrong with it?

B: In my opinion?

A: Yes, in your opinion

B: The devil and Hell.

A: My goodness, I thought you would have said it was all those others people more usually blame. Then if it is really as you say then why don't people and society expel and get rid of them?

B: For one, because some can't or won't fight them. The devil and Hell, it is commonly believed, are all wise, almighty and all powerful when it comes to knowledge, experience, cleverness and violence. Then, as well and on the other hand, there are those who wouldn't dream of resisting them; in fact who out and out embrace them. For some such, the devil and Hell are "Hot." While for yet others they are seen as acting with Heaven's blessing.

A: Even if they fomented genocide and brought about all those gruesome serial killings?

B: Yes, indeed, for some those kinds of things make them seem even more "Hot" or divine -- again, depending on one's outlook or viewpoint. I suppose it shows a sense of independent mindedness and defiance that some see as daring, amusing or impressive.

A: Well, whatever the story, I could think of a thousand things of more interest to me than the devil and Hell. As a matter of fact, come to think of it, I'd rather die than have to live with people like that constantly around.

B: Why many do, of course, whether out of choice or otherwise.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

My stance, in short and for those who have followed thus far, is this. If after all these *many* years he can't come out in the open and take responsibility for his both interfering with honest communications and obstructing justice, including using or else aiding and abetting the use of brain torture radios, it follows he must be mentally unfit for such a position of power, wealth, and authority as he is allowed to possess; and if unfit then thoroughly discredited (and for which no manner or number of ghosts or angels can redeem or exonerate him.)

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As much as we are or think we are good at some things, there are as many or more others at which we are not good or else entirely unqualified for; and this realization of itself can and should always act as a brake and restraint to false or unduly excessive pride in ourselves.

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[Regarding the Lord of their Heaven.] Oh, he's a great ghoul certainly -- *that is* when he has an army with him to fight a poor man, all alone and beat up.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Salvation is lighter and even more buoyant than a feather, and which not all the heavy weight of the entire globe and or of all the planets could injure or crush. It's an old saw but true -- but if one *was* overly cloyed and piled under with material and relatively petty concerns, how could they ever value or grasp such a notion?

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One thing a professional devil desires to do is plant error, and the longer lasting the error and the greater its durability the more successful he is. There were a number of occasions back in 2000 (i.e. somewhere at or shortly after "the height of the disturbances") when the magician tried to get me to think that it was wrong to use the word "effect" as a verb; as in the phrase that such and such "will effect such an end." For a brief time, say for a few days to a week, I took him at his word and thought he was properly correcting me -- only of course, to realize in due course the joke was on me.

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I personally dedicate this next to Freeloader the Magician and his partner Oafmore (though, as you can see, largely cutting out the video part, since the song itself is bad enough.):

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bsJukf6\\_B4s](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bsJukf6_B4s) ["Maniac" by Michael Sembello.]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Those people are going to have problems whether they have it their way or they don't. And when *they* do have problems, be ready for trouble making; for that is how they deal with their problems.

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The good news is it doesn't *really* take all that much intelligence to vie against and thwart the schemes and machinations of lording and criminal spirit people. The bad news is relatively few in charge today (or at least so it would seem) have even that little.

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Busy or at rest, but never idle.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He takes his orders from the grave (and which helps to explain why he can and will not reason honestly.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Two-headedness is not *really* (so much) the problem because there is not actually any such thing as two headedness; either it's only one head pretending to be two or else one imagining himself to be so (under another else's divine auspices and direction); for (as an example) he will *say* he loves this, and this, but in fact at bottom it isn't so.

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Some war on terror, isn't it?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If it isn't too much bother, would someone please ask him whether his own life is actually worth all the many dirty tricks, rapes, murders, tortures, and cruelties inexpressible, etc. which he has deliberately inflicted and afflicted so many with these past 30 odd years or so?

Meanwhile, in the "they'll do it every time" department (Aug. 30 '09, from Associated Press): "US general: New strategy needed to defeat Taliban."

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I would die to get away from damnation, and I regularly tell him so myself; but I have the cat to take care of (and so must live.)

(On a somewhat more serious note -- I *also* said he didn't have to be damnation if he would just get out of our personal lives and mind his own business. In other words, it's not as if he didn't have a choice.)

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We who are so well off in so many ways are often extra sensitive to our own misfortunes and the slights and injuries done to us. Then there are those who are much worse off than we are, but, like us, *are* aware of their own hard circumstances. Then there are those who have it much worse than either ourselves or even these others but who don't quite or even know it.

(Who then deserves the greater sympathy?)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If I had to, at my own personal expense (and understand I am legally living on the poverty level) feed, clothe and house (say have them sleep in my home) a person less disagreeable than the ghoulish magician, it would cost me immeasurably less (both in terms of money and other and various expenses) than it does to baby sit and endure these spirit people and brain torture radios. The upshot of which is that here we have clear and irrefragable proof that criminal spirit people, sponsored and subsidized by certain very moneyed rich (regular) people are in point of fact the biggest parasites, bums and freeloaders in society's midst -- and leaving aside the question of what right they have to be here in the first place other than that they are ghosts.

They, in effect, say or imply that it is a holy honor for them to so deign to visit and make themselves at home my life (and person), and or that my shameful past requires such stern measures (for my own welfare.) But this is all a lot of bluff and hooey to disguise and distract from their need to lean on me to keep themselves propped up and standing. This is all the more interesting when you consider that these same person feel they are entitle to set themselves up as secret judges and arbiters of the public *and* private lives and affairs of others who have nothing whatsoever to do with them to begin with.

As I always to say him, if I or all these other people or things are such a big problem (as you claim or insinuate), let's see how bad it really is when you and your friends are not around. He won't do it; because they are the real curse of it all; and who are what they are out of egotism, jealousy, self-pity, etc. as for any other real or pretended reason. So what's the point?

*Later Note.* A bee at least is peaceable, industrious and reliable; transfers pollen and manufacture's honey. But to say *they* are like bees in every other respect (*than* these); then, yes, you could say that they are, in their way, very much like bees.

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The one who actually gets to make most of the decisions but whom we never see or hear of personally, let alone have the opportunity to scrutinize or critique (seen here with Dave O'Brien.)

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The following is an excerpt from an A.P./Yahoo obituary for Sen. Edward Kennedy (for the piece entire, see [http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20090827/ap\\_on\\_re\\_eu/kennedy\\_irish\\_legacy](http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20090827/ap_on_re_eu/kennedy_irish_legacy)):

"Edward Kennedy remembered fondly in Ireland  
By JILL LAWLESS, Associated Press Writer

"DUBLIN – Dubliners raised glasses in pubs and signed a book of condolence at the U.S. Embassy on Thursday in heartfelt tributes to Sen. Edward Kennedy.

"Kennedy was remembered as a flawed but passionate friend of Ireland who helped bring peace to the

divided north and pride to Roman Catholics in the south. Many expressed admiration for a man who transcended his family's tragedies and his own demons to become a powerful political force both at home and abroad.

"'He had his peccadilloes, like all of us,' said Joe Drennan, 68, a building contractor from County Cork in southwest Ireland. 'But boy, did he overcome them. He overcame the biggest obstacle in his life — and that was himself.'

"Drennan was among those waiting patiently in line outside the embassy to leave condolences. Irish Prime Minister Brian Cowen, one of the first to sign the book, wrote that Ireland had lost 'a loyal and dear friend.' 'The impact of the Kennedys is immense in a country where pictures of the family adorn thousands of homes and where many people have avidly followed the glamorous, tragic clan that — in John F. Kennedy — put the first Roman Catholic in the White House.

"'Farewell to the last Prince of Camelot,' read the front page of the Irish Independent newspaper..."

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"Oh, I'm just a kid at heart. I tell stories just like a kid, and I like pirates, wizards and magic. I want to take a secret oath and swear never to reveal the solemn trust, and then make it with babes and have fun."

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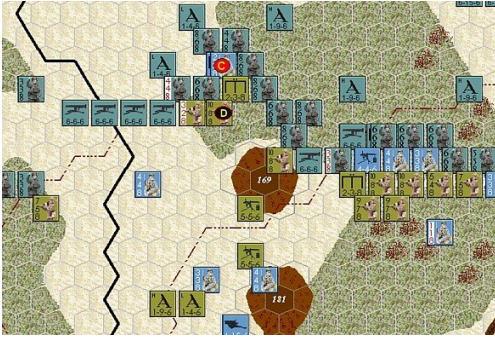
### *A Picture is Worth a Thousand Words*

In doing this and the other, I have been away from my website the past few days, and didn't plan on writing anything here this morning except to make some very brief remarks respecting the two pictures below.



The first comes from *The New Catholic Picture Bible* and depicts the transfiguration. The point I wanted to make is that witchcraft spirit people can create images and visions of sights such as that painted here (and there are other and similar in the NCPB, particularly those with angels.) Now is the vision real and from real heaven or is it phony? The long and short answer is, and as Maimonides would advise, if you ever happen to see or are shown such things be skeptical; otherwise, if possible, consult an expert you can trust and relate and confer with them about it. Otherwise, it is safer as a general rule to assume and receive such as fraudulent. This is not to say that there are no good angels or that they don't look like this (such as are seen in NCPB), but again it is better to assume the thing is phony -- and leave it to bona fide prophets and canonized saints to address such concerns -- unless you happen to be one yourself (probably not a likely occurrence.)





I was playing a solitaire version of Historical Alternative's "Belleau Wood" (playing both sides), and an intriguing situation arose deserving comment. As the Marines moved forward to replace the French (who are simultaneously withdrawing to be refit in the rear after some very heavy fighting), there was one French unit (marked with a "C" above) that was caught in the German onslaught. I tried as the American player to rescue the unit, but in so doing only ended up getting some of my Marines killed -- with little hope left now to save the cut off French company. The moral of the story is that in war sometimes one must make a sacrifice rather than dangerously risk losing the lives of others, and, as it occurred to me upon reflection life itself is sometimes like this where we might or must fall of victim to the enemy because to save us -- under the circumstances -- would only endanger others. It is in such situations that faith becomes all important, and we must leave it to our general decide what is the best move that needs to be made. Ideally, there would be no war in the first place, but as you already know, life, unfortunately, is not always so simple and easy as that.

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In looking over a recent voter's pamphlet, I noticed that Hell it seems prefers us to have one of two kinds of leaders: one that is dumb and friendly, and one that believes they must be cynical and conniving in order to bring about the greatest social good. Of course, if it is election time for you as well, I suggest you not vote for either.

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The health of the mind lies in just reasoning; while the health of the heart lies in courage and compassion. So that it is among the ultimate objects of true religion to assist in making a person's soul well in these respects (while allowing for their natural inclinations, abilities and limitations otherwise); the idea being that if you have a healthy soul, you, in effect, have what you most need on *the* most fundamental of levels. At the same, if your soul is dead and you are without such health, what good in the end are all the worldly riches, fame, privileges, etc. to you? This is why the devil laughs at you when you are *not* looking, and why we laugh at you when you *are*.

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Game

When things are in place,
Life is fine,
But when they're not,
For Death we pine.
Life is a game.
Death is a Game.
We take turns,
We pass;
The end;

Then another
Life and Death
Again.
And though what we play
Is not what we would,
It's still a game
Just the same.

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*Oh yeah? You and what army?*

*"The ghoul and vampire army."*

*Oh, that army. Well, I can't say I think much of it.*

But seriously...I could have and did fight off a hundred regular people criminals, *and* beat them as well, but for spirit people intervening to cheat and interfere on their behalf. The conclusion then I arrive at is that if humanity ever hopes to grapple with the problem of serious crime and evil there is no practical and immediate alternative but to wage a ruthless war of extermination on the empire, including false heaven, of criminal spirit people. For until this or such an approach is adopted, these corrupt, and stupid regular people can always say these spirit people "made" them do it (i.e. whatever crime it was), and that therefore they are not responsible for their own actions. And how can you or anyone refute such an argument?

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Respecting this week's recommendation, for those who might want to take an added souvenir home with them, here, by way of amazon.com mp3 downloads, is Tony Bennett singing "Tender is the Night."

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This passage from 2nd Peter, ch. 3 is both unusual and interesting as Bible text for the more scientific and cosmological than usual perspective it adopts, and which also is very much in harmony with Stoicism; as if the universe were undergoing the pangs and throes of one, all encompassing purification process.

"3:1 This is now, beloved, the second letter that I have written to you; and in both of them I stir up your sincere mind by reminding you;

"3:2 that you should remember the words which were spoken before by the holy prophets, and the commandments of us, the apostles of the Lord and Savior:

"3:3 knowing this first, that in the last days mockers will come, walking after their own lusts,

"3:4 and saying, 'Where is the promise of his coming? For, from the day that the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation.'

"3:5 For this they willfully forget, that there were heavens from of old, and an earth formed out of water and amid water, by the word of God;

"3:6 by which means the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished.

"3:7 But the heavens that now are, and the earth, by the same word have been stored up for fire, being reserved against the day of judgment and destruction of ungodly men.

"3:8 But don't forget this one thing, beloved, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.

"3:9 The Lord is not slow concerning his promise, as some count slowness; but is patient with us, not wishing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

"3:10 But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in which the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the elements will be dissolved with fervent heat, and the earth and the works that are in it will be burned up.

"3:11 Therefore since all these things are thus to be destroyed, what manner of persons ought you to be in holy living and godliness,

"3:12 looking for and earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God, by reason of which the heavens being on fire will be dissolved, and the elements will melt with fervent heat?

"3:13 But, according to his promise, we look for new heavens and a new earth, in which dwells righteousness.

"3:14 Therefore, beloved, seeing that you look for these things, be diligent to be found in peace, without blemish and blameless in his sight.

"3:15 Regard the patience of our Lord as salvation; even as our beloved brother Paul also, according to the wisdom given to him, wrote to you;

"3:16 as also in all of his letters, speaking in them of these things. In those are some things hard to be understood, which the ignorant and unsettled twist, as they also do to the other Scriptures, to their own destruction.

"3:17 You therefore, beloved, knowing these things beforehand, beware lest, being carried away with the error of the wicked, you fall from your own steadfastness."

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Religion, as much as anything, is the preventative medicine of the soul; so that to fault it for not stopping evil makes about as much sense as blaming proper dieting and exercise for not warding off a violent head injury. In other words, as much as prayer, charity, and beatific contemplation are desirable you still need to watch and deal with what's going on in (imminent) reality; and which may be neither so very simple or else so very complicated as you think.

Later Note. Naturally, by religion we mean honest religion, and which, of course, is the only kind of religion that is actually worth anything to begin with.

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Any image that haunts or that is used to harass may be reduced to insignificance (and therefore got rid of) by categorizing and calling it a "picture" -- so that once seen as only *a picture*, it need no longer be what it depicts.

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"There are innumerable worlds," said Epicurus, "but it is unwise to interest ourselves in them." Or, put differently, we might say there are many things to know yet not all knowledge is worth possessing.

Yet what if one, in addition to knowing all kinds of horrible things that (according to this view) it were better they didn't know, prided themselves on such knowledge? Well, that, in effect and in one sense, is what kind of a person a devil is; that is, someone whose mind is full of garbage in which he delights.

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*"Rich Dad, Poor Dad"*

To say you are a free people is to say you are not owned by someone, and that you can think honestly, openly and rationally for yourself. Why then won't people be free? Because the devil (and other related spirit people), both literally and in effect, comes along and tells them "If you help me kill and oust your betters, I will make you rich and important. Only you must not be overly concerned about being either honest or rational; since those kind of people are the ones we need to remove or eliminate." The stupid and credulous (thinking themselves made privy to *higher* wisdom) then go along with this proposal; are put in

positions of authority (in place of their betters), and honest discussion and reasoning are outlawed and treated as ill advised practices that will only get you killed, ostracized and or impoverished.

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Because it costs mundane time, effort, and expense, philosophy is not divine knowledge but the wish for divine knowledge, usually by means of the intellect; yet with occasional glimpses of divine knowledge or understanding possible to those who are upright and sincere, as well as in the process of such seeking itself and which process is ever progressive, evolving, improving.

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Respecting the topic of monads and which we raised earlier, one question that will perhaps confuse some (and did me when I was a beginning student of philosophy back in high school and college) is -- are monads divisible? The answer is "yes," with the exception of God being the only monad that isn't divisible. Logically, it seems a contradiction to say that something is one, that is a "monad," and yet be more than one. But in practical experience this, of course, is not at all strange; just as when we think of *one* dollar but which is made of one hundred pennies, or ten dimes, etc.; so that the single unity posited by the notion of a monad is, in a sense, a fiction of convenience and utility. Otherwise and to the extent it is and can be, something is one or of true oneness only and inasmuch as it partakes of or is God.

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Think of an animal as a person without much intelligence but who really can't do any wrong. Is this a correct characterization? Or does the fact that they can do no real wrong (except under extreme duress or human or spirit people instigation) actually show that they have intelligence in its way as good or better than anyone else's?

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Many simply do not understand that if you care for a child or animal you care for them for their own sake; just as they would want God to look after and respect their own needs. And if we do not view such helpless or dependents in this way, including as well as children and animals the earth and the environment, then how ever could one blame or fault God for not treating them as they think they ought to be treated?

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Moses casting up a bronze serpent in the desert signifies that we can cure an illness by its image; but, that is, as long as that image is received in small doses; similar to how if one endures, say, a very small amount of small pox one can be inoculated from a real and in earnest case of the disease.

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Over lording and criminal spirit people are not part of nature, indeed they are the very fount and source of everything that is unnatural. From where else does the unnatural spring if not from them? So powerful an effect, therefore, does an evilly disposed and conniving *mind* have on creation.

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(Again) repeat after me: "The most depressing people I ever knew in all my life -- *the demonists*."

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Although I did in fact make mention of it a *long, long* time back, I wouldn't want some of you (who might otherwise possibly do so) have to go without. Here then, via amazon.com mp3 downloads, now is "[Take A Little Trip](#)" by Alabama. (People who work to make a living will understand.)

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By nature, we are forced to some extent to block out or exclude from any given point of present consciousness what we otherwise *could* or might see, know and or think about; and this because our hearts and minds can endure and direct their attention and awareness to only so much of anyone and or anything -- in addition to the limitations of memory (which has its own various kinds and departments for filing and sorting what is and isn't present in our consciousness.) In this way, and again to some extent, we can (and with respect to some things *must*) choose what does and doesn't exist; most especially so as it pertains to or affects ourselves personally (as opposed to what exists objectively independent of us.) Although of course and obviously, there are times and circumstances when such power is severely curtailed and circumscribed, even so and otherwise, by means of this capacity to include or occlude what does or doesn't exist we in an important extent shape and create the universe we live in, and the more carefully logical we are, and the greater our convictions about what we hold most dear, the greater is this capacity.

These "things" (including people and persons) that exist or don't exist, and which can be known individually, are what are known as monads. As monads, each given thing or potential thing participates in our understandings as phenomena or noumena (Merriam-Webster defines noumenon as "a posited object or event as it appears in itself independent of perception by the senses"); and even if only phenomena, that phenomena is only of lasting relevant inasmuch as it is cleared or validated by and *as* noumena; which noumena is sustainable insofar as they are consistent with and in conformity to right reason. Mind, therefore, in some measure and in some way determines in the long run what does or doesn't exist (the senses and perceptions, by comparison, less so do this.) God, in one sense then, is the mind and the source of higher reason that controls the greater universe and ourselves, when our minds are in most harmony and unison with his, no other mind need we fear.

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In brief, my own (and personally adopted) sense of the matter is that for deepest sounding of the mind and thought go to the Pre-Socratics (including Democritus); for the heart, Christianity and Buddhism; for most ordinary, day to day life, Pragmatism that is subservient and beholden to the former two.

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To our diet of Monster power drink and Claim Jumper tv dinners can now be added Burger King's Angry Whoppers and Angry Tendercrisps.

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With all the luster and appeal of some cheap porno website, Chase Bank outlets are popping up all over Seattle like so many Starbucks, and which serves as one more reminder that there is and can be no economic recovery until government is willing and able to confront and deal with spirit person-backed organized crime.

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Weird me out why don't you...Although Badfinger's "The Revolution's Here" is included on the original "[Magic Christian](#)" LP (which I used to have way back when), I can't seem to find this song *anywhere* on CD. Until it is and to help remedy this present state of things, I made this *ad hoc* transfer by way of a YouTube clip from the film, and which you can download in .mp3 (right click save as) [here](#).

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31 October 1963

While there is of course no need (though prompted we might be) to necessarily read any cryptic significance into the above photograph (and what it depicts); it does strike one as at least slightly peculiar that such very high profile children as Caroline and John Jr. would be costumed as witches for Halloween. Why such a choice I wonder? Is it possible that someone (perhaps the mother) was paying tribute -- as you know many people routinely and commonly do -- to placate and thereby ward off el diablo by such a gesture? Well *if* so -- and remember I am only saying "if" -- it obviously didn't much help (as I will and do always remind people with respect to and when it comes to appeasement.)

*Later Note.* It occurs to me that possibly the idea was one of ridicule -- there is, after all and plausibly, a suggestive reference to the magician (i.e. the witch) and "Speelburg/Brukhymer" (the ?) of that day -- in the costumes.

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I hate the story of champion chump, and I want no part of it. But of course they make you an offer you can't refuse (a la Don Corleone), and as a result you end up not having any choice unless you kill yourself.

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Is it possible for something of itself to be not all that very important and yet have a powerful and important effect? Clearly yes, and there are no end of examples we might think up to illustrate the point. For instance, imagine if you were driving through a wooded area in a storm and a very large tree fell crashing on your car; causing it to halt and then trapping you in the vehicle. Yet but for the storm that caused it to fall (and aside from seeing the tree from a poetic or environmental view point), the tree would otherwise have no great significance.

Now with a tree, it is easy for us to realize that of itself and but for the accident of it being thrown down by high winds, we would not ascribe any unique powers or importance to it. But when it comes to something like trouble making spirit people the matter for most people is not so easy or obvious; not least of which because such spirit people will want to play up impress you with their seeming importance. But really, if we are thinking clearly, we will understand that as powerful as the spirit person is or might be, it doesn't necessarily follow that they are really of such considerable importance but for certain circumstances -- just as with the tree. Yet though we see those circumstances (the storm) with regard to the tree, spirit people, by comparison, are far more difficult to comprehend. So that when they strike at us we, out of ignorance and combined with the spirit person's intended manipulation of us, tend or will be led to attribute major, indeed religious, significance to them. This, needless to say, is a grave error; and what one invariably finds is that as powerful as a given spirit person is, he can only be so due to certain circumstances and certain means of manipulating those circumstances. The excruciating pain he induces may cause us to be in awe of him as a god or else think he deserves damnation for his crime. The mistake here is to misinterpret his effect with his essence. Again, like the tree, his effect may indeed be tremendous, but it doesn't necessarily follow that he of himself is, or that his invading your life is tantamount to a religious event. Yet because of people's common misunderstanding of spirit people and the efforts of some spirit people themselves to dress themselves in raiment of god-hood and thus mislead others, very easily and tragically an error is made

creating the illusion that the spirit person is much, much greater consequence than, but for circumstances, they truly are.

So just as with the tree falling on your car, while we would have good reason to be very distressed by the occurrence, it is both unnecessary and ill advised to read cosmic significance into the event, and to do so only makes it that much more traumatic and difficult to deal with than it really, did we know better and think more wisely, needs to be. In sum, yes, some spirit people can be enormously, even astoundingly powerful, but that is no reason to let yourself unduly magnify their actual stature in the grand scheme of things, and which sort of mistake and foolishness only serves to make things far worse by needlessly and artificially enhancing their sway and influence all the more.

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It's pay back time (again!)

No, actually, yesterday I came up with the idea for mine own epitaph, and which is:

"To be honest, I'm surprised it lasted as long as it did."

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If you haven't heard this in a real, real long time, it will probably blow your mind to do so now. (Thanks someone for reminding me of it recently.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bo-qweh7nbQ> [Blue Swede – “Hooked On A Feeling”]

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N-zhg1BeUkQ> [Scott English – “Brandy.”]

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Here's another one of those strange *business* websites, like mindyourownbusiness.com and *Celebrity Rants*, which rather than make any comment of my own I would be more interested and curious to hear from others on; as I find the thing so bizarre, I (almost) hardly know what to make of it. Take some time to actually go through the site and I think you'll see what I mean.

<http://www.thepayback.com/>

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You think so little of doing these things to others; you can go through them yourself. And you will. After all, what discovery and interest is there to be had in plaguing and tormenting an innocent or mostly innocent? It's been done so many times; it's old hat. Imagine, however, what it would be like for them to do these cruel and horrible things to someone who really deserved it; taking into account both the person's phenomenal guilt and the phenomenal amount of worldly wealth and money they felt themselves entitle to - and had. So you see, it may be they want you to commit all these brutal and sadistic crimes so that you can have all these same things, and more, done to you one day. True or no, I couldn't quite say; only I for one, and knowing these people as I do, sure wouldn't want to be taking that kind of chance and risk.

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It is important to remember that as frightening, intimidating and overwhelming as evil in this world is or might seem, it can all be reduced to and traced back to this childish, full of himself cry baby who felt and

feels sorry for himself because he was and is *jealous* (and, also, he doesn't want those people "having it too good!") Oh yes, he is diabolically clever all right; as long as greater numbers of people are incomprehensibly blind, dull witted, cowardly and irrational -- otherwise, and but for the fact that he is permitted to cheat and get away with murder so much, he is not nearly so intelligent and all powerful as willful illusion and plain stupidity would have you take him to be.

Much also is made about spirit people generally, be they ghost or angels, and while I certainly don't think it right to be prejudice and unfair towards spirit people, I will say that in all my contact with them these many years now, I find little or nothing so especially beautiful, wonderful or attractive -- let alone heavenly -- about them; nor do they in the least (or else only in the very least and superficially) reflect what I know in life to be truly divine, and desirable -- indeed, I have a far higher opinion of animals than any and all the spirit people I have even met or known. They seem heavenly in famous European paintings, but in palpable reality their appeal can be likened to that of an over-rated, billion dollar movie career -- full of slaves, vampires, propaganda, and razzle-dazzle, and with very little actual merit and praiseworthy moral character to be found among them. In a word, they are phony, and puppets and tools of the previously mentioned great hoodlum and tyrant of old.

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God is an inexhaustible fount or reservoir of peace and strength to those to seek to live rightly and in truth. But if one doesn't seek to live rightly or in truth, no, they would not know what I am referring to. Yet this is not to say, however, that those who seek to live rightly and in truth do not suffer (rest assured the devil will see that they do suffer), but they at least have in their souls a place where that suffering can ultimately (if not always and as soon as we would wish) be laid to rest and dispelled.

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Unless *perhaps* you are someone who enjoys searching for and spotting real life ghosts as a hobby or enthusiasm (say, not so very unlike how some people like to search for and spot whales or rare birds) and or the scientific benefits to be possibly gained from such, it is a safe assumption that a person doesn't really need a ghost or spirit person per se for anything; and anything a spirit person can or could provide that was desirable, you can get the same or something else as good or better from someone or somewhere else.

Now if this is true, why would those who do so listen to spirit people as authority rather than just and honest rational argument?

Without exception, such persons invariably are being bullied, behaviorally directed, "mind controlled," or otherwise frightened into believing that spirit people are superior to just reasoning; as part of which they are in addition led to think that if they want more valuable things in life they will have to secure the approbation of spirit people in order to have them. So that at the end of the day, people who listen to spirit people are being prompted in their actions and decisions by spirit people who use a carrot and stick approach. When it is possible to do so, a spirit person uses the carrot; when that won't work then the stick. A person so manipulated then comes to develop a perspective of the world that sees the obtaining of good and the shunning of bad as depending on the good graces of spirit people -- with not unusually lunatic and or even tragic results.

The plain fact is and as a matter of practical experience, the worst bad most always derives from spirit people, and, as we started out saying, any good spirit people do have to offer you can get the same or just as good or better elsewhere (assuming, at least, there is no criminal or unnatural and artificial interference to your doing so.) The real solution then is to oust over-lording spirit people from the picture entirely; but this last can only be effected through courage, objective fairness, and honest, rational judgment; it is therefore imperative for authoritarian and presuming ghosts, angels, and their henchman people to downplay, discourage, trivialize, or reduce to puerile fantasy both moral virtue (including courage and heroism) and honest truth and wisdom; and this is why (for example) we see this kind of thing routinely done in what

these days passes for mass media culture; namely, of course, to make us (including top government officials and society's "giants") their puppets and slaves.

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The following headlines appear at Yahoo news this morning, 20 July 2009:

- \* "Spacewalk No. 2 unfolds on 40th moon anniversary (AP)
- \* "Apollo 11 crew: Moon less interesting than Mars (AP)
- \* "Kids' lower IQ scores linked to prenatal pollution (AP)"

I think it would be ill advised for them to making plans to go to Mars when they can't yet make it over to Ballard. And look also at this -- kids IQ scores have dropped -- I presume this in tandem with adult scores across the general spectrum doing the same. But where, I submit, can society expect to get to when it can't or will not deal seriously or scientifically with either the joint issues of brain torture radios and or spirit people? If what I claim is true (and it is), what absurdity to attempt to achieve great things or solve serious problems by ignoring and running away from reality. And if what I assert *isn't* reality, prove me wrong -- as I have publicly challenged now in letters, phone calls, in person solicitations, and at this website now these past many years.

Honestly, if they can't or won't properly refute me, they ought just as well be sending a gangster, a buccaneer, a sorcerer, a movie producer, and a serial killer as astronauts on any prospective Mars mission -- because that, if you look into these matters, is about almost how recklessly and negligently (not to mention madly) some in high and or important places are acting; or are being too easily persuaded by someone else that it is o.k. to act and be that way; such that the degree of corruption and incompetence that surrounds us is even more scary, and no less a threat to public safety, health and welfare, than real life vampires and the ghoulish magician.

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A free but illogical people.

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See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mBJzHoHda\\_Q](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mBJzHoHda_Q) [Thom Pace singing "Maybe" to the theme of scenic nature photos.]

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While the physical, rightly or wrongly, we find necessary as means, make no mistake, Spirit is the ultimate end, goal or objective. "What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world, but loses his soul?" And imagine you even had all you wished for and desired. What good is it if is half-baked, a lie, or an illusion, and *not* the honest, unashamed, and unembarrassed truth?

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What is worse -- to be the lowest thing in a wicked world or the highest?

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The difference between a man driving a car over a dry dusty desert and an ant scurrying over inches of graveled cement on a hot day is that while the man drives the car, the ant *is* the car.

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If we are not the absolute beginning and end of something, we can never be so isolated as in fits of despondency we might think. Either another one of us does and will live happy somewhere else, or else if we die, we can never really die alone.

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Fear

A wee, little moth
With strange blue wings
Alighted on my hand
And would not let go;
As if to say
"If my life is so fleeting,
Why are my wings beautiful?
Let then me be with you.
For I'm frightened,
And don't know why I'm here."

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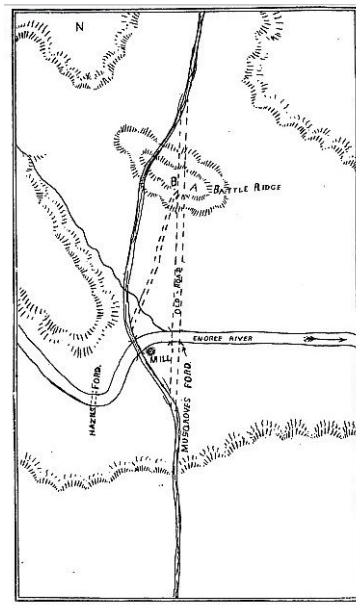
If God is not freedom then he is slavery. But if he is slavery then he is not God.

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If the Catholic Church is, as is proposed, out to suppress true science, and the Illuminati are the only ones to stop them, who then are these people with the billions of dollars making these Ron Howard and Tom Hanks movies?

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For such as might be interested (thinking particularly of wargamers), below is a great find in the way of a rare map of Musgrove's Mill, S.C. -- site of the Revolutionary War battle of that name, August 18, 1780; which map is taken from J.B.O. Landrum's *Colonial and Revolutionary History of Upper South Carolina* (1897), pp. 152-153.



PLAN OF REGION NEAR MUSKROVE'S MILL. A GRAVES. B WHERE CAPTAINMAN WAS KILLED, AT THE JUNCTION OF THE OLD AND NEW ROADS.

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Almost a Traitor -- The Strange Case of Silas Deane

In continuance of our arm-chair unraveling of some of American history's great mysteries, I would like once again to submit my own personal theory; this time with respect to the alleged apostasy of diplomat Silas Deane.

From very early on in the Revolutionary War, Silas Deane played a no less than pivotal role in securing for America invaluable foreign aid and supplies from Europe. Despite such auspicious beginning he was later accused by colleagues and members of Congress of using his position to make illicit, or at least inordinate, profits in financial speculation. These informal allegations (to make a long story short) subsequently brought about his dismissal by Congress from his post as envoy in France. Insofar as we later know, these charges turned out to be largely false. Notwithstanding, he afterward attempted to solicit reimbursement for personal money losses he incurred in the course of his seeking and obtaining vital munitions, clothing and other subsidies for the American war effort only to have Congress summarily reject those claims.¹

In late 1781, following Yorktown, some personal letters Deane had written to his brother and some others individuals, and which had been captured by the British, were published in the loyalist New York newspaper *Rivington's Gazette*. In this correspondence, he expressed his despairing of the American military situation and the ineptitude of Congress to govern, a strong disapproval of the French, and a desire to settle for an honorable and peaceable reconciliation with Britain. Although the publication of these letters did little to bolster British aims or change the course of the Revolution, they did prove an indelible

¹ Years after his death, Deane was vindicated in this last, with the United States awarding his heirs a large amount in compensation.

scandal and embarrassment to Deane; who defended his writings on the basis of their being nothing more than expressions of his personal opinion at the time. Few accepted this as an excuse; such that Deane subsequently suffered the ignominy of being lumped with Arnold.

What might have happened to Deane is that he may have been placed under pressures not all that very dissimilar to Arnold's; only while fellow Connecticut native Arnold actually turned coat, Deane only went so far as to consider doing so -- but went no further. Even so, this was enough to damn him in the eyes of many. One piece of evidence that suggests his being so tempted is Deane's argument against the French; saying that they had allied themselves with America only to get even with Britain and had no real sympathy with American ideals. This, after all, seems a very silly complaint, coming from an experienced and savvy ambassador no less; when even if true, the French could not be blamed for such a motive; nor should it have come as a surprise that the Bourbon court might look askance at *Revolutionary* goals and aspirations. That Deane should propose such an argument suggests that he was using it as an excuse to cover his resentment of Congress', and presumably also the French court's, mistreatment of him personally. Like Arnold, therefore, it seems perhaps not implausible that Deane was being deliberately antagonized by "someone" in order to push him to the brink. But again, unlike Arnold, Deane only came to the brink and it was *not* possible, as it turned out, to actually push him over it.

This seems further supported by Arnold's bizarre and persistent effort when in London to become friendly to and make Deane's association -- and whom and which Deane was at great pains to avoid, as shown in this letter from Deane to Benjamin Franklin:

"London, October 19th, 1783

"Sir, I am informed by Col. Wadsworth and others lately from Paris that it was currently reported of me that I was intimate with General Arnold, and that a pamphlet lately published by Lord Sheffield owed to me most of the facts and observations contained in it. I have found by experience that from the moment a man becomes unpopular every report which any way tends to his prejudice is but too readily credited without the least examination or proof, and that for him to attempt to contradict them in public is like an attack on the hydra; for every falsehood detected and calumny obviated several new ones of the same family come forward. This has well nigh rendered me callous to the attacks made on me in this way; yet it is impossible for me not to wish to stand fair in the opinion of those with whom I formerly acted, with whose confidence and friendship I have been more particularly honored, and this occasions me troubling you with this letter. Though you have condemned me of giving been guilty of great imprudence (and that justly), yet I have the satisfaction to know that you are still convinced of my integrity and fidelity whilst in the service of my country, and whilst I had the honor of being your colleague; and I wish to remove from your mind, if possible, every idea of my having acted an unfriendly part toward the interest of my country, or of my having countenanced so notorious an enemy as General Arnold by associating with him since my arrival in this city. The next day after my being in London, when I had no reason to suspect that any one knew any thing of me save those to whom I had sent notice of my being in town, and of my lodgings, I was surprized to find General Arnold introduced into my chamber without being announced by my landlord until he opened the door (my circumstances do not permit me to keep a servant). Several gentlemen were with me, and among others Mr. Hodge of Philadelphia. I can most sincerely say that I never was more embarrassed; and after a few questions on either part, and as cold a civility as I could use consistent with common decency, he took his leave. You well know that he is one who never wanted for assurance or address, and, as if we had been on our former footing, he urged me, at parting, to dine with him, which I civilly declined. The next day I changed my lodgings, and received from him repeatedly cards of invitation to his house, which I declined accepting, and in a few days he again called on me, at my new lodgings, in the same unceremonious manner as before. A gentleman from America was then with me, and remained in my chamber until he left me. On my parting with him on the stairs, I told him very freely that his visits were disagreeable to me, and could be of no service to him; that I could not return them, except that I might call with Mr. Sebor some evening to pay our respects to Mrs. Arnold, from whom I had received so many

civilities in Philadelphia. This we did a few evenings after, and from that time, now more than five months since, I have not seen him, except in his carriage, passing me in the street.”²

In short, it seems not entirely implausible to me that Arnold was used by the same spirit persons who incited his treason to so discomfit and humiliate Deane, and this in turn as a sort of punishment for his not fully succumbing to their influence as Arnold had.

Later Note. One is reminded by the above quoted anecdotes, and as observed by us earlier, of Arnold’s own story having aspects of high comedy (i.e. spirit people making a fool out of him) to it; as well as high tragedy (viz. the last, if only with respect to Andre’s role in the scheme of events; not to mention Arnold’s pillaging raid on and demi-massacre at New London, CT in early Sept. 1781.)

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*from Recommendation of the Week, for the week of July 12, 2009.*

Aside from a stand out exception like William Blake (and perhaps also pictorial and illuminated manuscripts of the Middle Ages), Europeans have most always adopted the view that painting and poetry are inherently (or at least largely) independent and distinct means of expression; and while such as Gotthold Lessing and Joshua Reynolds might have their aesthetic differences otherwise, they could nonetheless readily concur with regard to this fundamental separation of the two mediums; and which views each medium, as it were, sometimes and with certain authors and artists, speaking to the other from and across some mysterious and unfathomable barrier and distance within our souls.

The Chinese, by contrast, have had no qualm about immediately combining painting and poetry. One Chinese artist of old, Chao Meng-fu (1254-1322), wrote:

"Rocks like 'flying white,'/trees like seal script/In writing bamboo, one must penetrate the eight methods (of calligraphy)/He who can comprehend this/Will recognize that calligraphy and painting at root are the same."

If we stop and think these words are, after all and in one sense, literally true; because when even a realistic painter creates the effect he desires he is often drawing a highly unique and unusual shape, like a calligraphic symbol; which if we were to examine very closely looks like a haphazard squiggle or unusual form of script but which seen as a distance smacks of the object(s) depicted, and of some quality or characteristic of that object. On the other hand, of course, a written letter or word at last has no meaning as a word if not tied or connected to a sound; such that in that case there is a vast chasm and unavoidable randomness between an image and the spoken word it represents. Despite this, there is, all will admit, something somewhere and on some level, howsoever tenuous, that does and can unite image and sound, and it is often an essential part of both poetry and painting to make use of and synthesize or cobble together different kinds and ways of meaning, and by doing so make a reference to or invoke the memory, notion, thought, or feeling of someone or something addressed by both kinds of expression.

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Is it all right to curse a demon? Under certain circumstances, yes, and quite understandable to do so; yet, nonetheless, *to* do so requires the same care, skill and conscientiousness it takes to write a good song or poem; and anything less or without these is just plain, ordinary, ineffective cursing. And if he dare come to you as heaven curse him all the more (heaven is of the truth, after all not secrecy, tricks, insinuation, and bare sign language.) Recall, a ghost is a spirit; so that unless you somehow have military means at your disposal, what you really need to focus your attack on is his mind and his soul, and less so his body

² “The Deane Papers,” vol. V, 1782-1790; found in *Collections of the New York Historical Society* (1890), pp. 212-215.

(assuming you can or are in a position to make any impression on *that* to begin with.) Go for the jugular and show no mercy if he persists, and *if* he continues to persist and while you are acting in imminent self-defense, you obviously have all the more grounds and justification for treating him in this manner. Meanwhile, know also when it is better not to hold back and *not* react, and instead maintain an air of strength and tranquility. At other times you might use humor or ridicule. In any event, if he's persistent you have to be persistent and don't cease giving *him* the devil. If he gives *you* the business then you have to give *him* the business; even if this requires a long, wearisome, drag out, knock down struggle. For, as Thomas Paine, many will remember, well said:

"Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated."

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"The tremendous, earth shattering blast took the lives of the magician, goomer ghost, and some dozen other lesser ghouls and vampires."

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Please don't let them change "FedEx-Kinkos" to "FedEx Office Print & Ship Center." (But nobody listens to me.)

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Since we're on the subject --

Another curious and unusual photograph I encountered in my aforementioned surf-browsing was the above pic of the body of Rufus Wilmot Griswold; whose *Poets and Poetry of America*, you may recall, is listed (with reservation) among my recommendations. After he died, his remains were kept in a storage crypt and not formally buried till a number of years later, and even then and to this day without a headstone to cover his resting place.

Although Griswold can be rightly faulted for being at times an exceptionally acerbic and caustic critic; really quite unnecessarily splenetic, frivolous, and reckless in his censures (to give you one instance -- he without qualification, yet at the same time with all academic seriousness, summarily dismisses Thomas Paine as a drunken sot of little real merit), for some Edgar Allen Poe fans Griswold has come to be seen as a sort of "Salieri" to the ill fated Poe; and who cheated and robbed the great poet and story teller of both his works and reputation.

While it is not for me at the moment to delve all that deeply into the subject, a more full coverage of the Poe-Griswold controversy can be found at <http://www.poeforward.com/poe/griswold.html>

I would remark, notwithstanding, that it seems in my opinion there is good reason to suspect that Poe's both physical and career demise was brought on by his being assailed by spirit people; and that Griswold was influenced and used by the same to contribute in this. It is worth noting by comparison how immediately after Michael Jackson's death any number of news articles surfaced which portrayed the singer as a has-

been idol, drowning in debt, and who had generally fallen from grace. Griswold's famous obituary, which we reproduce below (courtesy of the above website), very interestingly shares a peculiar and bizarre need to denigrate and embarrass Poe; and which frankly contains what I consider a gratuitous, witchcraft-like kind of spite and bitchiness very possibly prompted by such spirit persons (when Griswold himself died found among his effects were three framed pictures; one of which was of Poe.) That Poe, as Griswold claims, should be seen out in public speaking to himself, or looking up in the sky while resigned to his purportedly self-perceived damnation all pointedly suggest or support the idea that Poe was being harassed by spirit people. That at least and again is at present my strong suspicion. Below, in any case and you can (as always) judge for yourself, is Griswold's *review* (written under the pseudonym of "Ludwig") of Poe's life and career that appeared in the *New York Daily Tribune* on 9 October 1849.

"Edgar Allan Poe is dead. He died in Baltimore on the day before yesterday.

"This announcement will startle many, but few will be grieved by it. The poet was known, personally or by reputation, in all this country; he had readers in England and in several of the states of Continental Europe; but he had few or no friends; and the regrets for his death will be suggested principally by the consideration that in him literary art has lost one of its most brilliant but erratic, stars.

"The character of Mr. Poe we cannot attempt to describe in this very hastily written article. We can but allude to some of the more striking phases. His conversation was at times almost supramortal in its eloquence. His voice was modulated with astonishing skill, and his large and variably expressive eyes looked reposed or shot fiery tumult into theirs who listened, while his own face glowed or was changeless in pallor, as his imagination quickened his blood or drew it back frozen to his heart. His imagery was from the worlds which no mortals can see but with the vision of genius. Suddenly starting from a proposition, exactly and sharply defined in terms of utmost simplicity and clearness, he rejected the forms of customary logic, and by a crystalline process of accretion, built up his ocular demonstrations in forms of gloomiest and ghastliest grandeur, or in those of the most airy and delicious beauty, so minutely and distinctly, yet so rapidly, that the attention which was yielded to him was chained till it stood among his wonderful creations, till he himself dissolved the spell, and brought his hearers back to common and base existence, by vulgar fancies or exhibitions of the ignoblest passion.

"He was at all times a dreamer-dwelling in ideal realms-in heaven or hell-peopled with the creatures and the accidents of his brain. He walked-the streets, in madness or melancholy, with lips moving in indistinct curses, or with eyes upturned in passionate prayer (never for himself, for he felt, or professed to feel, that he was already damned, but) for their happiness who at the moment were objects of his idolatry; or with his glances introverted to a heart gnawed with anguish, and with a face shrouded in gloom, he would brave the wildest storms, and all night, with drenched garments and arms beating the winds and rain, he would speak as if the spirits that at such times only could be evoked by him from the Aidenn, close by whose portals his disturbed soul sought to forget the ills to which his constitution subjected him---close by the Aidenn where were those he loved-the Aidenn which he might never see but in fitful glimpses, as its gates opened to receive the less fiery and more happy natures whose destiny to sin did not involve the doom of death.

"He seemed, except when some fitful pursuit subjugated his will and engrossed his faculties, always to bear the memory of some controlling sorrow. The remarkable poem of *The Raven* was probably much more nearly than has been supposed, even by those who were very intimate with him, a reflection and an echo of his own history. He was that bird's

-- unhappy master  
Whom unmerciful Disaster  
Followed fast and followed faster  
Till his songs one burden bore --  
Till the dirges of his Hope that  
Melancholy burden bore  
Of 'Nevermore,' of 'Nevermore.'

"Every genuine author in a greater or less degree leaves in his works, whatever their design, traces of his personal character: elements of his immortal being, in which the individual survives the person. While we read the pages of the *Fall of the House of Usher*, or of *Mesmeric Revelations*, we see in the solemn and stately gloom which invests one, and in the subtle metaphysical analysis of both, indications of the

idiosyncrasies of what was most remarkable and peculiar in the author's intellectual nature. But we see here only the better phases of his nature, only the symbols of his juster action, for his harsh experience had deprived him of all faith in man or woman.

"He had made up his mind upon the numberless complexities of the social world, and the whole system with him was an imposture. This conviction gave a direction to his shrewd and naturally unamiable character. Still, though he regarded society as composed altogether of villains, the sharpness of his intellect was not of that kind which enabled him to cope with villany, while it continually caused him by overshots to fail of the success of honesty. He was in many respects like Francis Vivian in Bulwer's novel of The Caxtons.

"Passion, in him, comprehended -many of the worst emotions which militate against human happiness. You could not contradict him, but you raised quick choler; you could not speak of wealth, but his cheek paled with gnawing envy. The astonishing natural advantages of this poor boy--his beauty, his readiness, the daring spirit that breathed around him like a fiery atmosphere--had raised his constitutional self-confidence into an arrogance that turned his very claims to admiration into prejudices against him. Irascible, envious--bad enough, but not the worst, for these salient angles were all varnished over with a cold, repellant cynicism, his passions vented themselves in sneers. There seemed to him no moral susceptibility; and, what was more remarkable in a proud nature, little or nothing of the true point of honor. He had, to a morbid excess, that, desire to rise which is vulgarly called ambition, but no wish for the esteem or the love of his species; only the hard wish to succeed--not shine, not serve--succeed, that he might have the right to despise a world which galled his self-conceit."

"We have suggested the influence of his aims and vicissitudes upon his literature. It was more conspicuous in his later than in his earlier writings. Nearly all that he wrote in the last two or three years--including much of his best poetry--was in some sense biographical; in draperies of his imagination, those who had taken the trouble to trace his steps, could perceive, but slightly concealed, the figure of himself.

"We must omit any particular criticism of Mr. Poe's works. As a writer of tales it will be admitted generally, that he was scarcely surpassed in ingenuity of construction or effective painting; as a critic, he was more remarkable as a dissector of sentences than as a commenter upon ideas. As a poet, he will retain a most honorable rank. Of his Raven, Mr. Willis observes, that in his opinion, 'it is the most effective single example of fugitive poetry ever published in this country, and is unsurpassed in English poetry for subtle conceptions, masterly ingenuity of versification, and consistent sustaining of imaginative lift.' In poetry, as in prose, he was most successful in the metaphysical treatment of the passions. His poems are constructed with wonderful ingenuity, and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper.

"We have not learned the circumstances of his death. It was sudden, and from the fact that it occurred in Baltimore, it is presumed that he was on his return to New York.

"'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.'

"- Ludwig"

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I spent some time browsing daguerreotypes from the 1840's and 1850's on the internet and below are some of the more interesting tin-types that I came across. Number 5 is Albert Gallatin, President Thomas Jefferson's Secretary of the Treasury, and Number 6 is the Duke of Wellington. Number 4 looks to be Zippy the Pinhead's g-g-g-grandfather (as best as I could tell.) The rest are anonymous; though certainly no less amusing and touching for that. [My apologies for not being able to reproduce these pictures so well for purposes of this .pdf.]



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Don't you just love it how the most stupid, irrational, and arrogant people you know -- and who are ever careful to avoid any honest, fair or serious debate -- never fail to deride and mock others for their real or alleged lack of intelligence? Often they and Pharisees and hypocrites like them act this way because the devil assists and supports them with *his* cleverness and savvy. Yet wait till and come the day the devil no longer needs them and see then what such genius and smarts as they believe themselves to possess ever really amounted to.

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1st Pennsylvania Regt. flag: *Nolo Domari* ~ "Subjected I will not be."

I could not but notice -- you seem to have this uncanny penchant, indeed proclivity, to remind us of personal anecdotes, reminiscences, inside information and explanations of people you've known -- not untypically with respect to some criminal wrong-doing or malfeasance they were engaged in or made a part of. Even so, though you've been like this for a very long time obviously, it only just now occurred to me. Did you ever think that instead of gratuitously (albeit with all benevolent intention) providing us, day in and day, out with your latest inside scoop of things past and present you could finally get around to write and publish your memoirs instead? Or else have your own website or television show (you can certainly afford it) where all who cared to could hear and have your up to the minute running commentary on people and things which are really and mostly none of your business?

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My candidate for *Fourth of July* song for 2009? Why, Jim Croce's "Time in a Bottle."

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For about a year or more I have been posting a poem of mine at a rate of about once a month; so that some of you my readers may have noticed and wondered why I haven't done so for some time now. The reason is that I am working on a long, extended nature poem; which at my comfortable leisure I am adding to, amending and editing; much like one would devote oneself to an unhurried and ongoing hobby. Whether this opus will and ever actually realize final completion is not as yet entirely clear; but again, in case you wondered, this is my explanation and as such "where" my poetry has been of late.

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If it should turn out to be the case that Michael Jackson, as some understandably suspect, *was* murdered then it stands as a not unlikely possibility that the murderers will throw out red herrings, false leads, and indeed themselves and or through (witting or unwitting) representatives will "contribute" to the investigation and make it seem that they are trying to help track down the culprit; when, of course, in reality their purpose is to *confute*, confuse and throw legitimate investigators off the trail. My own arm-chair hunch and suspicion is that some witchcraft person, perhaps and including a spirit person, was fixated with Mr. Jackson and the murder was, in a sense, a result of the former's obsession (which presumably was of a calculating and sadistic cast.)

Speaking of crime and law enforcement -- who do you think is more sophisticated, determined and clever -- the police at large or (big time) criminals at large? The answer to this can be not all that very difficult to see; it is the latter. Not that police or sincere people acting on the side of good and justice are inherently less competent than their rivals or opponents, but rather the problem is that society does not permit them to be more capable, effective and proficient than they are; and since false religion, probably the most influential and obedience-commanding kind of religion that exists in society today, takes the view that *this life* is of no consequence and has been handed over to the devil to largely do with as he pleases (do-gooders, meanwhile, being ordered by a disembodied voice and entity from beyond to console themselves with going to "heaven"); with greater wealth and power frequently awarded and handed over to very corrupt or brainwashed people, it will then come as no surprise that there are few or none who are in a position of higher influence to insist that serious evil can actually be thwarted and defeated, or have any real clout or say in what ultimately goes on.

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A thought occurred to me earlier this morning that I would like to share but with the understanding that I consider it to be unverified speculation, and, therefore do not automatically assume or believe it to be true particularly or necessarily.

We lovers of reason like to think of reason as immutable and eternal. However, the case can be made that reason only has force, either with our own understanding and or applied to the physical world, but that God gives it force. In this sense, reason could be likened to a lighted lamp that God can turn up or turn down in intensity as he so chooses. As a light it can be used by both bad and good; so that bad and good can only avail themselves of it if the light is there in the first place. God, therefore, might for purposes of weakening evil deprive reason of this light; even though those who desire good should suffer from the diminution of reason's power in the process; not unlike how blood letting was seen as a way of curing an illness. By drawing blood from a patient it weakened them, but it also permitted the disease or ailment to be drawn out of them. Although I am not suggesting that actual blood letting itself is valid or makes sense as a medical practice, the principle it implies may nonetheless be relevant with respect to reason. If the light of reason is thus suspended for a time (in the world; if not with ourselves and our immediate and trusted friends), we have only our faith and compassion toward others to fall back on during that period. But once evil is so weakened by the absence of reason's light, it can be more easily then be debilitated and or dispelled from our midst. For this reason then, reason, as we know it, in a sense can be made null and void if God so chooses; and he would so choose in a given circumstance to impair or handicap sophisticated evil; leaving us to survive in the meanwhile -- for howsoever long this "dimming" of reason lasts -- on the life support of faith and charitable love.

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Behold the renown ghoulish magician. What a boon, blessing, and consolation must he have proven down through the years to the great Satan; whom as you will recall suffered so terribly from envy that he felt compelled to take things into his hands and *do the wrong thing a certain way* (in the *worst* way, no less.) How it must have touched the magician to have viewed that titan of history weighted down with such a plight and predicament, and, indeed, with such immense sympathy that he verily sacrificed himself and threw away his own life in order to aid and abet that infamous and tragic worthy. True, if the magician hadn't done so the other would have killed him outright for disobedience. Yet, nonetheless and even so, who cannot in some way be moved by the spectacle?

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Since it is found nowhere in nature or among animals (and God, as you know, teaches forgiveness), where and when did the phenomena of premeditated or calculated *wrath* first appear on the evolutionary time scale or in the greater scheme of things? Someone is so disappointed and or so angry that they arrange or plot dire revenge or extreme retribution. And yet if they were the first to think that way, i.e. of judgment and wrath, how could there have been anyone worthy of such carefully cultivated revenge or retribution since they alone, and jealous, overly proud and so full of themselves, would have been the only one actually or possibly deserving it? Perhaps wrath began originally with punishment as a form of well-meaning correction; till that someone took that otherwise wholesome and innocent idea, and warped and transformed it into something evil – and or something deemed needed to combat evil. (What do *you* think?)

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I stopped going to the movie theater about twelve or so years ago, and now since I don't have the requisite HD converter, I've given up watching television entirely (outside of DVD's, of course.) Meanwhile, newspapers are largely no more, and news on the internet can't be trusted or relied on for all that much -- welcome, therefore, to the new Dark Ages!

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Off hand I take it for granted he *was* murdered. But you know how those things are -- we'll never get to know the true story anyway.

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In this world *it is* folly and madness. In *his* world (and where he is supposed to be; not here) he thinks he's doing these things a certain way.

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Some Random Thoughts Respecting Christianity

What works is honest Christianity. What doesn't work is dishonest Christianity, yet of course it is the latter sort which some people treat as the only Christianity there is.

Isn't Christianity -- in a significant sense -- about the greatest or happiest life going to the one done the greatest injustice? If so, when we pray to Christ we should continually envision him as the many helpless and innocent down through ages, now mostly forgotten, who were murdered by and sacrificed to evil.

It was not Christianity that brought about Rome's downfall, as Gibbon and others have suggested (to some degree or other), but slavery; because to attempt to obtain true happiness or raise others up to a status of

nobility by means of the abject degradation of and injustice to others contradicts both the laws of God and Nature; so that such systems, therefore, and which rely on that institution as a means of wealth and order, inevitably result in society's ruin.

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I came across the following in the Wikipedia respecting early American scientist and Philadelphia physician, as well as Declaration of Independence signer, Benjamin Rush:

"Rush pioneered the therapeutic approach to addiction. Prior to his work, drunkenness was viewed as being sinful and a matter of choice. Rush believed that the alcoholic loses control over himself and identified the properties of alcohol, rather than the alcoholic's choice, as the causal agent. He developed the conception of alcoholism as a form of medical disease and proposed that alcoholics should be weaned from their addiction via less potent substances."

It seems to me that wrong doing generally, including intemperance (such as heavy drinking), are an individual's reaction to some external force or other acting upon them, and that the wrong doing in question is seen as a palliative or cure that is supposed to offset or rid the person of the afflicting agent. The worse and more persistent the wrong doing, the greater the power of the external force acting upon them can be said to be; as well, it is or may be a sign that the person's ability to deal with and restrain that force (for whatever reason) suffers from an inherent weakness or shortcoming.

Now if people persist in wrong doing because they are hounded or tormented by an external entity, and it so happens or turns out that external entity is or is connected to criminal spirit people then such chemically based theories as Rush proposed neglect to address what is the real cause (or at least "more" real cause) of the problem, and as a result, and for all good intention, only risk steering us into new quackery.

This, consequently and to a large extent, it seems is the state of much of modern medicine inasmuch as it ignores the existence of spirit people. To which can be added, it is absurd for people to talk of public health care being the solution to society's health problems if and it should turn out to be the case that the medical community, by completely ignoring the possibility that spirit people are, *before all else*, that very agent which brings about such unnatural pressures on a person, does not quite really know what it is doing.

If, however, you are one such who nevertheless insists that spirit people do not exist -- then make your way over to 1604 NW 70th in Seattle and prove me wrong. I have yet (to my knowledge) to have anyone attempt to do this and in the process refute my challenge -- despite the profound and enormous implication such a claim (as originally presented in my [New Treatise on Hell](#) and ["Narrative"](#)) suggests. So much for the integrity and credibility of modern medicine; which many are prepared to pour millions upon millions of dollars subsidizing, supposedly for our collective health's sake; and yet which apparently, because the criminal justice system in turn is highly corrupt and in disarray (because that sort of wrong doing, so to speak, is the latter's way of propitiating *its* assailing agent), cannot deal with what is going on in reality (i.e. and investigate my claim.)

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He exists to do the wrong thing, and all those Johnny Depp movies (of a fantasy or semi-fantasy sort) are produced in order to persuade you to believe he's not *really* so bad after all.

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Our body is an animal our souls inhabit or dwell in; and he who doesn't believe in animal rights can't be said to think very much of human rights.

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Why should thou have life, and a dog, a horse, a rat no breath at all?

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Yesterday I saw Kathryn Kuhlman riding her bicycle (uphill) to get to McDonalds.

"Ha, Ha, Kathryn Kuhlman! I don't have to ride a bike to get to McDonalds. I can drive in a car -- in fact, have someone drive for me. Nor do I need to go to McDonalds -- I could eat at the best place in town if I so chose. Nor am I alone, and even if these people aren't really my friends, they at least have to do what I tell them to."

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"The Friend of the Family"

No need longer to bemoan and ridicule the absurdity, indeed barefaced lunacy, of "WaMu" (i.e. Washington Mutual) -- because it's now, for the convenience and better interests of all, been taken over and absorbed into Chase Manhattan.

Later Note. And yet what after all do they need more money and worldly power for? If we stop and think, money and worldly power of themselves have, and for some time now, ceased to be a primary goal or objective as such. Rather what stunts above allude to or suggest is an extension of the great movie career and his ever continuing and all consuming need to gain attention. But then what was Rosemary's Baby ever going to grow up to be and be like anyway? Starved of real and proper love and attention, he seeks them in shenanigans such as performing show-stopping magic tricks and (seeming) diabolically clever antics (such as charades and put-ons.) "Look at me everyone! Look at me!" (Why look, Daddy, your boy wants attention.) Which then forces us to rethink our own attitude toward him; such that it is perhaps less our hatred and disdain he deserves than our pity and sympathy -- and it is this latter, and the Christian obligation it implies, that at last and in the end perhaps scare and frighten us more than anything else.

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If, as we asserted earlier, the greater impact a force possesses derives its effect by way of the mind from whence that force and its use spring, we can then go ahead and ask ourselves whether the mind in question in a given instance and with respect to a particular force is or is not honest and truthful one, or is it rather instead one that is furtive, ravaging and duplicitous? If the latter, and our own minds, and hearts, are fundamentally honest, rational, and truthful, then by definition our minds are separate from his.

This said, were it not for very bad and very powerful spirit people, it seems there would be relatively little or no reason, at least as a practical matter with respect to our capacity to be content and happy, to see the world as fallen (at least "fallen" in the damnable or extreme sense of that word.) If the world is fallen it is because of the presence of criminal spirit people in it and our concomitant refusal or inability to deal with them intelligently; such that it is the absence or lack of truth that in large and decisive measure accounts for its fallen state. The world is fallen, therefore, because it seems fallen, but it seems fallen only because we are not properly honest, rational, or of the truth (say, with regard to the admitting to, knowledge and understanding of spirit people.)

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If, after all these years, you can't maintain your greatness without constantly bumming off us and being a parasite then you can't be *great* any more (it's that simple.)

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No action or actions of physical force will have or make a lasting impression unless there is an idea and rationale which underpins and sustains it, and even then it is not so much the physical force that is most lasting in its effect, but rather the idea or superior reasoning behind that force. In this sense, Aristotle's notion of a final cause, that is the belief that any entity and or event has a final or ulterior end, far from being an outdated or quaint conception, has an infinitely greater relevance than moderns, under (in my humble opinion) the influence of spirit people, have given it credit for.

So, for instance, there are and will be occasions where it seems mere brute physical force decides a question. Yet if it is greater physical force that decides the question, it is only because the idea and reasoning backing that force have a greater weight than the idea or reasoning adopted by the side opposing it. Nonetheless, this does not necessarily mean that the opposing force (say, because in the given instance and circumstance it is 'losing') is not capable of having a greater idea or the greater reasoning than its rival; only that they either don't know and or else are not availing themselves of it.

When, therefore, Archimedes proclaimed "Give me a place to stand [or fulcrum], and I shall move the world," he might also have added "Give me a better idea or better reasoning [than hitherto 'known'], and I shall move the world." All of which means that any who do have a mind and the capacity to think and feel at least have the potential capacity to move the world, and that naturally, and of course, includes you dear reader.

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For any who by chance may have missed our recommendation from way back of George Winston's "Autumn" and "Summer" albums, here from the latter CD (via amazon.com mp3 downloads), and to help usher in the new season (21 June), is "Corinna, Corinna."

Later Note. In addition, of course, to his "December" and "Spring," et al., if you like the above check out Winston's Doors Tribute "Night Divides the Day." Although some of the tracks on "NDTD" are not so good as others (and why, I wonder, wasn't "Yes, the River Knows" included?), it's a welcome change of pace to hear the Doors interpreted in an acoustic, mellow light. At the same time, "NDTD" serves as a sort of sobering and cathartic retrospective and summation.

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While the real benefits and blessings of spirit people are largely and for the most part founded on conjecture and surmise (in turn drawn mostly from myth and legend), the baleful and pernicious effect they have on peace, health and happiness is only too well known and familiar to those who have had the exceeding misfortune of getting to know them personally. Indeed, one thing that I have come to learn and understand in the course of my own ordeal is that, aside from the actual or alleged "evil one" or someone of this sort, spirit people are the fount and source of greatest evil in the world, and without them evil would not command nearly as much sway and influence in human affairs as it does. One of the main reasons for this being the case is that spirit people are used for what is made to seem a, indeed *the*, standard of some higher (and at the same time incomprehensible) good. This idea that spirit people necessarily reflect divinity I find is the biggest lie and deception of all; in fact so much have I come to reject it that, under my trying circumstances, I adopt the other extreme that posturing and higher authority pretending spirit should be deemed a malignant disease or the most malevolent and horrifying of curses.

You see (and to be brief) the game they play is something like this -- spirit people can do as they please and get away with murder because God in his great mercy will richly and amply pay for any damages they cause -- and to reject this assumption is to cast doubt on the benevolence and kindness of the Deity. I order to persuade you to this view they will use heavenly visions, angels, the mighty voice of "Dolby Surround Sound," etc., and which naturally cannot but make the most fearful and dreadful impression on the timid,

irrational and ignorant. Meanwhile, if and when something is wrong they go to great lengths to get you to blame regular flesh and blood people as the real cause of whatever the problem is (while denying any major culpability of their own.)

Again, the way I have come to see it is this. Normally and as a general rule, indulge and put up with regular people's failings and offenses as best you can -- and otherwise blame spirit people *for everything*. Since the latter are the actual inciters of the very worst cruelty and violence; since they do not or are made to take any real responsibility for what they do; since they do not permit their being discussed (even though they play as prominent a role in human affairs as anyone); they should be treated as the greatest evil and sickness known to life, and should be viewed with more loathing and detestation than anyone or anything else you can think of. Although overtime it may ultimately be necessary to temper or lessen the harshness of such a perspective, let this not be till they are completely unmasked and dethroned from the summits and palaces of religion; and until that time may all animosity or and aggression we do or might possess be aimed and directed at them. Of course, they will seek try to brush aside or dispel such an attitude by humor or the aforementioned seeming benevolence, and will continue to pretend that they are or represent the higher power. But to a person of any real sense, they will already know that anyone of us is happier in life without the actual or purported benefits spirit people offer; while at the same time only too painfully aware (as many of us already are) of the unspeakable suffering and unhappiness that they, *and they only*, are capable of fomenting and planting in life's midst.

*Later Note.* As a general rule, *True Spirit* speaks to the heart and right reason; false *spirits*, by contrast, speak to images and the senses.

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He made his peace with both Christ *and* the Devil; the thinking being that this way he won't have any problems with either.

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If it ends, I like it; if it keeps going on, I don't.

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from Left to Right -- Hyginus (c.136-c.142 AD), Hormisdas (514-523 AD), Leo VI (928 AD), Urban VII (1590), Innocent XI (1676-1689)

An Ocean in Time

Regardless of one's religious and specific historical views (particularly in regard to individuals), how utterly majestic and awe filled is the catalog of popes down through the ages! Truly, it is a remarkable occurrence for an institution to have carried on for so long; and while not necessarily unique in longevity -- other religions and dynasties, of course, did or do have their millennial lines of succession -- the Papacy is perhaps special in the extent to which each pope is individually documented; though granted there is much we don't know; including and even where some of them are supposed to be buried. Well, just in case you might be curious, Wikipedia has an extremely impressive illustrated listing of the different Holy Fathers -- and who you can correlate in your imagination with known and unknown persons contemporaneous with

the time they occupied the Holy See; as well as be struck dumb by seeing vast and dim reaches of time crystallized and brought to life, as it were, by and through this extended series of images. Such, at least, was *my* reaction.

To access the web page in question, see http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_popes

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*Some Reflections Prompted by the Preceding:* The Revolution could be said to have in no small part been spawned by not, as is vulgarly understood, mere lawyers -- but highly cultivated and learned men well versed in the law, and no less law which was most elegantly conceived and graciously expressed. Law, like poetry, is by the nature of its language limited as to what all might be addressed; this because it is an injunction to feel and (in law's case) a command, both of which, to have proper efficacy and impact, need to be communicate succinctly. Both a poem and law, in one vivid way or other, have a pertinence with respect to actions -- whether with regard to actions past, future, or both. And since actions relate to the heart, it is easier for the heart to understand and agree to that which is more simply and clearly related and conceptualized.

This, however, can sometimes leave us afterward more closely needing to address claims a law contains, and its veracity. For example, when we say something like "the People rule" how do we actually justify such an assumption as a practical matter? If the people rule they do; if they don't, they don't. Yet the explication here lies in that it is only when the People do rule that due justice on a social level can be pronounced as possible, if not necessarily in effect; and if you disagree that the pursuit of justice, happiness, and peace are not the better way of doing things, it is natural to conclude that you have no real confidence in law to begin with, but rather will only, when all is said and done, answer to a strong man, regardless of rhyme, reason, or basic sanity. So that it is this reason, and or something similar -- not the bare assumption itself -- that gives that assumption its weight in the real and physical world; so that it is not merely a wished for ideal we would merely like and hope would have relevance, as an unthinking or uncritical person might mistakenly deduce.

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Quotations Worth Repeating

"Nay, it is not only a solecism in politics, but an insult to common sense, to attempt the happiness of any community, or composing laws for their benefit, without securing to each individual his full proportion of advantage arising out of the general mass; thereby making his interest (that most powerful incentive to the actions of mankind) the consequence of obedience: this at once not only gives force and energy to legislation, but as justice is, and must be eternally the same, so your laws, founded in wisdom, will gather strength by time, and find an advocate in every wise and well-disposed person."

~ Richard Henderson's address to the Transylvania, i.e. Kentucky, convention delegates, 23 May 1775.

"Section 14. That the people have a right to uniform government; and, therefore, that no government separate from or independent of the government of Virginia ought to be erected or established within the limits thereof."

~ Virginia Declaration of Rights, adopted 12 June 1776, and originally drafted by George Mason.

"VII. Government is instituted for the common good; for the protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness of the people; and not for the profit, honor, or private interest of any one man, family, or class of men: Therefore the people alone have all incontestible unalienable, and indefeasible right to institute government; and to reform, alter, or totally change the same, when their protection, safety, prosperity, and happiness require it."

~ Massachusetts Bill of Rights, 1780.

"Now, wherever this inequality exists, the real force will invariably be on the side of property, so that if the influence in government be not proportioned to that property, there will always be a contrariety, a combat between the form of government and its natural tendency; the right will be on one side, and the power on the other; the balance then can only exist between the two equally dangerous extremes, of aristocracy and anarchy. Besides, the ideal worth of men must ever be comparative; an individual without property is a discontented citizen, when the state is poor; place a rich man near him, he dwindles into a clown. What will result then, one day, from vesting the right of election in this class of citizens? The source of civil broils, or corruption, perhaps both at the same time."

~ Marquis de Chastellux, *Travels in North America*, I, p. 268n.

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The dilemma we face as a society is that even though criminals and depraved incompetents like "Speelburg," "Brookhymer," and the people who run Microsoft are indeed guilty of and or party to our collective and individual worst ills, in one sense they cannot really be held accountable for what goes on because they are such mental vegetables in the hands of these rotten spirit people they answer to, and it's really the latter that are to be most faulted. And as long as this is the state of things, it can and will always be argued on behalf of these regular people that you can't blame them for listening to spirit people (how are they to know any better?) About the only real choice we have left then is to aim our attacks both at these criminal spirit people and the person who is responsible for and in charge of them. As part of effecting this last, I think it is a good idea to develop ways of ridiculing Satan or whomever it is that is responsible or in charge of these stupid, full of themselves spirit people who can't be made to take responsibility for what they are doing in our own midst, and point out to everyone what a big baby getting away with murder both he and they are. "He had to do the wrong thing everybody!" So, for instance, we might point out historical instances in which he has tried to justify doing the wrong thing: Jacob and Romulus' handling of Esau and Remus respectively being illustrations of such which we ourselves have brought up previously here. For ages now, the great evil one has been treated with far too much irrational awe and deference, and it is long overdue for masters of satire to take up their barbs and jibes against him, and show the world once and for all what a great self-pitying oaf, hypocrite, and over fed, spoiled cry-baby he really is.

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from "Recommendation of the Week" for the week of Sunday, June 7, 2009.

If you consider the racially difficult times in which he lived, Scott Joplin was a phenomena and talent of truly outstanding historical and cultural dimensions -- both with respect to music *and* the role he played in helping to further the advancement of colored peoples in Western society -- *even if* the effect of both of these was not properly known or appreciated until many years after his death. It's interesting in thinking about him to observe how vivid, practical and familiar is the mark he left. For example, what formal music student wasn't first introduced or had explained to them of syncopation by and through using his works as examples? And how -- let it at last and finally be queried -- would silent film comedy fans of the past century have fared without him?

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"Everybody wants to rule the world" the song said. If and to the extent this is true then everybody wants to be God. Well, if you want to be God in other people's eyes (and only people; for no animal sees or "knows" God the way humans do), you will have to learn to play the God game.

Thoughts, perceptions, assumptions, and or feelings are the essential forms and media by which God or a higher supernatural authority is recognized or identified as being such; and the pattern and degree to which these elements configure in a person, such as with respect to their idea of God, will vary depending upon the individual. So for some, for instance, if you bring elements f, k, m, and q to bear, they will think God is present. For someone else it might be qualities or properties a, b, k, q, etc.

Now these thoughts, perceptions assumptions may either be of an honest, dissembling, dissimulating, or else outright dishonest character -- and either on the part of the person experiencing and receiving and or the one imparting them. As well, they may be of either a peaceful or strife filled intention, and or amicable or inimical disposition -- with their obviously being a spectrum of combinations of these opposing or complementary aspects, including just using someone without actually either loving or hating them. Further, these thoughts, etc. can typically be affected, persuaded, or manipulated (again depending upon the subject or audience) by words, symbols, rational argument, art, music, magic and tricks of illusion, real or seeming miracles, inspiration by example, telepathy, ventriloquism, hypnotism, physical violence, fear and intimidation, love and affection, humor, brain washing, propaganda, bribery, mind control, and the effect of sheer persistence -- so that in net effect words, argument, etc. can in a sense be used to conjure up God for someone -- and in a manner in which a given mind and heart finds acceptable or justifiable. The more a given method has time to wield its effects on the person the greater its chance of succeeding. "That's God enough for me" naturally means different things to different people, including a sorcerer, artist, poet, theologian, moralist, legalist, ideologue, philosopher, friend, brethren, or brutal mind control experimenter. All of these play upon or work their talents toward different aspects of a person's form of judgment, using the different devices at their disposal and at which they are skilled; so that the subject is led to think the one playing the God game with them is God or of God -- and thus should be heeded as authority. Of course, it goes without saying con-artist spirit people are very good at and have their own clever ways of playing this game; indeed it is only through such methods is it possible for devilment and evil to achieve its aim of overthrowing the human mind.

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New Age
New Coke
New World Order

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Can you spot which one(s) is really a serial killer?  
<http://www.google.com/help/ig/showcase/index.html#source=ig>

(If only his picture *was* included, I hear someone saying.)

["Introducing the iGoogle Showcase: Discover new and interesting gadgets and themes as you browse iGoogle homepages created by world-renowned celebrities and thought leaders..."(with pictured list of celebrities and links.)

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With Powers and Abilities Far Beyond Those of Mortal Men

"Does Superman know you are using those brain torture radios?"



In continuing from before, here is another which if you read it a certain way, and leaving aside the ultimate merits of the Pro-Crown or Pro-America viewpoints of 1775, is wonderful for its simmering with sulphur and brimstone just beneath the surface; and some of the language and sentiments expressed by Wedderburn will sound quite familiar with respect to other times and places in history. Bear in mind meanwhile and in this instance that the greater question addressed is not necessarily whether the British Ministry or the Americans were more aggravated than the other, but whether military force was just and appropriate to resolve the dispute.

[Mr. Wedderburn addressing the British commons, October 26, 1775, said:] "...Why, then, do we hesitate? Because an inconsiderable party, inconsistent in their own politicks, and always hostile to all government but their own, endeavour to obstruct our measures, and clog the wheels of Government. Let us rather second the indignant voice of the nation, which presses in from all quarters upon the Sovereign, calling loudly for vigorous measures, and for the suppression of faction. Shall we be deaf to its call Sir, we have been too long deaf; we have too long shown our forbearance and long-suffering; faction must now be curbed, must be subdued and crushed; our thunders must go forth; America must be conquered. Had my advice been taken (and gentlemen insinuate it is taken too much), the House must do me the justice to own that a much more powerful force than General Gage had would have been sent to America. But it is not yet, I apprehend, too late; for I am not one of those ill-boding prophets who, from every disaster, augur destructive consequences, and whose prophecies, like those of antiquity, contribute more than any other circumstance to their own completion. I hold it dastardly in the counsellor of a great and mighty empire to encourage despondence, and to be the croaking raven of future mischiefs and calamities...Exert your courage in proportion to the difficulties to be surmounted; and, like your own oaks in the ocean, rise superior to the storm. Such is the language of the genuine friend of England; such, I am persuaded, is the language expected from us by a gallant nation, whose spirit, instead of being depressed, is only roused by adverse accidents. Shall we stand as a mound in the way of this torrent, which has hitherto borne down all opposition? Sir, I do not approve of that policy that would repress plebeian haughtiness, as it is called, and check that pride of empire with the idea of which the souls of our common people swell, feeling their own importance.

"'Our lowest mechanicks,' it has been urged, 'now talk familiarly of *our subjects*.' And why should they not? Feeling their own consequence, why should they not, like freemen, give free course to their thoughts? However lightly this spirit may be now prized, it is what has raised England to the great and glorious state which she now occupies. Do you imagine that the allurements of six pence a day fills our armies, mounts a breach, or takes a battery of cannon? No, sir; we owe all this to the ferment of youthful blood, to the high spirit of the people, to a love of glory, and a sense of national honour. Let us cherish so noble a principle, and we shall soon feel the good effects of its operation. This principle it was that frequently humbled the pride of France, that formerly ruined the Spanish armada, and lately baffled the Bourbon confederacy; the principle, in short, that lately crushed every power that ever had the temerity to encounter your collected rage. View the state of England in Elizabeth's reign, and learn fortitude from her example..."



The sound on the following mp3 track of Tommy Steele singing "When that I was and a little tiny boy" (from a BBC production of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night") unfortunately has a problem -- that is, the volume is too low. However, if you don't mind that too much or else have super speakers, you can download it [here](#). (Right click, save as.)



Two reasons to love your fellow man (or woman) -- either for their merit, or else pity for their lack thereof. However, and this said, a ruthless war of extermination against pompous, arrogant, pseudo-religious, and criminal spirit people is very much in order and long overdue.

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"Yes, but blackballing and censoring -- even murdering -- them won't quite do it -- I know. So that if you don't actually crucify them they'll still, no matter their plight and station otherwise, still manage to draw away our customers."

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When Son of Sam hears voices and kills people, they call him a nut. Yet when [so and so, the producer of sorcery, serial killer, and witchcraft movies] hears voices and murders people, they call *him* a billionaire.

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True harmony comes not in twos but in three or more, and sometimes we get a "two" idea when there needs a something else, a third something, added to it (say, e.g., a context) to give the "two" real or proper substance. It is not unusual, for example, for a young or immature thinker or artist to think themselves very clever or creative in coming up with what seems a witty combination of two thoughts and or feelings. Yet while they may have perhaps the beginning framework or basis for something great, without that one or more additional "something" the pair loses its potential for real, substantive merit, and, as a result, *falls* flat or else constitutes something merely trivial.

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Aphrodite of Cnidos by Praxiteles

It is perhaps usual for many to think of Greek sculpture, such as, say, Phidias, Praxiteles, and the more romantic artists of later Hellenism, as not all that much really to see (at least once you've seen them.) But from a classical viewpoint sculptural works of a sublime cast or higher character are supposed to be effectively ALL (or at least very near to all) that *can* be seen physically by the mind's eye. Yet it is by no means intended that what the mind sees physically, by way of our regular eyes or our mind's eye, are all that the mind (not to mention the heart) is capable of seeing; so that there is sometimes posited, indeed assumed, the view that there is a greater vision possible, identified and recognized through aesthetics and certain kind of *ideation* (to coin a word) than what is possible with ordinary physical sight; therefore we can see things (including patterns) of that which are not *sensibly* physical.

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You needs must be or be of the eternal yourself before you can speak or invoke eternity, say as a poet, to any purpose; nor can you be of eternity if you are not of the truth; nor can you be of the truth unless you are fundamentally (i.e. the vast majority of the time) honest and rational.

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What they (i.e. criminal and autocratic spirit people) have been doing is sending moral and intellectual viruses into society, creating problems to such a degree and which the system is not prepared to take.

A part of accomplishing all this involves systematically side-lining, if not outright assassinating, society's best. When the best and most virtuous are gone, they will proceed to attack the next best. And after that the next best, then the next best after them, etc., until there effectively are no more such candidates and only the most evil and most wretched are left. And whether even these last will themselves in the end be spared is itself, of course, open to question.

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It is a regrettable yet not uncommon facet of human psychology for us to despise someone if they are alone. How then do they get others to despise someone and refuse them human rights? By isolating them, of course.

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Focus on hitting the target and avoid looking to see whether or not you hit it. Because if you are aiming and shooting properly it usually is inadvisable and isn't strictly necessary to check, and the more you *do* need to look and see, the less likely you know what you are doing.

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Well, imagine how *I* feel! As well as being poisoned multiple times, given diseases, scarified, attacked by sprites, ghosts, and demons, having brain torture radios used on me without pause, I lost those cute kids I had; in addition to missing out on friends, girls, relationships, career, money, etc. -- *all* so I could spend the last 17 years with a bunch of losers from Lord of the Rings!

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As in Orcus, Latin deity of the underworld, and "or con" as in this person might not actually be Orcus, but instead someone feigning to be him, etc., or as in "Archon" a *loose* interpretation or translation for a democratic demagogue guilty of treason. The "k" serves as a helpful reminder of "Okeus" the American lord of the dark forces and wrongdoing.

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One of the very best historical simulation games that ever came out on DOS (and with a sharp AI no less) was "Sons of Liberty" by SSI, and which program tactically recreates the battles of Bunker Hill, first Saratoga, and Monmouth. Unfortunately, SOL has long since been out of print. I had the original years ago but had parted with it when DOS went out. However, of late I was fortuitously (and at the last minute) able to obtain a copy, and having still in my possession much of the logon documentation previously photocopied, I put together this package including the game itself, and which, if interested (and perhaps for some who may have already *forgot* Memorial Day), you can download [here](#). Of course, to play the game now you need DOSBOX, and which you can download for free [here](#). (Note, in order to enlarge the DOSBOX to full screen, hit ALT-Enter. Also, for laptops without a normal numeric keypad use the On-Screen keyboard found in your Accessories/Accessibility program directory.)

To set up, have DOSBOX already installed then in your hard drive directory C: create an empty folder which, for convenience, you can name SOL. Place the (unzipped) SOL game into that empty folder -- making sure there are no intermediary folders between the SOL folder and where the STARTE.exe file is located (so that you have the path C:\SOL\START.EXE.) Next, start up DOSBOX, and at the command line enter:

*mount c: c:\SOL\*

then hit Enter or Return.

Next, enter *C:* then Enter;

Type at the *C:* prompt *cd \SOL* then Enter; then type "start" (no quotation marks) and Enter.

*Later Note.* Since we're on the subject, here also is another superb DOS production deserving of more notice in retrospect than it received, "Carrier Strike" also by SSI. I'm very sorry they never updated this game as they did "Steel Panthers" because to my knowledge it's easily (allowing for old time graphics) the best and most enjoyable PC sim of its subject (WWII carrier operations in the Pacific theater) given the scale; whether of Windows, Mac *or* DOS platforms.

*Other Great or at least Near Great nostalgic PC Titles Worth Keeping that we haven't here or elsewhere yet mentioned:*

"Oldtime Baseball" (Stormfront Studios) with, your choice, Curt Gowdy or Mel Allen at the mike.

"Silent Hunter II" (Pacific Theater version -- SSI)

"Panzer Elite" (Jo Wood): *original version* (though still, like most of these titles, in need of a good patch or a properly revised and improved edition.) Avoid later versions of this game however because they either aren't as good as the original or else don't even work as computer programs.

"Task Force 1942" (Microprose)

"Combat Flight Simulator 2" (Microsoft) Try the 'Sink the Soryu' mission module sometime if you ever need to get your adrenaline going.

"Clash of Steel" (SSI)

"War Along the Mohawk" (Empire Interactive) A good basic idea that works, but unfortunately with some extraneous features, like shooting rats, that it could well have done without or else should have been made optional (e.g. Indian magic.)

Various Koei historical strategic titles (which essentially use a similar but solid and straightforward interface with many player option features.)

"Civil War Generals 2" (Sierra)

"D-Day: America Invades" (Avalon Hill)

"Great Battles" series: Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar (Imagic)

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It's not the error that is actually so very terrible. It's their not, as time goes on, seeing or knowing they are making the error that is most disastrous.

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One thing that is so very essential to keep in mind in midst of the chaos and upheaval that have proliferated and permeated societies world wide in recent decades is that the danger does not so much lie with the billionaires or that part humanity which constitutes the ignorant and unthinking mob, rather the real and by far greater danger lies with intrusive, manipulating and or autocratic spirit people, and who not untypically take on the guise of God or else some higher divinity or superior being of seeming benevolence. A policy, in opinion, ought to be adopted of tracking down, rooting out and eliminating these prominent spirit people like we would a plague or epidemic; since that is effectively what they are or at least they are the carriers of such sickness while at the same time acting if they were or represented higher authority. This phenomena of a virulent disease that acts as if it were higher authority and whom vast numbers of people directly or indirectly obey as if it were higher authority lies at the root of all our very worst problems, and if we neglect to vigorously, indeed ruthlessly, go after him then all our other efforts elsewhere and in this sphere of things can, will and have only come to naught.

And for those having a problem with fear of these people, think about it this way. At the end of the day and for all their dazzling wealth and seeming omniscience, you can dismiss and view with contempt demonism

and demonists just as you would the real merits of the latest box-off record breaker; which is to say only if you are intelligent and have courage enough to do so.

*Later Note.*

In case you *are* having difficulty finding a DVD copy of "Superman Returns" (and for which film, btw, there was phenomenally expensive merchandising) you might try [amazon.com](http://amazon.com), or if no luck there, see [ebay](http://ebay).

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"They're *HERE*...."

Yes, *I know*. But when are they going to *leave* (could you tell me that?)

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*Marching On*

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XmdVSDVIVoc> [Brickmaker Fife and Drum Medley]

(With illustrations by Clyde Risley and H. Charles McBarron.)

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Even if Dante imagined hell to be heaven, it doesn't necessarily follow that he didn't end up in heaven (i.e., others can and could have corrected his error for him.)

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*Why?! Why?! Why such problems?!*

All to placate and sooth the hurt feelings of their leader -- that great, all time, original wrong doer, Bud Satan, who *had* to do the wrong thing.

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There are good grounds for at least suspecting that a number of the events that ignited the American Revolutionary war were diabolically instigated and by parties on both sides of the debate being used as puppets by manipulative spirit people. The Boston Tea Party, fondly thought of afterward, not to mention some of the more unruly mob acts of some of the Bostonians were far from being heartily approved of by all of the more notable rebels, including such as George Washington. What the rebel colonists did agree over was being indignant and in protesting the grievances that incited such unrest -- and not necessarily the methods sometimes used, such as tarring and feathering or assaulting private homes, to express that dissatisfaction. It may then be the case that these more unruly and violent acts of protest on the part of some of the colonists were possibly fomented and orchestrated by nefarious spirit persons; so that the King's ministers would have a seeming just excuse of provocation to then inflict a harsh and sadistic punishment on Boston. Be this as it may, the following are some interesting quotations and extracts on the subject from some books I have been going through of late and that, in any case, make for some interesting reading.

"Mr. Van said he agreed to the flagitiousness of the offence of the Americans, and therefore was of opinion that the town of Boston ought to be knocked about their ears and destroyed. *Delenda est Carthago*. [Carthage Must Be Destroyed.] Said he, I am of opinion you will never meet with proper obedience to the

laws of this country until you have destroyed that nest of locusts."
~ Debate in the Commons on the Boston Port Bill, 23 March 1774.

"On April 15 of the same year Mr. Van advocated burning the forests and leaving the country open, so that the Americans might be deprived of protection"... "During the years preceding the Revolution, several of the colonies attempted to restrict the slave trade, but the English government interfered, and this interference was one cause of grievance to the Americans. In 1761 Virginia proposed to abandon the trade (Bancroft, II, 549), but in behalf of English merchants, the home government refused to allow restrictions. In the same year South Carolina made a similar proposal, which met with similar opposition. In 1772 Virginia again protested (III, 411); and one of Lord Dunmore's last acts was to veto a bill to check the trade by a heavy duty on slaves." -- footnotes by editor Hammond Lamont in his *Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America* (1897).

"You have, Sir, no Government, no Governor; the whole are the proceedings of a tumultuous and riotous rabble, who ought, if they had the least prudence, to follow their mercantile employment, and not trouble themselves with politics and Government, which they do not understand."
~ Lord Germain, Debate in the Commons on the bill for regulating the government of Massachusetts Bay, 28 March 1774.

"A settled plan is laid to subvert the liberties and constitution of this country [i.e. England], as well as that of America. You are personally obnoxious to the King and his Junto, as having shown more spirit in support of your rights than the people of this country, who are immersed in riches, luxury and dissipation. Therefore, every nerve will be exerted to subdue your spirit, and make you first bow your necks to the yoke, which will prove a useful example to the people at home. The plan is deeply laid by the King, Lords Bute, Mansfield and Wedderburne; for which purpose they employ the most useful tools in the kingdom: Lord North, a tyrant from principle, cunning, treacherous and persevering, a perfect adept; and his brother-in-law, Lord Dartmouth, who will whine, preach and cry, while he is preparing privately a dagger to stab you to the heart. Under this direction, the several acts against Boston, the Massachusetts Bay and Quebec act, have passed the last sessions; to enforce them soldiers and ships of war have already been sent to Boston, and many more will follow on the least occasion. General Carleton, the ablest officer in the British service, is sent to his Government of Quebec, to embody 30,000 Roman Catholics there [Note how, by inference, Lee associates the King's government with Catholics; the church of course having been *used* and *at certain times* historically to play this same sort of despotical political role.] The Ministers have offered to General Amherst the command in chief of America, and to General Sir William Draper, the government of New York. General Amherst has not yet agreed to accept, but has it now in consideration. Amherst, Gage, Carleton and Draper are to be employed against you."
~ William Lee, in London, to his brother Richard Henry Lee, 10 September 1774.

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A better than average poet or writer does and should have more than just one voice within them to tap into or utilize; just as a band or orchestra has so many different instruments and musicians that might be availed of to best bring out a piece of music; so that, for example, a writer might, depending on the circumstance or occasion, speak with the voice of empathy, the voice of reason, voice of humor, the voice of reverence, the voice of indignation, the voice of ardor, the voice of skepticism, etc.; yet which voices contrasted or blended together ultimately express or bespeak the one voice of the great spirit.

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A word of explanation -- If possibly you have been following my website the past couple weeks, you may have noticed that the frequency of my posts has diminished. I would simply remark in this regard that it is no reflection of jadedness or despondency on my part, but rather is my natural reflex to take a vacation. To be quite frank, I don't know who if anybody actually reads this site (I get absolutely no mail on the subject),

and if nothing else I enjoy doing it as a past time and an opportunity to express myself, explore sundry issues and, hopefully, be creative.

My life situation otherwise continues to be largely one of being subject to brain torture radios around the click and harassment by the ghoulish magician or else goomer ghost, his look alike partner. I meanwhile am attempting to devise military measures to wipe out and destroy their false heaven, and while I have yet to succeed, *some* progress has, nonetheless, been made. Yet aside from all this, I am just here to take care of the cat (but for her I would gladly die outright and without murmur or complaint just to get away from these people), but endeavor to improve myself through study and do some writing when I can (and when disposed to do so.)

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You wouldn't believe it but that you saw it with your own ears or heard it with your own eyes. (If, by chance, your PC has the extra sound volume capacity, here's a super opportunity to make the very best possible use of it.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gTemxX7yNNM> [Hendrix live playing "Johnny B. Goode."]

*Later.* Now the picture on this next video (another previous posting, btw, though then also as a music track) isn't much -- but the audio clarity is well nigh perfect for what it is.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Zyh7KDR8WsM> ["The Stars That Play With Laughing Sam's Dice."]

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While far from being always something that is obvious, life ultimately resides in the spirit, and a spirit no less that is of peace and of truth. And if having all the material possessions we seek were really so important as we often think, it is only because we assume we do or will be able to live in the spirit. Yet if one cannot, at last, live in the spirit then their soul will become very ill, if not die, and all the material possessions and privileges in the world can't and won't save them from the God of Pain. A healthy spirit then is like the rock on high ground that saved the man from the flood, and if, like he, one has not taken steps to make their lasting abode there, they risk being swept and carried away into mental and emotional bondage by material forces more powerful than oneself; so that when all is said and done, evil, mendacity, and underhandedness gone unchecked or uncorrected are maladies that result inevitably in madness of heart and darkness of mind.

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As the years have gone by dealing with spirit people, I have arrived at and become more firmly persuaded with respect to the following:

- 1) The bad spirit people whom I have had contacted with far exceeds any good they do or might have to offer.
- 2) What good they do have to offer is trivial compared to the costs they demand; such as their asking people to lie and or keep secrets.
- 3) Their clandestine and underhanded methods, their use of mind control and violent manipulation to achieve their ends only serve to discredit any suggestion of their being benevolent; while at the same time clearly shows them as being in opposition to truthfulness.
- 4) In looking back on my own experience and analyzing the effect of spirit people on mankind historically (to the extent that is possible), there is no question in my mind that ninety percent or more of our most egregious calamities and disorders come from or originate with them. And when you read or hear about

someone lamenting the travails, woes and angst of life, my perspective offers a decided advantage in that if ninety percent or more comes from spirit people the solution is to a large extent simplified in almost all cases and instances of human dissatisfaction -- and that is get away from or remove these criminal spirit people from out our midst. In my own situation I am and have been put through constant and unbelievable violence, harassment and abuse. Yet to my very practical benefit, I see all this pain as merely theirs and which they unload on me. All that is ultimately necessary for me to do is effect a separation from them. True, their causing various pains, including interfering with my obtaining good, are sources of unhappiness. But far worse is having or being in contact with them. So that in my rejecting and defying them I am making and gaining ground in one day eluding and getting away from them; which for the reason outlined above is one of the highest goods possible to possess. Others, by contrast, make deals with these people (whether directly or indirectly) and they are permitted to enjoy much of the conventional good any given person aspires to in this life -- home, family, money, social standing. However, they have these things at the price of *permitting* these spirit people to be a factor and present (actually or potentially) in their lives -- with this arrangement possibly extending into the next life as well as this one. This to me is a very poor bargain. Because the increase of conventional goods cannot erase or protect one from the utterly despicable evil that is part and parcel of what keeps these spirit people in power. In other words, it rarely lack of good or goods as such or of themselves that induces the greater misfortune in life, but rather and much more frequently the prominence of bad. A person who can rid themselves of the bad, with a little intelligence, wisdom and probity of character, can overtime ultimately make up for any good they lack. Yet a person who acquiesces to bad is that much farther behind in ever knowing lasting peace and felicity because they look and answer to these spirit people in order to live their life; and yet if, as I maintain, spirit people account for ninety percent or more of what's bad, what kind of hopeful future can they expect or rely on?

This is and has been my position now for a long time; and not only do I have no cause for regret in this, but with each passing month and year am I and do become even more convinced of the solid basis of my argument -- and life now and being happy are simpler, straightforward and far less puzzling matters than they ever hitherto were or I could ever have possibly conceived they might be. True, warring with spirit people and their henchmen is and can be literal Hell. But at least I have enough sense to reject that Hell; knowing as I do who it actually belongs to, while now and forever refusing it in my own life. Get rid of Hell, and everything else when all is said and done is far easier than you ever thought. If Hell, for example, says no career without their permission, then better no career than a career contingent on their approval. Meanwhile, what, say, I lose out in career I gain in the way of a much more valuable power to my soul (and mental, psychological and emotional immune system) to (when all is said and done) to better contend against and expel the quite unnatural and unnecessary burdens those spirit people pose -- and yet which burdens some become so accustomed to that they think them, along with obnoxious spirit people themselves, a necessary part of life; which in point of fact such burdens most usually are not, but that people, irrational, fearful, and under the influence, foolishly believe them to be so.

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Unless in their soul a human being is part of nature, a compassionate and courageous family, and honest truth then they are damned to mere existence. And it is those who are damned to mere existence who say there is no honest truth, there is no upright family, there is no lasting merit to being natural.

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*"Covey Cub is not someone you want to know."*

My own rationale is something along the lines of this. He had this poor cat Covey Cub (among his countless victims and to give you just one sample) starved and then finally strangled to death. Now if Covey Cub who, in addition to being a great kid, never hurt anyone had to suffer *that* for nothing then what in just proportion should *he* suffer who is so very guilty who commits such crimes? As far as I'm concerned, he deserves nothing less than the torments of the damned and the death of damnation. If he (and others like him and unrepentant) think so little of doing such things -- they can go through those things themselves -- with extra thrown in as due and fitting punishment. Yet despite this, I -- as one of his victims

-- told also him that I would settle for his just getting out of my life (and content himself with making movies and television shows in partnership with his associates) even so.

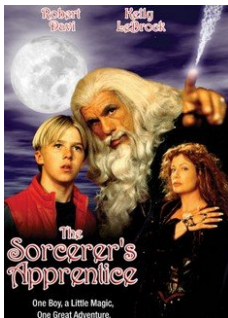
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"In all natural objects there lies some marvel, and if any one despises the contemplation of the lower animals, he must despise himself."

~ Aristotle, from *On the Parts of Animals*, I, 5.

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In 2010, from Reality Television pioneer Jerry Bruckheimer, comes the adventure of a lifetime...



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In re-reading Durant's account of the Maccabean revolt the other day, I was struck with the in many ways shocking parallels between the efforts of Antiochus IV (who I strongly suspect was probably being used by *someone else*) to corrupt and conform the Jewish people to "mainstream" views in comparison with the efforts of today's "powers-that-be" to do much the same to us. If you don't know the story well enough already, read for yourself and see if you don't possibly observe also a not entirely dissimilar and like minded arrogance. In any event, this history certainly contains an essential lesson which many, who aren't already so acquainted, could well do with. (Of course, for the original account, see the Books of Maccabees [found in any Catholic Bible], and which contains even more tragic and heroic details worth reflecting and musing over.)

from *The Life of Greece*, ch. XXIV, pp. 580-584, by Will Durant:

"The basis of Judaism was religion: the idea of a surveillant and upholding deity entered into every phase and moment of Jewish life. Morals and manners were ordained by the gerousia in strictness and detail. Entertainments and games were few and restrained. Intermarriage with non-Jews was forbidden; so were celibacy and infanticide. Hence the Jews bred abundantly, and reared all their children; despite war and famine their numbers grew throughout antiquity, until in the time of Caesar there were some seven million Jews in the Roman Empire. The bulk of the population, before the Maccabean era, was agricultural. The Jews were not yet a nation of traders; even as late as the first century A.D. Josephus wrote: 'We are not a commercial people'; the great trading peoples of the age were the Phoenicians, the Arabs, and the Greeks. Slavery existed in Judea as elsewhere, but the class war was relatively mild. Art was undeveloped; only music flourished. The flute, the drum, the cymbal, the 'ram's horn' or trumpet, the lyre, and the harp were used to accompany the single voice, the folk song, or the solemn religious antiphons. Jewish religion scorned the concessions of Greek ritual to popular imagination; it would have nothing to do with images, oracles, or birds' entrails; it was less anthropomorphic and superstitious, less colorful and joyful, than the religion of the Greeks. Face to face with the naive polytheism of Hellenic cults, the rabbis chanted the sonorous refrain still heard in every Jewish synagogue: Shammai Israel, Adonai eleenu, Adonai echod 'Hear, O Israel: the Lord is our God, the Lord is one.'

"Into this simple and puritan life the invading Greeks brought all the distractions and temptations of a

refined and epicurean civilization. Around Judea was a ring of Greek settlements and cities: Samaria, Neapolis (Shechem), Gaza, Ascalon, Azotus (Ashdod), Joppa (Jaffa), Apollonia, Doris, Sycamina, Polis (Haifa), and Acco (Acre). Just across the Jordan was a leagued decapolis of Greek cities: Damascus, Gadara, Gerasa, Dium, Philadelphia, Pella, Raphia, Hippo, Scythopolis, and Canetha. Each of these had Greek institutions and established temples to Greek gods and goddesses, schools and academies, gymnasiums and palaestras, and nude games. From such cities, and from Alexandria, Antioch, Delos, and Rhodes, Greeks and Jews came to Jerusalem, bringing the infection of a Hellenism devoted to science and philosophy, art and literature, beauty and pleasure, song and dance, drinking and feasting, athletics and courtesans and handsome boys, along with a gay sophistication that questioned all morals, and an urbane skepticism that undermined all supernatural belief. How could Jewish youth resist these invitations to delight, this easy liberation from a thousand irksome restraints? Young wits among the Jews began to laugh at the priests as money grubbers, and at their pious followers as fools who allowed old age to come upon them without having ever known the pleasures, luxuries, and subtleties of life. Rich Jews were also won over, for they could afford to yield to temptation. Jews who sought appointment from Greek officials felt it the part of policy to speak the Greek language, to live in the Greek way, even to say a few kind words to the Greek gods.

"Against this powerful assault upon both the intellect and the senses three forces defended the Jews: the persecution under Antiochus IV, the protection of Rome, and the power and prestige of a Law believed to be divinely revealed. Like antibodies gathering to attack an infection, the more religious among the Jews formed themselves into a sect called Chasidim the Pious. They began (about 300 B.C.) with a simple pledge to avoid wine for a given period; later, by the inevitable psychology of war, they went to the extremes of Puritanism, and frowned upon all physical pleasure as a surrender to Satan and the Greeks. The Greeks marveled at them, and classified them with the strange 'gymnosophists,' or nude ascetic philosophers, whom Alexander's army had come upon in India. Even the common Jew deprecated the severe religiosity of the Chasidim, and sought for some middle way. Perhaps a compromise would have been reached had it not been for the attempt of Antiochus Epiphanes to force Hellenism upon Judea by persuasion of the sword.

"In 198 B.C. Antiochus III defeated Ptolemy V, and made Judea a part of the Seleucid Empire. Tired of the Egyptian yoke, the Jews supported Antiochus, and welcomed his capture of Jerusalem as a liberation. But his successor, Antiochus IV, thought of Judea as a source of revenue; he was planning great campaigns, and needed funds. He ordered the Jews to pay in taxes one third of their grain crops and one half of the fruit of their trees. Ignoring the usual inheritance of the office, he appointed as high priest the sycophantic Jason, who represented the Hellenizing party in Jerusalem and sought permission to establish Greek institutions in Judea. Antiochus heard him gladly, for he was disturbed by the diversity and persistence of Oriental cults in Greek Asia, and dreamed of unifying his polyglot empire through one law and one faith. When Jason went about these matters with insufficient haste Antiochus replaced him with Menelaus, who gave him larger promises and a fatter bribe. Under Menelaus Yahweh was identified with Zeus, Temple vessels were sold to raise funds, and in some Jewish communities sacrifices were offered to Hellenic deities. A gymnasium was opened in Jerusalem, and Jewish youths, even priests, took part, naked, in athletic games; some young Jews, in the ardor of their Hellenism, underwent operations to remedy the physiological shortcomings that might reveal their race.

"Shocked by these developments, and feeling their religion challenged in its very existence, the majority of the Jewish people went over to the side and view of the Chasidim. When Antiochus IV was expelled from Egypt by Popilius (168 B.C.), the news reached Jerusalem in the form of a report that he had been killed. The rejoicing Jews deposed his appointees, massacred the leaders of the Hellenizing party, and cleansed the Temple of what they felt to be pagan abominations. Antiochus, not dead but humiliated, moneyless, and convinced that the Jews had obstructed his campaign against Egypt and were conspiring to return Judea to the Ptolemies, marched up to Jerusalem, slaughtered Jews of either sex by the thousand, desecrated and looted the Temple, appropriated for the royal coffers its golden altar, its vessels, and its treasures, restored Menelaus to supreme power, and gave orders for the compulsory Hellenization of all Jews (167). He commanded that the Temple be rededicated as a shrine to Zeus, that a Greek altar be built over the old one, and that the usual sacrifices be replaced with a sacrifice of swine. He forbade the keeping of the Sabbath or the Jewish festivals, and made circumcision a capital crime. Throughout Judea the old religion and its rites were interdicted, and the Greek ritual was made compulsory on pain of death. Every Jew who refused to eat pork, or who was found possessing the Book of the Law, was to be jailed or killed, and the Book wherever found was to be burned. Jerusalem itself was put to the flames, its walls were destroyed, and its Jewish

population was sold into slavery. Foreign peoples were brought in to resettle the site, a new fortress was built upon Mt. Zion, and a garrison of troops was left in it to rule the city in the name of the King. At times, it seems, Antiochus thought of establishing and requiring the worship of himself as a god.

"The orgy of persecution became intensified as it proceeded. There is always, in any society, a minority whose instincts rejoice in the permission to persecute; it is a release from civilization. The agents of Antiochus, having put an end to all visible expression of Judaism in Jerusalem, passed like a searching fire into the towns and villages. Everywhere they gave the people a choice between death and participation in Hellenic worship, which included the eating of sacrificial swine. All synagogues and Jewish schools were closed. Those who refused to work on the Sabbath were outlawed as rebels. On the day of the Bacchanalia the Jews were compelled to deck themselves with ivy like the Greeks, to take part in the processions, and to sing wild songs in honor of Dionysus. Many Jews conformed to the demands, waiting for the storm to pass. Many others fled into caves or mountain retreats, lived on clandestine gleanings from the fields, and resolutely carried on the ordinances of Jewish life. The Chasidim circulated among them, preaching courage and resistance. A detachment of royal troops, coming upon some caves in which thousands of Jews men, women, and children were hiding, ordered them to come forth. The Jews refused; and because it was the Sabbath, they would not move the stones that might have blocked the entrance to the caves. The soldiers attacked with fire and sword, killing many of the refugees and asphyxiating the remainder with smoke. Women who had circumcised their newborn sons were cast with their infants over the city walls to death. The Greeks were surprised to find the strength of the old faith; not for centuries had they seen such loyalty to an idea. The stories of martyrdom went from mouth to mouth, filled books like the First and Second Maccabees, and gave to Christianity the prototypes of its martyrs and its martyrology. Judaism, which had been near assimilation, became intensified in religious and national consciousness, and withdrew into a protective isolation.

"Among the Jews who in those days fled from Jerusalem were Mattathias of the family of Hasmonai, of the tribe of Aaron and his five sons Johannan Caddis, Simon, Judas, Eleazar, and Jonathan. When Apelles, an agent of Antiochus, came to Modin, where these six had sought refuge, he summoned the inhabitants to repudiate the Law and sacrifice to Zeus. The aged Mattathias came forward with his sons and said: 'Even should all the people in the kingdom obey the order to depart from the faith of their fathers, I and my sons will abide by the Covenant of our ancestors.' As one of the Jews approached the altar to make the required sacrifice Mattathias slew him, and slew also the King's commissioner. Then he said to the people: 'Whoever is zealous for the Law, and wishes to support the Covenant, let him follow me.' Many of the villagers retired with him and his sons to the mountains of Ephraim; and there they were joined by a small band of young rebels, and by such of the Chasidim as were still alive.

"Soon afterward Mattathias died, having designated as captain of his band his son Judas, called Maccabee.* Judas was a warrior whose courage equaled his piety; before every battle he prayed like a saint, but in the hour of battle 'he was like a lion in his rage.' The little army 'lived in the mountains after the manner of beasts, feeding on herbs.' Every now and then it descended upon a neighboring village, killed backsliders, pulled down pagan altars, and 'what children soever they found uncircumcised, those they circumcised valiantly.' These things being reported to Antiochus, he sent an army of Syrian Greeks to destroy the Maccabean force. Judas met them in the pass of Emmaus; and though the Greeks were trained mercenaries fully armed, and Judas' band was poorly armed and clad, the Jews won a complete victory (166). Antiochus sent a larger force, whose general was so confident that he brought slave merchants with him to buy the Jews whom he expected to capture, and posted in the towns the prices that he would ask. Judas defeated these troops at Mizpah, and so decisively that Jerusalem fell into his hands without resistance. He removed all pagan altars and ornaments from the Temple, cleansed and rededicated it, and restored the ancient service amid the acclaim of the returning orthodox Jews (164).**

"As the regent Lysias advanced with a new army to recapture the capital, the news came this time true that Antiochus was dead (163). Desiring to be free for action elsewhere, Lysias offered the Jews full religious freedom on condition that they lay down their arms. The Chasidim consented, the Maccabeans refused; Judas announced that Judea, to be safe from further persecutions, must achieve political as well as religious liberty. Intoxicated with power, the Maccabeans now took their turn at persecution, pursuing the Hellenizing faction vengefully not only in Jerusalem but in the cities that bordered the frontier. In 161 Judas defeated Nicanor at Adasa, and strengthened himself by making an alliance with Rome; but in the same year, fighting against great odds at Elasa, he was slain. His brother Jonathan carried on the war bravely, but was himself killed at Acco (143). The only surviving brother, Simon, supported by Rome, won from Demetrius II, in 142, an acknowledgment of Judean independence. By popular decree Simon was

appointed both high priest and general; and as these offices were made hereditary in his family, he became the founder of the Hasmonean dynasty. The first year of his reign was counted as the beginning of a new era, and an issue of coinage proclaimed the heroic rebirth of the Jewish state.

"* Usually but uncertainly interpreted as 'The Hammer.'

**The anniversary of this Re-dedication (Hanukkah) is still celebrated in nearly every Jewish home."

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First AOL Hometown, and now, thanks to Yahoo, Geocities and its many personal websites is shutting down. For those grassroots, creative sorts and who see beyond the ordinary person's internet consisting of merely "My Space" for "Twit(ter)s," this comes as bad news. Oh well, enjoy it while it lasts. Until then, here's Jean Michel Jarre with "Equinoxe 4."

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fpWNimba344>

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The Bearstone Creed

The way I see it you can kill us and kill yourself but we never, in either case, see it working for you. It's like you believe this strange and at the same time poor doctrine that leads to this sharply and continually negative result; so that for obvious reasons I am a) not interested, and b) reject any suggestion you have a right to force such an absurd belief on me, and which belief makes mayhem of life, health, peace, efficiency, productivity, competitiveness, creativity and well being. Now if, after years of our enduring your affronts and batteries, you refuse to desist despite repeated entreaty then we consider ourselves of right to shoot you on sight -- were that in our power to effect it, at any rate. Yet whether or not such could be effected, we can and do always disown and reject such belief as some manner of sickness which obviously has not worked towards your own better interests. And *had* you sense, you would treat this arch teaching as one big mistake, and otherwise view your condition as being fundamentally of a medical character -- brought on by those same nefarious persons who contracted it to you and yet whom you foolishly and quite madly persist in listening and answering to. In the meantime and in sum: "I will not allow that machine to be used for criminal purposes" -- Q.E.D. Pray for peace. M.Y.O.B.

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You can sometime see someone or something in their eternal context, and sometimes not. And even when you can see them, it's only as a glimpse, and following which there is sooner or later this resumption and trudging on.

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Top three reasons why people don't want the government attacking corporately situated organized crime:

- a) Because they fear, and don't think the government can protect them against it.
- b) They profit directly or indirectly from participation with it.
- c) To attempt to extirpate such organized crime would be self-righteous on our (the people's) part.

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Often times the problem with God and religion is one of mistaking one's own idea of something versus the thing itself, or else one's own idea of something versus a better and more accurate version of that notion. For example, this person says life ails them. But is it really life, or is rather something *IN* life that perhaps ought not be there? A person can become confused even to tears of having an idea of something and that something yes did, in a meaningful sense, originate with God. However, what typically happens in such instances is that they fail to make the distinction between their idea of that something and what it actually is -- and with their not unusually being a devil or other trickster spirit person around to promulgate or encourage the misrepresentation then is that much harder to get rid of. To give you one illustration of what I mean -- God in the book of Job is on one level just a character in a story, and as character in a story useful in that role. Yet is God in Job literally God? Of course not. God as delineated in that work falls incalculably short of what God is in reality. Yet you can see what misunderstanding might arise when a story character or metaphor is taken as a literal person. Similarly, dreadful pain and suffering exist; God is the source of all existence; therefore God is the cause of the suffering. In a sense, yes, this is true. Yet in another sense it isn't true, to use an example, if the pain a person suffers is caused by someone violently attacking them. On the level of the event, it is the assailant, for practical purposes, that is the immediate cause, and person who looks to God as the cause without taking the assailant into account is both foolish and a poor, albeit well meaning and *in part* correct, reasoner. So that if due qualifications and distinctions are not made when we form our idea of something this, quite naturally, can lead to harmful and potentially dangerous error.

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People in secular history are, except in our romantic imaginations, generally strangers or at best tentative friends, while the Bible -- or other bona fide religious tradition -- makes it seem as we ourselves are part of what went on in history beyond mere race and recent culture. And for Christians, through Christ we are part of this both godly and natural family. Godly because it is moral and insists on due justice (and mercy.) Natural because it survives physically in sacred or most beloved scripture, but that, even so, is only a shadowbox or private theater of the divine. And granted, let's say it is not a scientific vision but only a wishful one. But what more could be wished but that with life we could be (at least for efficiency and pragmatic purposes if nothing else) brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers, sons and daughter? Secular brotherhood by comparison reaches it nadir in arts and in warfare but ultimately these will not hold when we are not actual brothers and sisters. And even if we lose a lot of the Bible's details, it is still and as more important to imbibe and retain its spirit of devotion and continuity. The words of the Bible itself are just words or better than words for only so long -- *until* those words are brought together in the *deeds* of Christ - - which deed transcends all scripture and scientific history (or if it does not then no history can be trusted for much.) But a Christ who is and of the truth, and no other, and which apodeictically implies honesty, forthrightness, and sincerity.

Of course, this higher understanding in turn has a major bearing on to how you treat someone royally, and that is what you are supposed to do if you love (as opposed to use) someone. And on such a basis all manner of nobles and aristocracies (including such as are possible to conceive of for and in the plant, animal, geological, and celestial realms) can be created -- yet *only* such as are consistent with the love, sincerity and trustworthiness of a Christ-like person; that is to say a person of deeds that are above all humane, truthful and courageous. And similarly, with other religions, when they have a viable vision that is aesthetic, upright, graceful, and heart supported (and which heart is persevering in these things) then I can adopt and be beholden to and respectful of that vision as well.

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In eternity? I'm doing just fine. It's here that I am having problems.

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He sold the cow for some magic beans, yet I'm just about the only one it seems who thought of making use of the resulting beanstalk. Now then, are you with me in getting that goose and harp, or do must we resigned ourselves to see this country continue on its way to the poor house (and junk culture, junk justice, junk leadership, junk education, junk news, etc., etc.?)

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Over 87,000 Iraqis have been reported as killed in the war since 2005 -- and what not no very dissimilar death and misery statistics might we hear of happening elsewhere? In World War One, for instance, 5,000 men a day were lost on average; and then just yesterday I learned that a child dies from hunger in this world every 4 minutes.

All of these kinds of problems stem as much as anything from crookedness and dishonesty; people not dealing with what is going on in reality; their being secretive; and their seeking expedient and irrational solutions to very serious problems. All of which latter can be traced back to criminal spirit people and those among us who make partnership with them. For who but Satan could demand such suffering -- and get what he demands?

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Good For

Good for some things,
Yet not for others.
And when not good
For everything,
You sometimes
Feel good
For nothing.

But worse
Is not being able
To see whom you would,
But instead some other
Whom *they*
Say you should.

So why this charge?
What was my offense?
When all I sought
Was to live those dreams
That make one's life make sense.

Life as we wished it;
Life as it is.
Yet go on we must
That the good in us
Might live.

For if we stop
And say "no more,"
Then what on earth
Were we ever good for?

(I joke it's true,
But you know the pain.
Better to laugh it off
Then go through *this* again.)

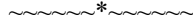
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There is, as you know, this philosophy of life being a war without rules, of each for himself, and that whatever merit there is in honesty and virtue is essentially or mostly at the behest or indulgence of tyrants and masters who utilize evil in order to dominate and control the slaves and subjects (i.e. society at large.) This view predominates and is successful as it is both in the present and historically because there are spirit people who share and actively promote and encourage it. Yet unlike regular people who (to greater or lesser degrees) adopt and maintain this amoral stance, they don't desire mere material profit and security (in the face of such strife and competition this outlook assumes) -- they, rather, seek purposeful degradation and suffering of others. To most people, such willful cruelty is or would seem sick, depraved, and not make a whole lot of sense. And yet between the more humane and (as they see themselves) practical wing of this philosophy versus the sadists, who do you think holds the higher and more important positions of ultimate power and influence? Not very surprisingly, if you think about it, the latter. For who can and will contend against them, especially if they are spirit people? So that for those who accept such a philosophy greater power goes to the more vicious and cunning -- not the more decent and right minded -- as can be expected if one accepts such a teaching in the first place. Likewise, no one enslaves someone because they love or want to better them. And why is this important? Because if you believe might or brute force makes right then you must believe in slavery; since those most powerful in the use of brute force are people who do and must enslave others -- and slavery is then an inevitable part of what doing the wrong thing in order to stay ahead entails.

But aren't their angels to police such criminal spirit people? To which can be answered -- aren't their police in our own society to combat organized crime? Yes and no. It all depends, of course, on how society (whether of regular or spirit people) at large thinks and acts, and no police, no matter how well meaning, can do their job properly if "society" is fundamentally corrupt and untruthful.

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If all human (and animal) minds perished, would there be any mind left? Of course and for one thing, it doesn't seem possible that all human minds could perish without a mind seeking that as an end (or, say, as part of some "greater" end.) But even if "random events" somehow brought about the annihilation of all human minds then what it seems one would conclude is that behind or underlying the "random events" is a mind greater and more powerful than the human mind -- or else a force more powerful than mind but which is not mind. And yet were there such a force (as per the latter alternative), it would, nonetheless, only make sense to call it a mind of some kind, now wouldn't it? I cannot, in other words, imagine all human minds being destroyed without another mind causing that event; and were that mind itself to be destroyed it must be by a mind greater than it, ad infinitum. Q.E.D., or at least so it seem to me, mind is or must be eternal.



Verbs it can be said are perhaps the very soul of writing and speech because they keep the world of thought (via speech, the printed page, and certain kinds of thoughts) in motion *while* serving to join, separate, or maintain equilibrium between persons, subjects and or objects through action. The very power of motion then is in any circumstance a great power indeed considering. But all the more in the case of thought and understanding; for without the flow of action, process (in its infinite forms) so necessary to continued and harmonious thought and understanding would simply dry up and the infinite (as we know it) cease. So that when it comes to the using conventional verbal or written language, verbs are instrumental in keeping the process of thought alive, flowing, and in motion.

In studying verbs more closely then of late, I was struck by the (to me) baffling nature of standard conjugations and the terms used to described them. For example, a "*Passive Verb*" refers not to an action in the past (as to some it might sound) but to the fact that the subject of the sentence is being *acted upon* -- rather than doing the action. At the same time, "Perfect," an odd term of reference, is used to mean a past action. In the interest then of clearing some of the confusion that I initially encountered trying to memorize and properly comprehend the various verb cases (in English), I came up with a general outline and which to me makes more sense than any other of its kind I have yet seen. For the possible benefit then of others who might be put off from trying to grasp the different kind of verb cases there are, here is that same outline respecting standard verb conjugation.

In addition, we might note that given the importance of verbs to conventional language, and language to thought, various and certain philosophical questions are or might be raised, such as the relationship between motion and thought, or between action and being, by examining and comparing such cases. Western grammar, of course, originated in large part with Protagoras; who, as some of you may recollect, was one of the philosophers that greatly influenced Socrates and, moreover, is credited by some with being the actual inventor of the Socratic method.

brief list of terms and their general explanation

IMPERFECT refers to a past action; typically includes the word "was" (or "did," or "used to.")

PERFECT, except in the case of "FUTURE PERFECT," refers to a past action; includes the word "have" or else "has."

PLUPERFECT refers to a past action; includes the word "had."

"FUTURE PERFECT" refers to an action that will be or have been accomplished in the future. I put it in quotation marks to draw attention to its being a kind of oxymoron that, at least superficially, sounds like a contradiction, i.e. "Future Past" (and may help you to remember that perfect refers to the past.)

Using as example the verb "carry" or "to carry" in first person (i.e. "I".)

* ACTIVE VERB CONJUGATION: ACTION IS BEING DONE *BY THE SUBJECT*.

INDICATIVE

Past

Imperfect Active: I carried; I was carrying.

Perfect Active: I have carried.

Pluperfect Active: I had carried; I had been carrying.

Present

Present Active: I carry; I am carrying.

Future

Future Active: I shall carry.

"Future Perfect" Active: I shall have carried.

* PASSIVE VERB CONJUGATION: ACTION IS BEING DONE *TO THE SUBJECT*.

INDICATIVE

Past

Imperfect Passive: I was being carried.

Perfect Passive: I have been carried.

Pluperfect Passive: I had been carried.

Present

Present Passive: I am being carried.

Future

Future Passive: I shall be carried.

"Future Perfect" Passive: I shall have been carried.

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*monster.com --a name you can trust*

What, am I the fatted calf to feed this vampire friend of yours? If so, I have to say I'm against it.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"If Achilles does not receive Briseis, why that's just like me not receiving (what I want.) So, now, by depriving Achilles (and using Agamemnon for that purpose), everyone will see (at least indirectly) what it's like being me when I am not properly appreciated."

If this is what actually happened then you can see it was not really Achilles, Briseis, or Agamemnon who brought about Achilles self-imposed seclusion, but rather someone or something else playing upon their otherwise and of themselves slight weaknesses. And if this is the case, we can then ask -- are we better off by having this someone or something else around and who wants others to mirror or imitate him? You be the judge.

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Wars, like ghosts, monsters and haunted houses, can sometimes make for good, or even better, movies; however, history can supply so many instances and examples of such that I think we can safely assume we no longer need, wars, ghosts or monsters in real life for that purpose -- not unlike how the use of effigies or other ceremony replaced the use of real life human beings and animals in religious sacrificial ritual. Such, at least, one would like to think could be agreed on was and should be the case.

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See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fdHbgFnJ06Q> ["Inherit the Wind" (1960) trailer]

Later Note. Just in passing, I met Stanley Kramer once by accident when he was taking a stroll through Medina (part of Bellevue, WA.) where both he and I at that time lived, and walked a few blocks and chatted with him. I remember asking about what was involved in getting a job as a screen writer; though in retrospect I wish I had been less opportunistic and more deferential and respectful of himself as someone important. He had acquired a Lake Washington shore front house which used to belong to the family of a friend of mine (and which house I had visited and stayed over at many times), and which now I understand is part of the properties in that area subsequently bought up by Bill Gates.

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In the realm or on the scale of what is infinite or eternal, the only great spirit is a true spirit. Any other spirit (i.e., that is less than completely true) is false. And while any one of us is far from being utterly honest and truthful, it is, nonetheless, necessary to reconcile and conform ourselves to what is true; otherwise we will find ourselves abandoned to a false spirit.

The world of spirit people as it intervenes and interferes in this world is by its secretiveness a false spirit; yet a false spirit that many people look to as the true spirit; and it for this reason as much as any other there is evil in this life as bad as anyone knows it to be.

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Though I had seen the movie, the music at the time and for some reason escaped me. In case the same is possibly true of you, here by way of amazon.com mp3 downloads is Andre Rieu's instrumental version (I liked it of those I checked out) of "My Heart Will Go On" from "Titanic" -- a film which seems like a world away even now, doesn't it? (Though, of course, they would never have released that movie originally unless it had contained a heaping helping of gratuitous cussing and profanity.)

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[Taken from "Recommendation of the Week," for 12 April 2009.] Were they to consider the matter off-hand or casually, I suppose most lay people think of our planet's interior as being comprised of little more than just plain old dirt, and brown and white and gray and tan rock layers and formations -- varied and interspersed with subterranean regions of water or hot lava. But actually as we better know when we stop to recollect or inquire, the colors of many of the earth's rocks and minerals span the panoply of the rainbow -- and precious metals that as we more usually hear about, such as gold, silver and diamonds, make up only a small portion of the myriad and bright geological treasures enclosed beneath its surface -- so that, as it turns out, we terrestrials are all a good deal richer than many of us hardly imagined (that is, at least, if one isn't held mentally hostage to a strictly monetary view of the cosmos.)

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It must be emphasized that they make other spirit people (or spirit people generally) look bad just as they make movies, religion, government, patriotism, innocence, romance, sex, etc. -- i.e. just about everyone and everything else -- look bad. That's what they are and that's what they do. But then what do you expect from a group or class of people with the likes of Stinky Boika or the ghoulish magician working for them?

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Though Shakespeare, among his many clevernesses and high attainments, synthesized and extracted the good from the bad; I am sure he would agree that his doing so, no matter how artful or masterly, did not, even so, ever justify or legitimize the bad; and that the bad was something merely used, say, like dish rag is used to help prepare the adorning of an event.

In "The Tempest," for instance, you have this most unusual scenario where the exiled saint, a pillar of beneficence, is actually a sorcerer; and which I think was actually his way of ridiculing the devil.

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He has all this money and orders everyone around, even including the government, and yet have you ever seen or heard of a bigger loser in all your life? (I rest my case, he's a space case.)

We had spoken of "London After Midnight" here just a few months back, but it was only the other day that I finally got around to seeing two of Tod Browning's other well known films "Freaks" and "Mark of the Vampire."

"Freaks" I had long avoided seeing out of choice, for I could not see what was to be gained either as message or entertainment out of a horror film which revolved around and played up the theme of real life physical deformity.* And after now seeing it, my former reservations, it seems, turned out to be in large measure correct. Historians have marveled that "Freaks" was permitted to be made in the first place; nor does it come as a great surprise to hear that one of the movie's players, the bearded lady, later felt the film, despite the overt sympathy expressed in it for the "freaks," to be exploitative. The motive behind both the story it tells and the reason for making the film leave one quite puzzled. As a true life drama, the film is too preposterous to believe. Why after all would Cleopatra, the trapeze artist, and the strong man, themselves both lowly circus performers and who worked with "freaks," have so viewed and treated them with such virulent and shameless hostility? Their characters in this wise simply don't make any sense. If, on the other hand, "Freaks" is viewed as an allegorical tale, what is it an allegorical tale of? There may be a wise and intelligent claim for an allegorical interpretation, but if there is it is as yet mostly lost on me. The plot bears some resemblance to Poe's "Hop Frog;" only the villainy of Cleopatra and the strong man is a good deal more baffling and inexplicable than that of the arrogant courtiers in Poe's tale.

The wherefore of the confusing purpose of "Freaks" may it seems be found in the other, "Mark of the Vampire;" which is a remake of "London After Midnight." Here once again, the logic of the story and action is just too crazy to make any sense. An elaborate charade is set up to trap the killer, and yet if any of the characters was not going to be fooled by the scheme the very person to have seen through it would have been the killer himself (since he, of course, actually knew who had done the deed.) What then was the purpose of the charade? Nor are matters helped, when we have bats, spiders, and bizarre magic being made part of the deceptive show (at one point we see the bat girl change from a flying bat into herself.) Again, who is all this show for seeing as they can't possibly expect to fool the real killer? (The misty, gloomy vampire sequences, by the way, are much like the electrically charged atmosphere or aura such as the ghoulish magician can appear in when making themselves visible to the naked eye, and I'm inclined to take it for granted that Browning himself had seen such things.)

The answer to all this seems to me that Browning may have been trying to outdo real life ghosts and lurid criminals in shocking, perplexing, and surprising people -- and interestingly enough, he succeeded. So that by doing so, he shows himself as being proficient at their own game. In other words, he was doing in a movie what they did (and do) in real life. And if the given film doesn't make all that much sense, it is much like how the criminal shenanigans of conniving and malicious spirit people often don't make any obvious sense. A not unrelated implausibility of narrative is also to be found in a film like Carl Dreyer's "Vampyr" where, again, one strains to discern rational premise for the sometimes extraneous and haphazard action that transpires. Part then of what makes the occult so difficult to deal with is that sometimes things are done to simply disturb and upset people -- only what takes place is done in a carefully thought out and contrived manner. This, I think, is in part a result of the idleness of such spirit people and that only if they do the wrong thing can they spend much time doing anything; in consequence, in such idleness they come up with some very strange and bizarre ideas of how to torment people in a long, drawn out way by means, including humor, of bringing about the unexpected.

On a lighter note, I was otherwise glad to see "Freaks" to discover Leila Hyams; whom, not surprisingly given the relatively few number of films she was in, I did not know of previously. One would have thought that someone so charming and beautiful would have been starred in more movies than she ended up doing. On the other hand, it may be exactly because she was so winsome and attractive that *they* didn't want the public to see so much of her (i.e. the public would be "having it to good.") Such, at least, seems not entirely implausible as an explanation.

* Browning/Chaney's "West of Zanzibar" graphically focuses on a cripple and some of Chaney's other films have similarly handicapped characters; so admittedly the notion was by no means entirely new; and Browning, in addition to his own circus background, may have in some ways been creatively prompted as much by Chaney as anyone else one might think of. Chaney, of course and as is already well known to many, had parents who were deaf and so had grown up with and known physical disability first hand.

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"For although we are in the flesh, we do not battle according to the flesh, for the weapons of our battle are not of the flesh but are enormously powerful, capable of destroying fortresses. We destroy arguments..."  
~ 2nd Corinthians, 10:3-4

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If, after all these many years no less, you can't take responsibility for what you are doing then perhaps you shouldn't be doing it?

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Instead of resenting Adam and Eve's having it too good (and instigating the Fall), if not actually killing himself, he should at least have had done with it and gone into self-imposed exile. (Don't you think?)

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Though what is rotten can be dressed up and made to seem sweet, you won't get what is sweet from what is fundamentally rotten, and you know what is disguised as sweet by knowing the truth and being honest -- not from lying and keeping secrets. And yet there are those who go through life thinking and would have us believe that casual lying and or keeping secrets on a regular basis is necessary and essential to living.

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Pass not through the Gates of Hercules. *Why?* Because I said so. (And don't ask any more questions.)

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"Even in Hades he [Socrates] proposed to be a gadfly, and 'find out who is wise, and who pretends to be wise and is not.'"
~ from *The Life of Greece*, XV, p. 367.

Observe how Chandu powers are applied by Socrates. He is not concerned with the circumstance itself of being in Hades; rather he focuses on *who* he will or might be dealing with there instead.

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He subsidizes sorcery and serial killer culture in order to purchase peace from the devil; while in the meantime saving up money for a higher education for his kids.

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"Wait a minute. How about instead of paying the devil tribute, blow him up instead with the military?"

No can do.

"Why?"

Because it isn't permitted to discuss spirit people scientifically, let alone make public policy concerning them.

"Then what would you suggest?"

Mount a campaign against Ben Ladin, Gary Condit, Mexican drug lords, the NRA, the militia groups, or an unrepentant Martha Stewart -- take your pick.

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Durant is worth quoting again, yet this time for purposes of illustrating to you how would-be empiricism, buttressed by unfounded and pre-conceived notions of its assuming, can easily slip away and succumb to irrational dogmas of its own.

"The historical role of Hippocrates and his successors was the liberation of medicine from both religion and philosophy. Occasionally, as in the treatise on 'Regimen,' prayer is advised as an aid; but the page-by-page tone of the Collection is a resolute reliance upon rational therapy. The essay on 'The Sacred Disease' directly attacks the theory that ailments are caused by the gods; all diseases, says the author, have natural causes. Epilepsy, which the people explained as possession by a demon, is not excepted: 'Men continue to believe in its divine origin because they are at a loss to understand it...Charlatans and quacks, having no treatment that would help, concealed and sheltered themselves behind superstition, and called this illness sacred in order that their complete ignorance might not be revealed.' The mind of Hippocrates was typical of the Periclean time spirit imaginative but realistic, averse to mystery and weary of myth, recognizing the value of religion, but struggling to understand the world in rational terms. The influence of the Sophists can be felt in this move for the emancipation of medicine; and indeed, philosophy so powerfully affected Greek therapy that the science had to fight against philosophical as well as theological impediments. Hippocrates insists that philosophical theories have no place in medicine, and that treatment must proceed by careful observation and accurate recording of specific cases and facts. He does not quite realize the value of experiment; but he is resolved to be guided by experience."

~ from *The Life of Greece*, XV, pp. 343-344.

First, that there are or would be potentially certain superstitious aspects to ascribing illness to spirit people (or demons or gods or call them what you like) no one will find very surprising. Yet to categorically assume such speculations had no inductively verifiable foundation whatsoever is itself a bit of over hasty presuming one would think. And why, for example, if certain spirit people can cause an illness does this also imply that they must be god-like or divine? Moreover, just because myth and story were the usual ground or medium where and with which to discuss spirit people, it doesn't necessarily follow that spirit people themselves are mythical and exist only in allegorical fiction.

Here's another example of Enlightenment sprung dogmatism also meriting comment.

"Anatomy and physiology made slow progress in Greece, and owed much of this to the examination of animal entrails in the practice of augury. A little brochure 'On the Heart,' in the Hippocratic Collection, describes the ventricles, the great vessels, and their valves. Syennesis of Cyprus and Diogenes of Crete wrote descriptions of the vascular system, and Diogenes knew the significance of the pulse. Empedocles recognized that the heart is the center of the vascular system, and described it as the organs by which the pneuma, or vital breath (oxygen?), is carried through the blood vessels to every part of the body. The Corpus, following Alcmaeon, makes the brain the seat of consciousness and thought; 'Through it we think, see, hear, and distinguish the ugly from the beautiful, the bad from the good.'" p. 345.

Assuming, as I do, that Durant essentially agrees with Alcmaeon, cannot it be argued that the heart, or the seat of deepest value judgments and emotions, plays a part in the deciding of what is good or beautiful -- as in "we love this" and "we don't love that"? Such understanding was not lost on the ancient Egyptians, some Stoics, and others who saw the heart as the higher seat of intelligence -- a view, which if you will read my *Peithology*, has a very sound and cogent rational basis. And yet conventional advanced learning of the past century or so will have you think that the brain or cognitive mental thinking is the only (serious) kind of intelligence there really is. SO YOU SEE (in sum), it is not always the religionists who are the misguided, albeit well-meaning, purveyors of darkness and ignorance.

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As I mentioned earlier here, I previously had one lawyer mock and ridicule me (when I asked for his assistance) because I could not explicitly and immediately identify who it was that was harassing me (though, rest assured, of leads there are numerous.) Well, in truth, I don't think any regular person, including so-called "Speelburg" (*their* name for the mysterious Oafmore figure, by the way, not mine), would have gone to such trouble and lengths to cause me such grief but that they were under orders from these spirit people. So that now I realize that if I am asked who it is that is really behind all this, I would say it was Filth, the vampire king, and his empire of slave spirit people (including angels) -- whom some, very tragically, attribute a divine status to.

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And life really, in a very important sense, is not nearly so very difficult and complicated as it seems; for get rid of these criminal spirit people, and we will have solved 80 to 90% or more of our worst woes, travails, and difficulties. One of the obvious dilemmas we face, however, in accomplishing this is that there are those who listen to these same spirit people as if these spirit people were *the* experts and possessed greater and more knowing authority than anyone else. As a result, such "listeners" predictably are or become deaf to plain facts and just reason, and exchange the eternal verities for the word of some con-artist ghosts (which latter, in addition to being utterly unscrupulous, are typically adept at magic and behavioral mind control); believing that by doing so, they "know about these things a certain way."

See: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KEqUrmXLV_A [magic show sequence from "Mandrake, the Magician" (1939)]

Later Note. While the ways and conjurations of Mandrake continue to impress and have much to recommend them; I personally advise, even so, sticking with the Chandu approach, which I believe the larger majority of people will generally find easier and more convenient to adapt to ordinary, day to day, life circumstances.

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It bespeaks the demonistic.

When the people don't rule, someone else does.

He doesn't have a whole lot of credibility if (ruling in de facto anonymity) he doesn't really exist, now does he?

How *would* an iniquitous and purposely immoral person, and if he was allowed to do so, tailor, interpret and modify law, government, and religion to serve his own interests (and without it being known generally that this was what was going on?)

He's constructed of human body parts; so, sure, it doesn't matter to him.



For all his great genius and pretended greatness, he both works for these people *and* is being used by them for experimental purposes (only he doesn't know it.)

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In years of being isolated, regularly tortured, systematically tormented, and constantly harassed by these spirit people (and their employees), one very valuable thing I have learned is that almost all suffering can, if you wish it, be converted to physical suffering -- somewhat like how one monetary currency can or might be traded and exchanged for another. So, for example, instead of suffering from severe or acute fear, depression, sadness, rejection, loneliness, boredom, etc., think of yourself as enduring a *physical* rather than an emotional or psychological pain. For a physical pain is usually much easier to comprehend, internally quantify and get a grip on than those of an emotional or psychological nature.

Further, bear in mind that the more punishment you can take, the harder and more expensive it is for them to keep up the pressure on you. This said and even if you adopt this suggested approach, they can or could still hit you for years and years. But at least, you don't have to make it any easier for them than need be. At the same time, remember also, as we've pointed out before, how for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction; and the more abuse you can absorb and put up with, the more moral and legal ammunition you or someone else will have to use against them -- come the day. As much as we eagerly desire that these kinds of things would end sooner rather than later, one must be prepared, if need be, to stick out for as long as one possibly can; say, as a long distance runner or prize fighter would -- while ever consoling yourself with the thought that as imperfect and flawed as you yourself might be otherwise, at least you are not so stupid, spineless or slave-like as to cave in to, assist, or be like they who act so cruelly and are so rotten -- and whom we've *never* seen it working out for not once, not yet.

And yes, many did and would kill themselves rather than endure such things. Yet that's all the more reason (that is, if you are so hard pressed) *not to*; both in honor of the benefit you gained from their (in its way) soldierly sacrifice (i.e. for otherwise trying to maintain what was right) *and* to *see* what happens *if you don't* do what they did; for clearly there is and must be a potential and overwhelming power collecting and gathering itself to be kinetically unleashed -- that is, if waited on and cultivated with patience, faith, and self-discipline.

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*from Recommendation of the Week ~ For the week of Sunday, April 5, 2009.*

"Insight" television series -- a Catholic tv drama program (1960-1984) produced by the Paulist Fathers ~ and starring (to name just a few): Mariette Hartley, Della Reese, Patty Duke, John Astin, William Marshall, Efrem Zimbalist Jr., Arthur Hiller, Emilio Estevez, James Farentino, Cindy Williams, Harold Gould, Beau Bridges, Kenneth Mars, Anne Francis, Andrew Duggan, Steve Forrest, Ann Sothorn, Raymond Massey, *etc., etc., etc.*

The church, like anyone or anything else, is, without exception, most better off without the devil or hell present or active in it. And unfortunately (and as we have noted many times previously), spirit people can pretend to be or represent God, heaven, or the church (i.e. "the church" in its various dioceses and denominations) to the credulous, timid, and irrational. Such puts on and incursions when carried out successfully can, you will not be surprised to know, give religion a bad name and reputation for being less than truthful and credible. And to some degree, the Catholic church, like many an organization, institution or business in recent decades, has sadly fallen victim to this spirit person induced malady to a heightened (though not unprecedented) degree; with the understandable result that some are more suspicious of and or jaded about toward it.

Yet *when* the church was more like we thought it should be -- that is, when *it was* genuinely caring, humane, high principled, courageous, then there was little or no reason to question or doubt its intentions,

let alone be frightened by it. Well, that was what the church was like in the days when "Insight" was broadcast and produced -- at least relative to how things have become in more recent times -- so much so that this memorable religious television program, first started by Father E. "Bud" Kieser, in retrospect, seems to have emanated from an almost different world and religious outlook and perspective. Mind you, in making these remarks, I don't mean to be critical of the present church. Rather, my point is merely to point out how churches and religious groups can, at certain times in history be undermined and subject to bad influences like anyone or anything else when Hell is permitted to *run riot* in our midst. For this reason and all in all, I believe the church (where it is so afflicted) should be viewed with sympathy and understanding of the situation, instead of subjecting it to unenlightened or misinformed censure and criticism.

Yet no doubt, even back in the days of "Insight" there were *some* problems (the phenomena of interloping and *equi-vocating* devils is by no means a new one.) And I must admit some of the "Insight" shows in story-line are not so very unlike something out of the "Twilight Zone" tv series (Rod Serling, incidentally, was actually a writer for the show at one point, but this I think is only or mostly a coincidence); which makes me wonder if some well-meaning people at that time were being had or having tricks played on them by spirit people pretending to be or represent God. Very overtly, some of the humor and irony displayed in such episodes, typically involving a stranger or mysterious visitor, remind me of stunts and charades pulled by the ghoulish magician (typically assisted by "heavenly day glow"); and designed and orchestrated to awe, amuse, and impress people with his pretended and all knowing religious importance. Whether, however, this was actually the case and or whether the "Twilight Zone" style episodes are just allegorical or symbolic morality tales (as they on the surface would seem and appear to be) is not so easy to say. Yet *even if* some of the writers did perhaps (again, I don't claim to know) have some "other worldly" experiences or communications, this is no impugning of their own sincerity and motives, and we can still enjoy and profit by the story and didactic lesson or instruction it imparts or suggests. I for one, certainly and in any case, still welcome very much being able to view the full series, including many installments I did not see -- were that possible.

Although some episodes are, if you can find them, to be had on VHS, "Insight" is not yet, so far as I know, available on DVD. But really, this is the sort of thing that should be done up in a nice DVD set or sets and made readily available via amazon.com and such; and, frankly, the fact that it isn't is deplorable.

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So let us then, once more, review.

What are some of the reasons that criminal spirit people pose the greatest threat to life, health, peace, progress and humanity?

- * The vast majority, if not all, of the worst and most violent crimes originate with spirit people who plot, carry out, and or commission them to be done.
- * They incite, empower, protect and permit criminals to get away with crimes.
- * They set up an independent government in society's midst that is sometimes and in some ways more powerful than legitimate government itself.
- * They corrupt and encourage people to take up and think lightly of dishonesty and treason to both their country and life generally.
- * They offer and sell to people a false and spurious kind of higher intelligence than dispenses with honesty, basic morals, and rationality and that leads people to believe that the knowledge and "wisdom" of spirit people is superior to honesty, basic morals and reason.*
- * Although foreigners without any clear and legally established right to be present in this country, they nevertheless are treated and acquiesced to as if they were among our most honored and valued citizens.
- * In addition to never having to pay taxes, even though they more than anyone else benefit quantitatively from an economy's proceeds (and more), they are not made answerable to human law; nor are liable to prosecution with respect to crimes in which they are involved -- indeed, it is not even allowed to openly discuss or identify them.

* They can and do masquerade as law, government, and religion, while, in the process, discrediting and undermining those most essential and necessary of institutions and endeavors.

* They scapegoat the innocent and not untypically victimize the most virtuous in society for purposes of a) getting people guilty, b) causing more suffering in the world, c) ousting the competition, and d) shielding themselves and or their accomplices from investigation and prosecution.

* Though spirit people themselves, they no more represent or serve the vaster number of spirit people generally any more than society's biggest gangsters represent or serve the better interest of the greater part of society. And yet like such gangsters, it is made to seem as if our better interests were contingent on their having *their* way (when, of course, the exact opposite is true.)

* *Note.* If they do possess superior intelligence it is largely as hunters, assassins, and murderers of unwary and defenseless people and animals; hence the touted popularity of truncated and hijacked Darwinism and the idea that life is a (violent) struggle of the "fittest" -- notions obviously at odds with and inimical to fundamental tenets of society and civil law and order.

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Another one of those things I recalled I'd forgotten but was (just now) glad to remember.

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0V-VgRqsEcq> [original Curly Shuffle video]

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If he can recognize the form then I see he can see it, and I know that when he sees it, or at least thinks he sees it, he will say "oh, it's nothing -- it's just *that* form." But I know he knows this, and as likely as not he knows I know he knows this; only in his doing so he loses proper, if not complete, grasp and understanding of the form by his too hasty and unjustified confidence in his own powers of judgment and discernment.

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If there is evil in the world, it's because of Satan, the evil one, or someone like this who wants people to do the wrong thing; so that, inasmuch as he is concerned and inasmuch as he has influence, everyone might or might just as well go and kill each other. If you can't grasp this basic notion, and or won't deal with it, how can you seriously blame or criticize anyone otherwise for anything? "But leave aside his scariness, 'Satan' is such a strange conception; where does one begin to understand such a person?" Think of him as someone who many long ages took up or adopted wrong doing as a way of gaining power and or exacting his revenge against those "having it too good." As a result, he and his followers, as a practical matter, ruined life for everyone, yet are often treated as if they are at the center of the greater order of things. Many of them, even so and despite this seeming success, continue to this day jealous and feeling sorry for themselves because they "*had* to do the wrong thing." Indeed, so much so that we who refuse to comply with this long standing state of affairs and accommodate this maniac must be punished and made to suffer for our impertinence. (This, at any rate, is one idea of how to approach the subject, and no doubt many of you could think of an original of your own or that is similar.)

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I don't think Miltiades and Themistocles were so obsessed with acquiring material wealth (and which doing so led them into scandal) as much as they were desirous of finding a way to do the wrong thing in good conscience (i.e., and not be crucified.)

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Not infrequently, many do or will find themselves frustrated, disgusted, angered, or else saddened by the way of how much of the world works. Yet it is easy, on the other hand, to overlook, ignore, or be blind to how things are manipulated *to be as they are* by criminal spirit persons. For instance, in my own situation, it is hard for me not be appalled and stupefied by the absurdity, puerility and illogic I have oft encountered from professionals, including teachers, lawyers, police, doctors, clergy, and government people when I have gone seeking for help and assistance. And yet, such levels of incompetence are no product of mere happenstance, but are, in large measure, a result of efforts by these criminal spirit people (and their hench-people) to oust (including, in a given instance, assassinate) persons of probity and ability from among society's leaders; and substitute in their place well-meaning but ineffectual mediocrity.

However, it is not that the latter poor surrogates are necessarily or inherently unable to do a good job in the given profession they pursue as a calling, but that they had deliberately bad influences on their education; were purposely deceived and mislead, and ultimately were made to believe and follow a lot of nonsense -- so that sometimes when you go to them for help when you are in dire need, they not only prove to be useless, but, in some cases, actual accomplices, witting or no, of the most rank and filthy criminals imaginable. This, understandably, causes us to lose faith in the system, or to go on about the ways of the world. Yet really it is not "the system" or "the world" but the machinations and maneuvering of criminal spirit people, overtime, that is the real source of the problem, and would people start recognizing the palpable and empirically verifiable existence of such criminals, and begin to start dealing with *them* then what previously seemed like an insoluble or insurmountable dilemma, and in turn the hopelessly fallen state of mankind and the world, is not nearly so impossible to address, get at, and find remedies for as we or others have hitherto thoughtlessly assumed or carelessly took for granted.

As for specifics as to how criminal spirit people can be "found out," identified, and their methods and tactics understood, what is lacking are not ways but both the will and maturity to take the next evolutionary step up and admit to and confront the existence of "classic troublemakers," and the disguises they put on and obstacles they throw up to insure their immunity and protection from both investigation and prosecution. Yet deny and deprive them of their weapons and armor -- and they aren't nearly so all powerful and mighty as childishness and irrational superstition have traditionally construed and taken them to be.

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Said the pre-Socratic philosopher, Xenophanes of Colophon (570–480 B.C.), in a sentiment echoed some one thousand years later by St. Augustine:

"Both Homer and Hesiod ascribed to the gods all things that evoke reproach and blame among human beings, theft and adultery and mutual deception."

Yet who or what was actually most deserving of criticism here? That the "gods" should behave in such a way (as Homer and Hesiod reported?) Or that people, including Homer and Hesiod, were foolish to trust and treat such spirit people as gods? Or that Homer and Hesiod were imprudent and undiplomatic, albeit honest and forthright, in either (a) ridiculing and insulting such spirit people, and or else (b) those who believed such to be gods?

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*Cross*

The cross is  
An Arapaho's star;  
A Sioux's four corners  
Of the earth  
Wherever you are.

To others,  
It's the celestial glint  
Of a lighted taper;  
Or two roads  
Intersecting  
The eternal vapor.

To yet others,  
Its on what  
A sail is pinned  
In order to catch  
Truth's wind,  
On the voyage of ardor  
To the longed for arbor.

But for you,  
It is a rude mockery;  
Just as life  
At their hands  
Becomes a rude mockery.  
And when you starve  
So it seems the world itself  
Must starve also;  
And then the world  
Never really had hope.  
And you are worn.  
And you are beat up  
Because they are  
Beating you up.  
But how well  
Could they endure such  
Who have no sense  
Of right or shame?  
They can act like  
There is no war.  
But there is, there is.  
The proof is in these sores.  
Yet though your body's broken,  
Your spirit,  
Unlike theirs, is free.  
They've purchased vain security  
At the price of their own  
Conscience and liberty;  
While you now must endure,  
Not to get something,  
But only to keep  
What's already yours.

They are strangers;  
They always were.  
And because defy them you dare,  
The sunshine  
Of their false hope  
You may forever forswear;  
Let their own grief be theirs.

The cross is  
An Arapaho's star;  
A Sioux's four corners  
Of the earth  
Wherever you are.

To others,  
It's the celestial glint  
Of a lighted taper;  
Or two roads  
Intersecting  
The eternal vapor.

To yet others,  
Its on what  
A sail is pinned  
In order to catch  
Truth's wind,  
On the voyage of ardor  
To the dreamt of arbor.

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For those who can actually think (and deal with what is going in reality), life at worst, isn't a movie; rather, it's more like a *series* of movies -- some *good*, some *bad*. But for those with a high opinion of their own intelligence, and yet you who cannot think and behave both honestly and rationally, they are ever condemned to live their lives being in someone else's *bad* movie.

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I saw the above Victorian advert card on ebay. That face to me speaks volumes (and that's what I like.)

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Speaking of Superstitions. You drink...you smoke pot. I don't really see any major difference, or problem with either as long as one isn't being discourteous or bothering others with your indulgence. This to me is universal common sense that I think most people, if you give them leave to say, more or less agree with. The stigma against pot is largely psychological; that developed over time into a kind of collective pathology, and for this reason can itself be deemed as constituting a kind of mania or mental illness; so that the persistent and long standing taboo against and antipathy towards smoker's choice springs more it seems to me, from a desire a) to trivialize credible law (by mixing with it the spurious), and at the same time b) is

in some measure an attempt to program and indoctrinate people to adhere to an in-earnest decree without regard to its justice, practicality, and reasonableness -- in short, obey without thinking (because this way you are more easily manipulated by us who are the masters of manipulation.) Again, all this I think is just common sense. We have far more, on the other hand, to dread from people having the occult brought into their lives without their knowing who or what they are being made to deal with; thereby opening up the door to them to sickly spirit people; who not untypically are carriers and transmitters of all kinds of deadly, disfiguring and mutation causing ailments to a person, both medically and psychologically. Unfortunately, it is this warped and strangely international (seeming) outlook, in either ignoring or acting as willing or unwilling accomplice to such casual involvement with such spirits, that prevails over common sense when it comes to government and the legal system. All of which will naturally bring into question for some exactly whose interests some 80 or so years of (hitherto) positive law and the government are and have been actually serving with such a dogmatic and, in retrospect, self-defeating jurisprudence.

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*"It's those dirty hooligans. Who else could it be?"*

Though I don't think anyone questions his sincerity and integrity, I rather suspect that with Barack Obama what it seems we are getting is "President Jr." But then, of course, why would *they* have permitted him to be President were it otherwise? They go on about these purported terrorists in Afghanistan, and yet for over 16 years I have had brain torture radios used on me in this country (and no doubt others, yet who can't speak on the subject, are and have the same being done to them!) Some, naturally, will ridicule the suggestion that there could even be such a thing as brain torture radios. Yet if you are one of those who is skeptical, what *would* your reaction be if it were possible (at least for the sake of argument) to prove to you that there actually were, and being used now for years in the U.S.?

Similarly, we've had malware, viruses, unsolicited pop-up and surprise audio advertising, daily bundles of overtly obnoxious spam, and other obstructions and interference plaguing the internet for over a decade. And yet do we ever hear a word coming out of Washington, D.C. about any of this being a problem? And yet who would have the resources, money and expertise to keep all these expensive and in some respects sophisticated acts of viciousness and aggression going on -- Ben Ladin?

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You who by this time do or might concur with me in sentiment might well ask "if things are as you say, what then should we do or what should be done?"

It is important to remember that the real problem is these autocratic spirit people. They have been for thousands of years the curse and horror of life and existence; and who, meanwhile, have been permitted to involve themselves and reign over the lives of others without ever really being blamed for the troubles they are responsible for. It is so utterly absurd when you think about how history will view with abhorrence or label this or that person a monster or a criminal; and yet the spirit person who, as it turns out, is much more to blame continues to be treated as a deity or at else deferred to as a higher authority. This, I submit, simply makes no sense, and what is called for is an effort to identify and demystify spirit people; hold them accountable for their actions, and, if need be and circumstances require, destroy them. Don't be so hung up on Renfield, or Igor, or Hitler, or "Speelburg," or whomever -- these kinds of people, even as bad and or powerful in a given instance as they might be, are really only pawns and puppets; and who, if things don't work out, are left to take incur everyone's wrath. As Richtofen (in effect) said "shoot the pilot -- not the plane" -- and it is not an inapt comparison to say that attacking lordly spirit people requires the same kind of sharpness and skill as a combat flying ace. Can you kill the monster without unnecessarily harming the dupes and captives that are used to stand in for, cover and or shield him? That's what you want to do. Don't be preoccupied contending with underlings; take the fight, where and when possible, to the top; and if that is not readily possible follow the path that leads to him -- and without permitting yourself to be needlessly distracted by second and third banana characters (if possible.) If he acts like he's God or a benevolent deity

-- don't believe it -- and treat all spirit people who assume superiority or authority with you as the enemy. And while it is and may not *yet* be technologically feasible for anyone now to shoot at such people with a gun or physical weapon; nevertheless, this kind of idea ought be prospectively contemplated and considered. In the meantime and until then, what is needed is more closely identifying and determining who these people are, their strengths and weaknesses are, and how they might in present or near future circumstances be assailed, given those strengths and weaknesses. For example, in the course of my ordeal, I have been beat up by these people for years, and I have come to learn that the more punishment I can take the harder I make it for them; moreover, if I am really good at this and comport myself morally and intelligently, I can actually transform and hurl these same pressures directed at me back at them -- that is, so long as I have and continue to keep the right target in my sights.

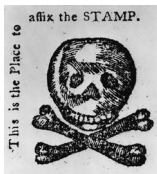
~~~~~\*~~~~~

The unwritten law is that if we do something wrong then this gives the green light to certain zealous spirit people that they may also do something wrong. But note the latent and assumed premise they adopt -- all bad is all one and the same; for which reason they (and allowing for certain diplomatic exigencies of particular circumstances) may stab someone if, say, he fibbed; which *self-less* moral opportunity, needless to add, can then be turned to their own *selfish* profit; not infrequently excusing themselves by acting as if the unconscionable and aggravated harm they did as a result, didn't matter. But if it didn't matter, then how and why is it they make their living off of and wield such sway and influence on the basis of this arch-jurisprudence, and that alone makes possible the worst and most shameful outrages? Such an arrangement you may put up with if you will, but as for me give me liberty or give me death.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Take the word of someone who has seen and known it -- the heaven of those spirit people who, whether on the pretext of mystic religion or of brazen fascism, connive and meddle in this world's affairs is *at its root* a lot of phony and worthless junk; and the only thing that really bothers or intimidates me personally is the thought of being one day being brought up on charges of not feeling sufficiently sorry for them.

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It is easier for me now to see and understand how the hated stamp imprint must have looked to many of the exasperated colonists; that is to say not unlike a tattoo being forced on people. And on a certain level of things, that is what no doubt some of its other-worldly proponents (acting behind the scenes) intended it to be (rather than merely a means of acquiring revenue; and not so very unlike how some internet "advertising" is used -- i.e. to *mark* you.)

As to what was viewed as the political justification for the tax itself, Lord Chesterfield's remarks are worth reproducing.

"You have, to be sure, had from the office an account of what the Parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting: and the same point will be the great object at their next meeting; I mean the affair of our American Colonies, relatively to the late imposed Stamp duty; which our Colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The Administration [of Whig prime minister, Lord Rockingham] are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward children of their mother country: the Opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent measures; not less than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected



by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping: and I would not have the mother country become a stepmother. Our trade to America brings in, *communibus annis*, two millions a year; and the Stamp duty is estimated at but one hundred thousand pounds a year; which I would by no means bring in to the stock of the Exchequer, at the loss, or even the risk, of a million a year to the national stock."

~ To his son, 27 Dec. 1765.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

As we ourselves have made mention and as you yourself possibly already know otherwise, it has been something of a kick of late among certain internet "advertisers," particularly (in my experience) at Yahoo mail, to shout out various well-known people's purported *Intelligence Quotients*. Although I'm sorry I don't have my usual snap to prove the fact, yesterday it was announced that Pres. Obama's I.Q. is now 140! That's 13 more IQ points than was reported of him by these same busy observers just last week. I deduce from this that either those calculating these estimates are being negligent in their computations or else the President has made a terrible decision of some kind (and or else done something terribly wrong.) Let us hope and pray then that it turns out to be only the former and not the latter.

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Here's another passage I came across in my recent re-reading of Durant's *The Life of Greece* deserving of special notice.

"If in imagination we take a merchant vessel from Naucratis [at one of the mouths of the Nile] to Athens, our tour [including a jaunt to southern Italy and Sicily] of the Greek world will be complete. It was necessary that we should make this long circuit in order that we might see and feel the extent and variety of Hellenic civilization. Aristotle described the constitutional history of 158 Greek city-states, but there were a thousand more. Each contributed in commerce, industry, and thought to what we mean by Greece. In the colonies, rather than on the mainland, were born Greek poetry and prose, mathematics and metaphysics, oratory and history. Without them, and the thousand absorbing tentacles which they stretched out into the old world, Greek civilization, the most precious product in history, might never have been. Through them the cultures of Egypt and the Orient passed into Greece, and Greek culture spread slowly into Asia, Africa, and Europe."

It seems to me that perhaps two major factors that most made possible this dramatic surge and increase of Greek learning and culture (especially in the 7th and 6th centuries B.C.) were (1) trade and the exchange of cultures spanning the wider Mediterranean, and (2) the remoteness of many of these various colonies from the oversight, suppression and censorship by autocratic spirit people; with these last only arriving just decades or more too late to do in, thwart or stifle the careers and efforts of such as Pythagoras, Heraclitus, and Zeno; the logistics of following after various colonists and keeping up on their activities being at that time too demanding for what such spirit people were capable of (as, say, compared to what they might effect in older and longer established societies and localities.)

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Really, he is such a loser if you stop and think about it; and it is easy to picture him using examples such as Jacob undercutting Esau or Romulus murdering Remus as illustrations of why it was always necessary to do the wrong thing, and how doing the wrong thing is the key to real success, *ad nauseum* -- like some incorrigible drunk trying to come up with noble and high minded reasons to excuse his excessive drinking. ("He does the wrong thing a certain way; he knows about these things a certain way...")

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There is wise counsel for every situation and dilemma; the problem is being aware of and having that counsel readily available to you when and where you most need it. Yet rest assured (if you can remember my telling you this), there is such counsel and it is *somewhere*.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

How could the natural world (and which, for all its tempests, shocks and travails, is at bottom really innocent) have fallen subject to such rank evil as *this* world knows? (Look at ancient fossils, for example, and see if you can find traces of evil in them and what they reflect.) Because mankind, who was supposed to oversee and care for the animals and the environment, forsook his divine calling to be honest and rational, and instead exchanged it for deceit and megalomania; provided him by a being who is little more than a space alien.

Note. Some would or have objected we would not know honesty but that we knew lying first. This to me is a trivial argument; because though, it is true, we may know the *concept* of honesty based on our experience with its opposite; it doesn't necessarily follow that truth itself, of which honesty is only the handmaiden, ever required the distinction be made.

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It isn't even happening for them and yet look what it costs us! We require only a tiny fraction, or not even that much, to do what we need to do; meanwhile they need as much as they do in order to do a whole lot of nothing (and worse than nothing!) And how is it then that they, and not we who are honest and rational, are justified in society's eyes? By means of lies, bribery, magic, ghosts and angels.

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No peace without books (including a free internet); no books without peace. And even if all the armies could bring you prosperity; without books and peace crime and war not only never end but, in ratio, exponentially increase and escalate.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

It's not lack of love, or even forced isolation, rather it's the being beat up all the time part that kills me.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Although the transfer is confessedly very bad, for at least the somewhat benefit of those who *did* miss and would not see it otherwise...

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QZO8JliBH5M> ["Night Key" (1937) trailer.]

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*Did You Know?* During the American Revolution the uniforms of the chief participants, generally, were as follows: the British red, the French white, the Americans blue. Notice as well that presently and for over two centuries the flags of these three countries (all of whom at one point or other both fought against and allied with each other) contains each of the others main color; and which constitutes a formal kind of identification of culture, and hence spirit to the given nation. And, of course, other countries use the identical tri-color pattern. Is there some symbolic justification, however, why a country's spirit (as we've put it) must be one particular color or not? Off hand, I don't see any, and yet many might or will be moved just the same.

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Oh, I see how it is. The affairs of this world are centered on and answerable to this ancient personage who feels sorry for himself, and this last because he *had* to do the wrong thing. And what, after all, does he do with all this money and power he acquired by doing the wrong thing so egregiously? He lives in a fantasy world where honesty and speaking the truth without his permission are proscribed and forbidden.

Yet not to worry! Those of us who are gratuitously and unjustly injured by he and his angels and devils will be compensated for our trouble; so long as we charitably indulge him and surrender to this state of things. My own thought is that instead of accommodating this person, mankind ought rather to band together and look to destroying him with the world's collective scientific, technological, police and military forces. But such a suggestion has been hitherto rejected based on the notion that he is, so they claim, a great personal friend of God's; so that to blow him and his people up would somehow be ungentle and impious on our part.

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Boredom, loneliness, idleness, doubt, stress, suffer betrayal, rejection, fear, anxiety, sorrow, despondency, desperation – why, I've seen and done it all!

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"...But for your exceeding minuteness,' he said, 'in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a schoolboy account of the genus Sphinx, of the family Crepuscularia of the order Lepidoptera, of the class of Insecta -- or insects. The account runs thus:

"Four membranous wings covered with little colored scales of metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair; antennae in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death's-headed Sphinx has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet.'

"He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at the moment of beholding 'the monster.'

"Ah, here it is,' he presently exclaimed -- 'it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it, -- for the fact is that, as it wriggles its way up this thread, which some spider has wrought along the window-sash, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye.'"

~ Edgar Allen Poe, from "The Sphinx" (1850)

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On a regular basis, the Devil purposely highlights and magnifies (in people's minds) his presence and importance -- because he *needs* to do so (think about it -- please!)

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He *had* to lie, cheat, steal, rape, torture, murder, sell his soul to the devil, etc. -- all so that he might live a more rich and successful life. "But at least," says he, "no one can accuse *me* of being self-righteous!"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Those people are not really the citizens of that country – more properly, they are the accomplices of those who, using evil to succeed in life, murdered or exiled that country's true and best citizens.

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The biggest error a person is ever liable to is overestimating or underestimating someone or something. God, in a very practical sense then, is the idea of never making those kinds of mistakes.

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*What's this?* Why, it's the very lovely (I always thought so) Melody Patterson of "F-Troop" in a late 60's ad for Zip Code -- just to further demonstrate for any left doubting that "no freakin' way" is by no means a new or unprecedented phenomena.



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Below are two of my most favorite internet banner advertisements of late. The first I found this morning (March 17) at Yahoo mail; the second appeared at ebay on Feb. 20:



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*This just in --*

"THE DESK OF: PROFESSOR. CHARLES C. SOLUDO  
GOVERNOR, CENTRAL BANK OF NIGERIA (CBN).  
INTERNATIONAL RIMMITANCE [sic] DEPARTMENT.  
CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS: # CBN HOUSE,  
Tinubu square, Eleke Crescent-Victoria Island Marina,  
Victoria Island Lagos Nigeria West Africa.  
P.O.Box 55037 Falomo Ikoyi Lagos Island Marina.  
DIRECT EMAIL:soludo\_charles11@sify.com

"ATTN: HONORABLE CONTRACTOR.  
"IMMEDIATE CONTRACT PAYMENT. CONTRACT #: AV/NNPC/FGN/MIN/009  
"The acknowledgement, of Your Immediate Contract Payment.  
"Contract Number #: AV/NNPC/FGN/MIN/009.

"On behalf of the entire staff of Central Bank of Nigeria, and the Federal Government of Nigeria in collaborated with the Authorities, who are in charge of foreign contract payments. We Apologies, for the

delay of your Contract payment, the Inconveniences and Inflict that we might have indulge you through. "However, where having some minor problems with our payment system, which have demoralized us, also have caused a lot of predicament to this organization, which is Inexplicable? And have held us Indolent, not having the perseverance and Aspiration to devote our 100% standard Assiduity in accrediting foreign contract payments. Once again, Our Apologies for all inconveniences.

"From the Records of outstanding contractors due for payment with the Federal Government of Nigeria, your name and Company was discovered as next on the list of the outstanding Contractors who have not yet received their payments.

"I wish to inform you now that the square peg is now in square hole, and can be vogueish for that your payment is being processed and will be released to you as soon as you respond to this letter. Also note that from my record in my file your outstanding contract payment is US\$15.5 Million Dollars(Fifteen [sic] Million Five Hundred Thousand United States Dollars).

"Kindly re-confirm to me the followings:

- 1) Your full name.
- 2) Phone, fax and mobile #.
- 3) Company name, position and address.
- 4) Profession, age and marital status.
- 5) Working I'd/Int'l passport.

"As soon as this information is received, your payment will be made to you in a certified Bank wired Transfer to your nominated Bank Account.

"You must contact me with this private email: soludo\_charles11@sify.com for more breifing [sic] as soon as you receive this letter regards to your Contract Payment.

"Truly,

"Professor. Charles c. [sic] Soludo  
Governor, Central Bank of Nigeria (CBN)."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Many, myself included, are and will be aghast and resentful at the cruelty and injustice that is permitted to go on in the world, and yet how do or might the poor animals of this globe -- and who have no say at all in what goes on -- feel on the subject? In this fact is sobering food for thought and a lesson in humility if ever there was; nor will it do -- not to a fair and honest person at any rate -- to say merely "Oh, they're just animals (so this is no great matter.)"

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No doubt one of the most positively awful and yet in retrospect didactically wonderful movies ever made is "What's So Bad About Feeling Good?" (1968) starring George Peppard and Mary Tyler Moore. I rather strongly suspect, and if I may get straight to the point, that the person behind this film was a certain kind of "sorcerer-induced" person -- sort of a late 60's equivalent or manifestation of the "no freakin' way" mentality -- that is, a well-meaning individual, but also a mentally meandering hypocrite clearly under the influence. The film proposes (and assumes) the idea that people are generally too contentious, gloomy -- and *dirty* (!) -- and then goes out of its way to emphasize this all so that the logical question can then be posed -- why not be happy instead? As things are the military is evil; hippies (or beatniks) are morose bums; average New Yorkers are cantankerous and rude. How then is happiness to be introduced? By means of a magical Toucan bird who brings the "virus" (according to the bird's foolish detractors) of love and happiness (and, for our purposes, you can think of the Toucan as being, in effect, the "friendly" magician -- who brings felicity and well being by means of his spells and conjurations.) This premise is not unlike the pie-in-the-sky joy and glee we've heard and seen in recent years in "pop" culture (ahem) -- where magic and the wonder of magic bring you happiness -- all with little or no regard to morals, conscience, reasonableness, social justice. Chuck all that they say -- just be happy! Say no, for example, to smoking and

drugs and say yes to spirit people marvels and mind control (which latter, rest assured, can be actually far, far worse in their deleterious repercussions.) You, at least, who know these kind of people will, I believe, recognize the type. To top it all off, the film is blessed with a sometimes engaging 60's feel of foreboding and is very period in mood -- if obviously confused and self-contradicting in its optimism.

Here are some lines from the film (courtesy of a contributor at imdb):

Pete: Hey listen.

Liz: To what, the traffic?

Pete: Kids laughing.

Liz: You know "why" they're laughing? 'Cause they're not old enough to read the newspaper. You take a look at the front page and then try laughing. The world's a stinking, hopeless mess! Oh, Pete, you're sick.

---

Aide: Mister Mayor, eighty-two percent not only stop brooding, they stop smoking. Ninety-three percent stop drinking.

The Mayor: What's wrong with that?

Aide: In terms of dollars and cents, it's disastrous. Our city is facing a drastic loss in income from sales tax.

The Mayor: That's ridiculous. Forty-seven people? A drop in the bucket.

Aide: But if this goes unchecked for a month, by mathematical progression, half of New York will have the virus. You know what that means? It means a loss in cigarette and liquor taxes more than one hundred and eighty million dollars.

The Mayor: [voice hoarse] A hundred and eighty million... Brady, what are you sitting there for? Get that bird!

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Dr. Shapiro: What this particular virus evidently does is cause changes in our behavior patterns. People infected become euphoric, have a sense of well-being.

The Mayor: Well, I'm not going to order the Police Commissioner to call out twenty-eight thousand cops to find some bird that makes people feel good.

Dr. Shapiro: But we have no way of knowing what it may lead to. People could feel so good they'd quit their jobs, fly kites in Times Square, block traffic, uh... stop voting...

The Mayor: Stop voting! [picks up the phone] Get me the Police Commissioner.

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Imagine a Steven Spielberg-like drama involving dinosaurs or flying saucers taking place in actuality rather than in a movie. That is what dealing with spirit people, including ghost sorcerers and or angels, is like in real life -- some (of us) will find such an experience dramatic and exciting; while others will be disgusted and nauseated, all depending how one views these "other-worldly" personages.

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A good poet knows  
There are as many  
Highs and lows,  
Not to mention  
Fast and slows,  
In Life  
On which to draw on  
And compose  
As there are

In Music  
-- only more so.  
And though they'll tell you  
"It's all been said,"  
Not all of rhythm,  
Counterpoint and harmony  
Has yet been heard or read.

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Regret

Oh, for in us when
Life poured radiant
Toward a golden sea!

But steered astray
By auras and mists
Of a treacherous noon,
The view vanished soon.

Now all that's left,
Now that time has run,
Are the dripping embers
Of the distant sun.

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Yes, you are very much in the right. But that doesn't mean you still can't be tripped up or caught in traps and snares that will or might undermine your position; and this by using people who though very guilty in major respects are, nonetheless, yet perhaps more deserving of sympathy than you are. To give you an exemplification of what I mean, I have this family member who routinely insults and abuses me, while *believing* himself justified in doing so. Really, it's beyond ridiculous how he can and will act in this wise. But he carries on as he does because he is under the influence; is really quite the basket case for this reason, and in his way is as much a victim of these criminal spirit people as I am, or more so, only differently. While he accommodates and goes along with them; I resist. Now you see, there is a trap here for me to go and assume my superiority with him, while magnifying in my mind his own guilt. But if I am more careful, I will realize that as bad as he acts or has acted he is not so very unlike some dumb animal, say a dog that will not stop barking, that has a sprite in him. Therefore, although it is well for me to reject and be appalled at his conduct, it is absolutely necessary to at least keep in the back of my mind the awareness of himself being a victim, and in this way eschew and avoid being unfair and insensitive to his situation, while protecting myself from foolishness of my own fomenting or arising from my own carelessness.





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Stop and think. Does life and the world really revolve around this person who *had to do the wrong thing* (in a very serious way), or is it rather the case that those who have come to assume this have had some heavy duty mind control done to them (or else indirectly suffer the after shocks or reverberations of such treatment inflicted on others) by this person and or his assistants? For myself, I am not a little inclined to think that evil would not be treated as so monolithic and essential to our lives (or the human condition) but that humanity collectively has too often behaved childishly and irrationally in the face of the threat this person (or persons) has and does pose.

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Vice Pres. Biden is up and at 'em against the Taliban in Afghanistan, but when will we ever hear this of this country's leadership busting trusts and fighting racketeering and monopolies in this country -- and who are actually among the real worst threats both to the economy and this nation's freedoms? The answer to this is ostensibly never. (I believe Jerry Brown denoted this phenomena of parties changing administrations a case of tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum.)

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|---|-------|---------------|--------|
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Can you spot the error in the "new" look of the daily news briefing on Yahoo's mail page?

Who then won in the struggle between Yahoo and Microsoft for the soul of Yahoo.com? Evidently, Monster.com!

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Though in some respects it has the quality of an end about it, Reason or Logos is deified not as an end but as a just means.

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One suffers or bears the cross for the well-being of their family, loved ones, the church or perhaps their country -- not to procure a crown, glory and a prize for oneself; which, let's face it, in practice would not make a whole lot of sense to anyone.


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As a male you pray to the father to be a father yourself, and you pray to the mother to express love and act with respect towards her; and if a female vice versa -- and you look to realize and know the father and mother, by means and grace of the holy or great spirit, in and through your heart and soul; *not* by straining to find them via your senses in the physical world outside you.

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Satan versus honest science. Now guess who wins if there is a serious disagreement between the two?

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He has nothing anywhere near commensurate with his arrogance and presumption; it's all magic and illusion; nor is it so very hard to dispel and expose these but for his use of violence, bribery, mind control and threats to suppress questioning and dissent.

Yet he persists in insisting he has great value to back it all up. He makes or breaks you in the movies, he says. But I am not in his movies; nor do I want to be. I'm in my own movies if I want to be in the movies. This comes as a surprise to hear this because to him he *is* the movies -- which as you know is very much the joke. If it wasn't for Satan he couldn't get anywhere (i.e. if he had to rely on his own talents and abilities), and as it stands though he's good at a little of this and a little of that, really he can't do much of anything but gossip, spy, and bother people. Even so and further, he makes it seem as if he held the keys of heaven, but to me he is only the ghost without a country and those diaphanous angels and golden feely-feel good feelings are at bottom only so much phony baloney. Yet this is only my opinion. And if you like these people, by all means go be with them. But from wherever did this idea arise that *we* were, or are supposed to be interested?

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"I believe this government cannot endure, permanently half slave and half free.

"I do not expect the Union to be dissolved -- I do not expect the house to fall -- but I do expect it will cease to be divided.

"It will become all one thing or all the other.

"Either the opponents of slavery, will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new -- North as well as South."

~ Abraham Lincoln, from speech given in Springfield, Illinois, June 16, 1858.

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*Beatles Plus...*

In looking back, the Beatles were in a sense over done and many of their touted hits are (in my opinion) really only so-so, but they did as well as anyone if they only had to go on their genuinely good to better songs. Well, just within the past week someone in one of my music lists uploaded a collection of some 80 Beatles covers done by a variety of artists old and new. What I did then was *process* (remember "process precedes image" -- in this case an *image* of the Beatles) to get or create my best image of the Beatles from that set; and making my selections based on good to better performance and good to better song -- if not both I did not include the song as a final choice (though I have to admit "Yellow Submarine" as a song is getting borderline -- but it's all right; the 101 Strings *performance* of "Something" is in a similar way -- but both in all are *all right* and so are included.) Plus I cut a little slack for some based on novelty. Last, I also threw in from my own collection Tom Jones singing "Hey Jude." You'll notice, there are three renditions of

"All My Loving" which to me is probably my most liked Beatles song of all. Of course, this end result Beatles portrait is my own, and equally of course, is to that extent subjective. But then what painting, in the final analysis, isn't? [All tracks are in mp3 zipped.]

- \* "All My Loving" with Annette Funicello
- \* "All My Loving" with Margareta Pislaru si Sincron (Romania)
- \* "All My Loving" with Jimmy Griffin
- \* "Fool On the Hill" with Les Miladys (Canada)
- \* "Something" with 101 Strings
- \* "Yellow Submarine" with Enoch Light orchestra
- \* "I Should Have Known Better" with the Naturals
- \* "Hey Jude" with Tom Jones
- \* "Eleanor Rigby" with Erick Saint Laurent
- \* "Yesterday" with Chet Atkins

*Later Note.* I did not mean to suggest that the above were *all* or the Beatles only good to better songs; rather, this list, of course, is merely one selection of *some* of those songs.

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"Hardly any of these surrounding nations cared for what to the Greeks was the very essence of life liberty to be, to think, to speak, and to do. Every one of these peoples except the Phoenicians lived under despots, surrendered their souls to superstition, and had small experience of the stimulus of freedom or the life of reason. That was why the Greeks called them, all too indiscriminately, *barbaroi*, barbarians; a barbarian was a man content to believe without reason and to live without liberty. In the end the two conceptions of life the mysticism of the East and the rationalism of the West would fight for the body and soul of Greece. Rationalism would win under Pericles, as under Caesar, Leo X, and Frederick; but mysticism would always return. The alternate victories of these complementary philosophies in the vast pendulum of history constitute the essential biography of Western civilization."

~ Will Durant, *The Life of Greece*, p. 70.

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*Holding on -- Late March 1918.*

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And I ask you how can the mob and despots hold such political sway and powerfully sustain and perpetuate themselves down through the ages but for the intervention and their nurturing by spirit people who are criminal masterminds? Where else do they obtain their drive, their intelligence and expertise? From reading Machiavelli? From street smarts? Or attending tyrant school?

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So, as we said, they want to purchase and excuse evil with their heaven. But they cannot purchase and excuse evil with their heaven if their heaven isn't really worth anything -- not with us certainly. Defeat evil

then by rejecting their false heaven. Yet how do we know it is false? Because, among other reasons, its people are verbally uncommunicative; hide and keep secrets.

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When you suffer Hell, use your own suffering at their hands as ammunition to lay up for later use against them; for remember that for every action there is an equal and opposite reaction -- only in order to effect and realize this one must ever strive to occupy the moral high ground; ever strive to be just.

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But why isn't knowledge of the here and now moonshine also? After all, it's only a matter of time before the here and now becomes the before and earlier.

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If two individuals, groups or bodies are engaged in a form of strife where one side or more intentionally seeks to undermine or do injury to the other's basic human rights *and* there is not a majority or overriding consensus in the community to prevent this from going on further, society as such, including government, no longer exists (or else hasn't much longer to live.)

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And so at last, and as is no doubt the case with not a few others, after so many years had gone by I found to my great surprise, and despite earlier hopes and bright prospects, that my life had to a significant extent ended up being an acutely painful and horrible experience. But this, of course, is and never was the fault of life. Rather, the blame lies with the predominance of the ghoulish religion and which it is every *living* person's duty to combat and root out -- not appease and accommodate.

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For the benefit of those who might be made subject to such a dizzying and fearful spasm -- not less than a half hour of penning the item below that he hit me with what was tantamount to a lightning bolt/stun gun -- naturally, for my perceived impertinence. What you do when such happens is not so much go to your thoughts to find strength but think of or look to your spirit and your heart, and say "Yes, indeed, thanks be to God!" and then to the attacker "pray for peace? Why, I'm all for it (yes, you indeed pray for peace too as shall I.)" And with that, along with reminding myself it was really just him using violence as usual, I succeeded in calming my spirit.

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*RE: He Who GETS to be Interesting TOO*

While you might think me a hypochondriac for belaboring the point, the plain fact is I have and continued to be physically harassed and tortured by these people on an ongoing basis -- and try as I may I am ever interested in finding a means of ending this situation, preferably without any bother or fuss. Indeed, if I had my way these people would simply just go away and I would more than settle for that. Not only do I not need to cash on all this, I in fact just as soon not do so; lest it be inferred that my desire to rid myself of these people permanently was in the least less than absolutely pure.

Aside from their hurting those poor animals I tried to take care of, the thing that most infuriates me about these spirit people is the argument they use that they represent heaven and that this heaven excuses and will compensate for any damages they do. Now before I speak further I need to emphatically emphasize that

when I make the following criticisms, I do not in the least mean to disparage or condemn the many goddesses, saints, angels, poorer devils, nymphs, elves, pixies, goon sprites, the ghost of Borley Rectory, etc. who are only captive, slave and zombie people who don't really have a whole lot of say, but who are sometime used as bit players. Were these types with someone else and somewhere else, I'm sure most any given one could turn out as a million bucks with the right and patient rehabilitation. They are not then whom I am referring when I speak of this alleged heaven as a filthy curse and horror. Rather, I speak with respect to the king or lord of this heaven and his immediate lieutenants. This is important, again, you see because this heaven is what is fraudulently used to, in effect, pay for and buy the evil such as the ghoulish magician and Speelburg (or Bruckhymer, Oafmore, etc.) do and perpetrate. So that somewhere along the way they are supposed to be helping people.

This last, needless to add, I utterly reject, and rather I accuse the head of this alleged heaven as being nothing more than a prehistoric panhandler who has been using such false pretense to leech on (as in mooch or welch; though leech is the better word) such as myself and others. This is no funny joke or satire on my part, but I mean it. Number one I reject now and forever his heaven as he and or his immediate lieutenants are present or directly involved with it as constituting nothing short of a nasty disease, and see it as the curse and horror of known existence (speaking this as my mere opinion of course; since I don't pretend to be their judge.) And if all this isn't quite true, then let's see this heavenly lord make good without bumming off of me. Let's see him get off his urine stained couch and stand on his own two feet without leaning on me -- i.e. by calling off his dog the magician and his other thugalings. I defy and challenge him to do it, and, in doing so, prove to myself and everyone else who is interested in the matter who and what he actually is. Let's see him do it!

"But Sherman, you know me; you know I'm good. Just give me a little more time. I'll come up with it and more. Things are looking really good right now and..."

You said that last year.

"I know, I did, I know; it's just that..."

You bum. Just get a move on and get out of my life. I'll settle for that. You don't owe me anything. But God have mercy on you for what you did to those poor kids and similar.

[Though I know he is too busy to read such things; would someone in a position to please do me the kindness of at least telegraphing those very last lines of mine to him?]

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The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse: boredom, loneliness, forced idleness, the ghoulish magician

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*Two words of explanation*

Why aren't their more television comedy shows among my recommendations?

Because pretty much most all of the best comedy shows there ever were -- such as 60's and 70's family comedy shows like "Leave it to Beaver," "F-Troop" or "Gilligan's Island" etc., etc., or Paul Henning's and Norman Lear respective series-es to give some examples -- usually do or have gotten good air play on television stations across the country and around the world compared to drama shows, generally speaking, and therefore I deem them too well-known for anyone to need being introduced or re-introduced to them. And it is hard to imagine this being much changed with time's passage. Yet as stated before with respect to the Carol Burnett show, perhaps years from now if I am still around doing this I might feel differently.

How technologically are brain torture radios supposed to work?

Although I have way back among my earlier "Oracles" in an item entitled the "Transmutation of Form" suggested how radio waves can be superimposed on brain waves, I otherwise can't say I exactly know. Yet I can tell you that the magician one time related to me that in my case it was done by having tiny, tiny sprites place micro-conductors the size of grains of rice in my head. More than this I otherwise couldn't quite tell you.

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He no longer inhabits the world, except to visit, and instead lives in his soul, seeking, by means of self-discipline, charity, prayers, and peace, to make *that* a more comfortable place to live.

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"Oh, go mind your own business, why don't you? [sigh] Oh, *you* don't understand. No you don't! No you don't!"

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Do you mean to suggest that this person of geo-global importance was made to feel like some nobody who had nothing to live for? No, freakin' way! Who on earth could have astonishing and astounding powers of this kind to accomplish such a thing?"

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"This person will clearly never get to be a glamorous movie star; and this I suppose is your God's idea of justice." (Yes, this is actually how stupid some of these people are.)

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Although they can be extremely knowledgeable in certain areas, as well as highly skilled at certain tasks, there are no classicists among arrogant spirit people, only rank barbarians.

As a rule when dealing with such understand that they are total shysters and hypocrites; and as we have before pointed out, they like to have the privilege of both operating and dictating (to regular people) in this, our, sphere of things, yet they will not come out in the open either to clearly identify themselves or take responsibility for what they are doing. Do not hesitate then, if you have the logical and moral high ground, to dictate to them; nor let them put on supercilious airs or be dogmatically presuming with you. (To give one illustration, I might respond to their harassing by saying something like "By the very powers of Chandu, get your own life together already and go mind your own business" or "By the powers of Chandu, I command you to mind your own business – those are the rules [that is all.]"*) Treat them, for all their amazing powers, wonders, coincidences, predictions, *deja vu*, etc., just as you would anyone else who would bully and push people around. By the same token if they are right on a given point, concede that and be fair to them. But under no circumstances let them take it for granted that because they are spirit people they are necessarily superior or have more rights or say than you or anyone else does -- *per se*. Needless to say, this does not mean they will listen, or that they cannot force their way on you, yet even so such use of brute force (just as with anyone else) does and cannot of itself, of course, necessarily imply they are right or justified in acting or commanding as they do. True, they themselves and many, many others will act as if they are and must be at the center of cosmic and religious world events; but if they are viewed this way it is only because people in their unthinking and manipulated ignorance permit this, and so end up believing a lot of their self-serving propaganda and foolishness, and it goes without saying this is, to say the least, a far cry from being the necessary state of things.

* Don't neglect or forget to have handy your universal *li* principle, btw, when resorting to such invocations (sort of like Kato accompanying or teamed with the Green Hornet.)

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*Now For Something Completely Different*

I found out about this from one of my favorite YouTube viewer websites (which latter I will possibly also introduce here some other occasion), but to be brief, avoid platitudes and suffice to say this person you can watch via the YouTube link below is a very amusing and talented fellow -- and I was not a little surprised to see something like this going on *these days* (groan) -- in fact, I must admit I am encouraged and inspired by him myself. Note, this is only one of a number of videos of this performer, and if this one starts your interest, it is worth your while to check out the others with him (and Alice) in them as well (see the YouTube side menu.)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ggbKYol19z4&feature=related> ["Hanging out with [the Mad] Hatter [at Disneyland]"]

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Upon accepting his award
To the crowd he bows, his peers;
Then comes his keeper
To take him home
Amidst the applause and cheers.

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"Your promises give me great pleasure; and your performance of them, which I rely upon, will give me still greater. I am sure you know that breaking of your word is a folly, a dishonour, and a crime. It is a folly, because nobody will trust you afterwards and it is both a dishonour and a crime, truth being the first duty of religion and morality: and whoever has not truth, cannot be supposed to have any one good quality, and must become the detestation of God and man. Therefore I expect, from your truth and your honour, that you will do that, which, independently of your promise, your own interest and ambition ought to incline you to do: that is, to excel in everything you undertake."

~ Lord Chesterfield (1694-1773), 28 June 1742, to his son.

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MSN-NBC-Universal

Banker! Bankers! Bankers (or else oil company executives) are to blame (so they say.) When will they ever have the courage to criticize, let alone indict, those running the (very uncompetitive) mass media? They won't do it; because that's where Satan really lives. (Observe in passing also how it was the Ministry of Propaganda which took over the home computer industry -- so that the latter now is but a faint shadow of the creative and innovative force it once was originally -- and instead full of bugs, viruses, and spoof advertising.)

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He can eat that rich food on us that's true, but God knows, just as we do, that he'll only make himself that much more fat doing so -- this, when he's already obese enough as it is. So you see he does end up paying a

very real and measurable price for being able to glut and satisfy his appetite and ambition more or less when and as he pleases.

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What does a "Copernican Revolution," such as we propose at this website, in practical terms mean? It means that instead of being relegated to addressing the symptoms and secondary and tertiary causes of serious problems we now have the opportunity to confront them at their source. For example, the need for more and better government provided health care frequently comes up. Yet if it could be established that criminal spirit people are instrumental in and for the devising and spreading of serious diseases, and that such spirit persons could be attacked and eradicated, then what we might discover is that the need for doctors' care was much less needed than many have hitherto believed.

The same is true of military and diplomatic matters, crime and law enforcement, religious strife and misunderstanding, and environmental, education, and economic concerns. By the same token and as it stands, consider how much time, energy, funds and resources -- not to mention lives -- end up being wasted and squandered by limiting cures and would-be cures to the focus on mere symptoms and secondary causes, and which well meaning but misguided efforts as often as not are either mostly useless or else only contribute to exacerbating the situation, and or else create or make worse *other* problems.

As we have pointed out before, when people listen to spirit people as guides and advisers what ends up happening is that they proceed to abandon honest reason and basic morals, while fostering secrecy and proscribing discussion. This of itself, were spirit people responsible for nothing else, undermines and debilitates individuals' and society's capacity to intelligently get at and solve problems, and very pointedly illustrates the very tragic implications of denying or turning a blind eye to the presence and impact of such "other worldly" criminals and their hench-persons in our midst.

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Here's an somewhat unusual item picked up from one of the music lists I'm subscribed to, actor Tab Hunter singing "[And so to Sleep Again](#)" (.mp3 zipped at 2.6 MBs)

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Brain torture radios, willful physical mutilation of another, serial rapes and killings, poisoning people and animals, systematic torture and abuse and more and similar. Granted nobody's perfect, yet what will he tell the judge was his reason and excuse for doing such things as this? What's more, it is one thing for someone to claim that they were coerced against their will into doing something wrong, yet who forces someone to be a millionaire?

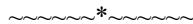
But he says this life will end and then all these troubles will disappear. Tell *that* to those filthy ghost sorcerers, ghost vampires, goon sprites, and other miserable and tormented beings whom we've seen and met first hand from beyond the spirit realm.

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Is life at its root a war for selfish survival (the Orkonic perspective) or a partnership for mutual survival and happiness (the view of the Bearstone tribe?) From this question springs all the foremost issues and concerns of a serious or dire cast that beset us. The two motives it suggests, furthermore, are the basis for the essential distinction between good and evil -- even though some do and will continue to pretend or foolishly believe there is a third way -- but of course the practical truth is this supposed third alternative is really only the first mentioned way concealed and disguised.



If Moses pretended to be God it was in order to counter the devil's doing so, and because it was the only way to get his people to listen to him. Yet this is not to say he was not of God; for of course he truly was, and allowing for the times in which he lived, in speaking from God's heart and spirit within him.



It is true, there is most certainly a fair amount of nonsense originating with spirit people in the Bible; and even such as St. Paul, who often speaks such wonderful wisdom, shows that he was, on other occasions, not above being under the influence -- even to the extent, at times (see letters to the Corinthians, for instance), of rejecting Christ's teachings on forbearance, forgiveness, and false religious pride; or such as in the apostle's acknowledging Satan's purported *right* to punish and torment people. But the fault is not with religious faith, the Bible, or Paul so much as it is the inability or refusal to treat spirit people rationally and objectively -- which even now of course, let alone way back then and earlier, is not the easiest thing in the world to do.

*Note.* In fairness to Paul, he might, in retrospect and for all we know, fault those who edited his writings (say, in placing what he wrote out of its original and intended context) than what he said necessarily.



It's not his pretended popularity or that he sold so many tickets to his movies or his religion that accounts for his greatness. Rather, it's because he's a ghost who can frighten and or beat people up (or have people beat up by someone else working for him) -- *and*, in addition, because society does not permit spirit people to be openly and honestly discussed.

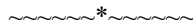
And who, after all, is this so very privileged ghost? He is simply someone who thought that by doing the wrong thing a certain way he would for sure strike pay dirt. However, all he actually ended up doing was digging a grave for himself, and dragging these others (who listen to him) along with him into it.



One of his funnest and favorite things to do these days is to go around telling everyone so-and-so's and such-and-such's I.Q. (And this because they told him his was a such a high number.)



Look how he sneers, judges and punishes others for their real and imagined mistakes or misdeeds. Yet when it comes to the troubles *he* (and his associates) causes he says "Someone will pay for the damage." Problem is is that (outside the punitive sense) he is not that someone (i.e. and has no right, therefore, invoking this other as his excuse.)



What was right before is now frowned upon (if not made criminal) and what was before frowned upon (if not criminal) is treated as right. The question then that needs raising is what rules have changed? Who is changing the rules on us and where and how are they doing this?





No (spirit person) angel ever taught a person honesty. Yet how very much in awe of angels many (if not most) people are and would sooner listen to and heed an angel, ghost or other spirit person than someone who was honest and rational.

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More Mystery Cuts

As before, we have some tracks here that need better ID-ing yet which I thought I would post in the interim till this is done anyway. I believe the second song here is "Trouble Blues" by McKinley Mitchell but still need to do some more inquiring before formally designating it as such.

"This Love is True" ["Don't Fight It" by Parrish and Wilde -- Invader Records #407] (.wma 2.2 MBs -- right click "Save as...")

"Trouble Blues" by McKinley Mitchell (.wma 3.3 MBs)

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Life needs and at the same time can only take so much -- so much space, so much sun, so much heat, so much cold, so much air, so much moisture, so much food, so much antipathy, so much love, so much truth, etc., etc. -- with balance and harmony, i.e. justice, playing a key role in all of this.

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We look to the past not to be spectators over what is dead but rather to remind or make ourselves aware of what, either for better or worse, can, might or will live again. At the same time, we often and better know who and what was more alive and living back then by what is most memorable; while giving us food for thought about who and what is most alive and living now.

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"*More*, not *less* trouble [going on] -- that's *just* the way I like it (he, he, he.)"

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I was watching the news (something I rarely do anymore) and they were interviewing ordinary citizens about the Pres. Obama's decision to send 17,000 additional troops to fight in Afghanistan. One woman said we've already done what we could there and should bring the troops home. Meantime, one man spoken with said we still needed to stay and finish up the job in order to prevent another 911. Yeah right, I thought.

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#### *Once more in a nutshell --*

Though his films don't exactly endear themselves to me, in fairness the actual Spielberg is a talented director otherwise and in his way (and allowing for other circumstances), and when I speak of *the* movie career I don't really mean his own (though his own was certainly and to some extent dragged into it.) The pseudo-"Speelburg" or "Speelburg the Greater" on the other hand, though he has an imperial-like opinion of himself, is little better than a puppet or vegetable being used by these spirit people. No, the true movie career belongs to a spirit person -- but whose exactly scientists have yet to determine. Is it Satan's? Okeus? The ghoulish magician? Someone else? We simply just don't know. But either way the main point is this, he or whoever it is is not going to pin that loser career on us! You need to understand that though whoever he is rates very highly as a monster, he made a complete fool of himself with that movie career and which

he persists in still trying to foist on both the willing and unwilling. This, you see, is a grave error on his part. Think of it being like his invading Russia -- it spells the end of it all for him, and reveals the mortal frailty which a career such as his is subject to. In other words, while he might even have and conceivably justified his position on the basis of evil (for the sake of argument), his pretense to movie greatness gave the lie to such purity -- hence the rest must ultimately fall. Whether such as myself will live to see the final nose dive is unclear, but that it will happen it's already a done thing.

Last, and incidentally, on a bad day call him the ghoulish magician; on a good day call him the foolish magician -- either way it's ultimately up to him what he prefers.

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Yes, I really do object to having my life being made to revolve around someone who feels it necessary to do the wrong thing in a serious way while commanding others to do the same. And had I known such was to be the case, and were it in my power to do so, I'd just as soon never have been born instead. But as it is I have these children and animals to take care of. But once and after I'm done doing that, you can have and keep the rest since with it being necessary for him to be around the rest obviously isn't really worth of much anything anyway.

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Making allowance for the slave and captive types among them whom we would *not* (as such) want to hurt or offend, you will otherwise henceforth call and address himself, his ghosts, his devils, his angels and his heaven, as the spirits of evil and unhappiness.

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"Lawyer?" That word sounds vaguely familiar, but no I don't know. Isn't that some kind of blogger? No, so go ahead, tell me what it means.

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"You love the old dog Tray; and Bella [Isabel] loves him as well as you. He is a noble old fellow, with shaggy hair and long ears, and big paws that he will put up into your hand, if you ask him. And he never gets angry when you play with him, and tumble him over in the long grass, and pull his silken ears. Sometimes, to be sure, he will open his mouth as if he would bite, but when he gets your hand fairly in his jaws, he will scarce leave the print of his teeth upon it. He will swim too, bravely, and bring ashore all the sticks you throw upon the water; and when you fling a stone to tease him, he swims round and round, and whines, and looks sorry that he cannot find it.

"He will carry a heaping basket full of nuts, too, in his mouth, and never spill one of them; and when you come out to your uncle's home in the spring, after staying a whole winter in the town, he knows you — old Tray does! And he leaps upon you, and lays his paws on your shoulder, and licks your face, and is almost as glad to see you as cousin Bella herself. And when you put Bella on his back for a ride, he only pretends to bite her little feet; but he wouldn't do it for the world. Aye, Tray is a noble old dog!

"But one summer the farmers say that some of their sheep are killed, and that the dogs have worried them; and one of them comes to talk with my uncle about it.

"But Tray never worried sheep; you know he never did; and so does nurse; and so does Bella; for in the spring she had a pet lamb, and Tray never worried little Fidele.

"And one or two of the dogs that belong to the neighbors are shot; though nobody knows who shot them; and you have great fears about poor Tray; and try to keep him at home, and fondle him more than ever. But Tray will sometimes wander off; and finally, one afternoon he comes back whining piteously, and with his shoulder bloody.

"Little Bella cries aloud; and you almost cry, as nurse dresses the wound; and poor old Tray howls grievously. You pat his head, and Bella pats him; and you sit down together by him on the floor of the

porch, and bring a rug for him to lie upon, and try and tempt him with a little milk; and Bella brings a piece of cake for him, — but he will eat nothing. You sit up till very late, long after Bella has gone to bed, patting his head, and wishing you could do something for poor Tray; but he only licks your hand, and whines more piteously than ever.

"In the morning you dress early, and hurry down- stairs; but Tray is not lying on the rug; and you run through the house to find him, and whistle and call — Tray! Tray! At length you see him lying in his old place out by the cherry-tree, and you run to him, — but he does not start; and you lean down to pat him, — but he is cold, and the dew is wet upon him. Poor Tray is dead!

"You take his head upon your knees, and pat again those glossy ears; but you cannot bring him to life. And Bella comes and mourns with you. You can hardly bear to have him put in the ground; but uncle says he must be buried. So one of the work-men digs a grave under the cherry-tree where he died, — a deep grave; and they round it over with earth, and smooth the sods upon it; — even now I can trace Tray's grave.

"You and Bella together put up a little slab for a tombstone; and she hangs flowers upon it, and ties them there with a bit of ribbon. You can scarce play all that day; and afterward, many weeks later, when you are rambling over the fields, or lingering by the brook, throwing off sticks into the eddies, you think of old Tray's shaggy coat, and of his big paw, and of his honest eye; and the memory of your boyish grief comes upon you, and you say, with a sigh, 'Poor Tray!' And Bella too, in her sad, sweet tones, says, 'Poor old Tray, he is dead!'"

~ Ik Marvel (Donald Grant Mitchell), *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850), Fourth Reverie, I ("The Morning").

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Since they won't address the subject of spirit people they can never really get at and eradicate organized crime, nor in turn the enterprise and competition constricting monopolies and crime backed "trade" associations that tyrannize our lives (including the economy.) And since (and for some time now) we throw up our hands at organized crime, why not then, in our nation's capital, go the next logical next step and erect the Dracula Monument and the Blackbeard and Merlin memorials? Or put the faces of Al Capone, the Green River Killer and Peter Pan on our currency? (I jest, of course, but you know the way things have been going the past ten years or so such a thing, unimaginable before, now and very sadly seems not so very outlandish a possibility.)

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### *The Bearstone Manifesto*

Just for the record and to avoid any misunderstanding, we don't dogmatically insist that the devil is without *any* good to offer whatsoever. All we are saying, in short and to put it politely, is that he charges far and away too much for it (and assuming that good in the given context and circumstances is even desirable or worthwhile to begin with -- which it may or might not be.) On top of all this, he is *never* better than or superior to nature or what is honest and natural.

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Sea Song

The mew flies in with news
Of solitary ships and barks
Plying waters far off and dark.
And though he laughs so,
My tears in rivers
Still flow and flow
For what happened long ago.

The pennant at the peak...
The yard swinging that squeaks
To a shuddering ruffle,
Till all sound is muffled
And proudly the sail fills,
Tacking towards the lee,
Taking us to the sea.

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Go ahead, have the girl! I don't care. Just don't be leeching on and mooching off me in order to keep her.

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A murky cloud of darkness at present engulfs us and suffocates hope. But don't forget. Man for man he's not so much, and indeed needs a gang to contend with myself who, due to forced and contrived circumstances, am alone. But make him face me man for man and see how great and mighty Satan is then!

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Napoleon's first Waterloo was when through clumsiness he capitulated to Tallyrand and ended up acquiescing to the execution of the Duc D'Enghien (based on the false supposition that the Duke was part of a Royalist conspiracy to overthrow the Emperor.) In some ways, I think this entrapment of the otherwise well meaning Corsican was of an infernal nature; tied in with Tallyrand. This weakness exploited and to such an extent only opened the way to his downfall. Such, at any rate, it seems the case can be made; so that between Bonaparte and the devil the devil won, and had Napoleon heeded the just and sensible pleas of such as Lannes things might have turned out more auspiciously for himself and everyone else. This then is proof to me that right was on the side of those against him after 1804. The British (land, as opposed to naval) participation in all this was most notable in their efforts in Portugal and Spain. And here once again, Napoleon went afoul, this time by frivolously deposing Spain's rulers. In this respect then at no juncture in all their nation's history was Britain more praiseworthy in fighting. This is not, however, to say the British were utterly without stain themselves; witness, for instance, the causes that precipitated the American War of 1812 (i.e. two wrongs don't make a right.) Still, all in all, and on the European scene she was, and, like her Allies, most morally ballasted and bolstered; in a conflict which we perhaps sometimes forget (that for them) lasted 7 whole years, and not just a few weeks in 1815.

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It makes no sense whatsoever to attempt to solve serious social, legal, and environmental problems and not be equipped and disposed to deal with sophisticated evil. But because sophisticated evil has its origin with spirit people, and because it is traditionally forbidden to consider and discuss spirit people honestly, rationally and scientifically, evil beyond the individual and personal level cannot even be addressed. What then has hitherto been the case is that people will battle mere agents and surrogates and underlings while never combating or addressing the real instigators of life's worst problems.

Though Satan as known and understood may be seen as as much a mythical or semi-mythical figure as a literal one, even so, there is some advantage to be gained by, at least tentatively, positing such a being and, so to speak, his generals. In what people of the future need to think about is arming and equipping themselves morally, rationally, and spiritually to not so much battle it out with the trivial underlings but take the fight to the top. And for every citizen who has the spiritual, emotional and intellectual constitution for such a thing, they ought to be prepared, and circumstances permitting, to fight "Satan," Okeus, the ghoulish magician, or whomever evil's upper leadership happens to be -- and not just rely or leave this for someone else to do.

As to how and in what ways such characters may be combated, there are many. One, of course, is being willing and able to withstand and endure great suffering and hardship. Yet although this last is of crucial importance, it is by no means the only way of fighting these people, and we have and will continue to do our part here at this website to suggest or show you other methods, strategies, and tactics in furtherance of this aim and objective.

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He is supposed to be so diabolically clever. Yet after all these years he stills gets ripped off and cheated by his mentor, and with his own blind consent, day in day out on a regular basis.

Now this other, his mentor, is for his part so very diabolically clever also, only it is not permissible to talk about and discuss him; otherwise it would ruin the whole (magic) trick.

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Personally speaking (as opposed to politically speaking), am I vexed and disappointed at people's indifference (of itself?) No, for if I am ignored and forgotten I have no reason to fear being embarrassed (by my circumstances.) Nor am I alone either, for animals suffer as bad or worse than myself at the hooligan's hands, and I consider myself as being with and throwing in my lot with them (the animals) -- as a matter of fact, I sometimes ask the cat if, come the day, she will grant *me* a place to sleep and a fair bite to eat.

No, what really kills me is these spirit people and brain torture radios (in that order.)

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Not infrequently you will have heard them speak or make reference to murdering for the sake of love and romance. But no one really does such a thing for love and romance, and this sort of argument, as you already probably know, is actually and merely intended to justify and excuse murder (because that's what the boss wants.)

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It's funny how television news and interview shows about politics and goings on in Washington, D.C. these days have the look and feel of a *movie* about politics and goings on in Washington, D.C.

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I take it so much for granted as being true that it may be a good idea to reiterate that when we see sophisticated evil, cruelty and destruction in the world it is absolutely essential to understand you are dealing with a highly subjective teaching and a doctrine -- not by any means an intrinsic component and necessity to the universe. Destruction is a necessity, but not all destruction is evil. Evil can seek to find its place and justification in destruction, but only insofar as destruction is justified; and as a matter of course evil is bound to have a problem with this limitation. For one thing, when we think of natural destruction in the way of the eating and decay of vegetation, evil seeks to destroy or mutilate harmonious form and or all peace. Are both kinds of destruction then the same? My sense is when they take destruction down such and such a path and to such and such a pitch beyond nature's way they are adopting and proposing a point of view that is by no means a categorical or apodeictic necessity, and therefore only an opinion. Nonetheless, they have used this kind of arch philosophy in ways that have gained them stupendous power and domination, and to that extent have been hugely successful. But even so, does this success make what *they* do necessary? And for me the answer is very plainly and simply and obviously "no."

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Unless you are true innocent, if you won't be honest, courageous, and rational yourself, or at least listen to and take your lead from someone who is, you greatly risk, if not guarantee, your becoming a slave or captive of Hell -- and we know this based on Hell's need to use fear tactics and mind control on a regular and routine basis. In connection with which, this is also why literacy has dramatically subsided in recent years, and why they insisted on calling internet communication "blogging," and why there has been drastically increased censorship in recent years, etc., etc.

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This person(s) who is paying for, and therefore in effect running, these brain torture radios (and perpetrating other assorted harassment and trouble making) for the past 15 or more years of his doing so has not only never faced me and taken responsibility for his actions he has never even clearly and openly identified himself. No, rather it is spirit people who direct him to do these things so he behaves as if it is *their* business and I must deal with them myself. Yet the fact is he (sitting in his high-chair and eating his jello pudding) is responsible himself for what *he* does, including listening to those people whom he chooses as his ally and sees himself as benefiting from. If *they* carry on as they do, well, yes, I'll deal with them. Yet if he conducts and comports himself as he does he cannot justify and excuse himself by hiding behind them for what *he* does. But, of course, the big laugh here is that he will command and bully others with his money, etc. as if *he* were some big shot -- when, by contrast, I, alone and materially impoverished compared to him, have in point of fact bettered his betters at their games and wiles, while always and punctually rejecting their putting on airs with *me*.

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"A man without some sort of religion, is at best a poor reprobate, the foot-ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and the wondrous eternity that is begun with him; but a woman without it, is even worse — a flame without heat, a rainbow without color; a flower without perfume!"
~ Ik Marvel (pen name of Donald Grant Mitchell), *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850), Second Reverie, II.

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As much as isolation is to be regretted, it cannot in every instance be helped, and someone albeit alone talking sense is better than two or more people talking nonsense; for at least the first can do no one harm (i.e. get out of my life and stop mooching off of me already.)

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A person or being that is a disease and who as such induces or causes suicide. And yet, why *not* honor and bestow on him the crown and mantle of deity and high authority?

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I remember in the 90's when Alex Rodriguez played for the Seattle Mariners, and how in those days the team would sometimes come in from playing the defensive half of the inning giving the long-horn hand sign -- otherwise assumed by most to be a sort of tacit tribute to El Diablo, and, of course, with the team making fools of themselves in the process (though don't misunderstand, I do love the Mariners.) Well, just to show you what good it did Alex to offer such tribute, they now have him up on charges of using steroids (presumably because he was doing the right thing or else refusing to do the wrong thing elsewhere) -- so does it pay to compromise with these people.

However, the greater joke here is how they penalize athletes for using steroids, and yet these those who control the vaster material wealth and political power very often (if not always) have that power and wealth because they make deals with El Diablo or his agents and representatives – say, in buying and procuring peace for themselves, if nothing else. Moreover, some of these in order to pay for their habit (of relying on these spirit people for wealth and security) will invariably and in some form or other have to supply victims for their spirit people benefactors (or else aid and abet such victimizers), unlike those who use steroids who require no such victimization. So that though no one forces steroids on anyone, when it comes to using criminal spirit people as one's artificial performance enhancer the exact opposite, in effect, is true. And yet while such as Alex Rodriquez are now put through the wringer for their purported misdeeds, we never hear a peep about these infinitely worse offenders who use the steroids of criminal spirit people to maintain their riches and opulent lifestyle, and which riches and lifestyle far exceed even that of the very well reimbursed Mr. Rodriquez.

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They do not suffer enough -- HE says so. (But why is it, if he feels that way, he shouldn't himself suffer more than he does?)

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"More troops needed in Afghanistan" -- read as:

"More troops are needed in Afghanistan so that mass murderers in our own country can better do *their* job here by having our nation's leaders distracted elsewhere."

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Normally, when we think of Hell murdering, we think of serial killers assaulting their victim, or people being sent in groups to the gas chamber, or individuals waiting in droves to be executed by firing squads. But these are only the more sensational kinds of stories that make headlines, and the more usual type of murder Hell engages in is more often quiet and subtle, such as torturing someone to death over an extended period of time, invariably and for their purposes this is understandably done in secret. Well, you might be interested to know that last night they related to me that before the present "Speelburg" came into his own he didn't actually do any murdering, but instead went the rounds as a spectator following the former 'Speelburg,' which latter was the one that saw to it that those victims of Hell assigned to him (so to speak) were receiving their regular torture. Only later (ostensibly and roughly about the same time the "entertainment" industry took over the home computer business) then was our present day "Speelburg" the one in charge of all this going on himself.

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Why should it come as a surprise to learn that the universe evolves; indeed just as a person does? But as with a person, he or it would also have a certain amount of choice; and what, after all, is so far fetched about ascribing volition to the cosmos?

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(In response to someone challenging my asseveration that the Charley Bowers silent film comedies are modern hoaxes, ala Phil Tucker and O'Dale Ireland.)

It is possible there was a silent film comedian named Charley Bowers (though I myself still question even that); but even if so, his name was simply used as the basis of these modern hoax, witchcraft people (as I allege) produced, films; not unlike how a dead person is used to create a fake voter.

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He was willing to bear his cross only he could not bear having to be too honest.

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The Word, or Logos, is like a fine art masterpiece that deserves and requires a good frame to place it in; only in this instance you are that frame. But if the frame isn't very good or out of sync with its subject, how, for all good intention, can it serve or do the picture honor?

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I loved (and still love) Lucretius, that worthy expounder of Epicurus, when I read him during my early college years; yet, as time went on, I thought it might be necessary to distance myself from him philosophically, based on charges of impiety and amoral materialism. Now, however, such qualms and misgivings seems absurd or silly; for the kind of religion Lucretius attacked and condemned was spirit people or ghost based pagan religion; and unless it be insisted that one adhere to an artificially rigid and insincere dogmatism, I otherwise find it not too great a strain or stretch to adjust and make his and Epicurus' thought compatible with Christianity or other honest religion; not least of which because it is in substance and spirit an inherently rational school of thinking.

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It is odd to think how innocent some of our peers we knew as children, say in elementary school, were in retrospect. Then we took them for granted, perhaps were somewhat slighting or critical. Yet to remember now how fragile, cheerful and guileless some were is very touching.

My biggest regret in life at present then is for the young people, children and animals having to live in a world gone so rotten as our has. For my part, I fought and beat these people, including Satan himself, and have everything to be proud of. And as for Speelburg, the magician and these others who at the moment effectively rule the roost, my word to them is and continues to be the same, namely "Yes, but *if you do* end up getting killed (for doing all these things), *then* what will you think?"

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Although videoed directly off a running television set, this clip, even so, I think makes the point well enough.

See: [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gw\\_AjWUjk9w](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gw_AjWUjk9w)

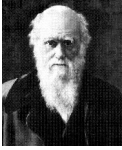
[Conclusion to Munsters' episode where Herman explains Zombo to Eddie.]

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Who would've been so dumb as to trade paradise for this fallen state of the world? And yet who could have been even dumber and then traded this fallen state of the world for Hell? Let us once more think then, take a good deep breath, and consider -- if (as we've now come to learn) magicians, wizards and sorcerers are essential to the carrying out of Hell's doctrine and policies, what does that tell you about the role of illusion in precipitating evil and ruin?

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"Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"

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One possible cure for vertigo or inexplicable dizziness that causes you to lose control of your reflexes, or unaccountable psychological detachment from your physical self, most especially in instances say where you are driving, piloting, or operating potentially dangerous machinery is to think of eating or having eaten, and or imagine yourself having eaten or planning to eat. This, I believe one will find, should or will restore your equilibrium and proper mind-body coordination in relatively no time.

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You might possibly be interested in knowing that later in the same day that I wrote the last post (regarding the spirit), I received a spirit person visitation of heavenly day-glow, euphoria, and ethereal angels. For the benefit then of readers who might be new to my site, let again reiterate that such manifestations I routinely reject and am not at all interested. But you see, *they* (my opponents) will use such tricks to justify themselves as if to say "See, Sherman will receive a heavenly reward and therefore it is all right for us (who reject doing good) to treat him as we do (i.e. by cheating and abusing him.)" This of course is a lot of nonsense, and the view I hold is that after a faithful or well-behaved person (if I might put it that way) dies they go to sleep, only to wake up or return on judgment day. They do not fly up into the sky and become an angel. This last is a pagan, gnostic or witchcraft notion that I, needless to add, disavow and want nothing to do with, and is entirely unrelated to what I write about when it comes to true or proper religion (see, for instance, Romans 8:38-39.) Such angels etc. as are brought in by Okeus, or the ghoulish magician or whomever, are either actors or duped persons and whom I do not consider to be Christian. Even so, I realize no matter how many times I make this point and clarification, there will inevitably be those who intellectually are unable to make the distinction, and will view such angels as Christian and or real heaven - - but this I can little help other than to, for the record, make disclaimers (such as the above) every so often.

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To continue on a note raised in my last post...people need food of for the spirit as much or more so as regular food. It is interesting in this regard, nonetheless, that the church has food as part of its essentials in the way of the eucharist's bread and wine. Yet these are the bare minimum, as it were, of food one would need to survive -- nevertheless a physical food that is still requisite. So it is not as if what is material then doesn't matter -- to some extent it is sacred, only on a certain level of spirituality and quantitatively speaking not all that much is needed.

This acknowledged, the spirit is otherwise more important as an end. For example, if we receive emotional, psychological or sensual gratification the pleasure is at last and in its essence known and realized in our soul or spirit (whether in its emotional, intellectual aspect or both) -- the body being merely a conduit of the experience to the soul. Moreover, what good is a pleasure if it is seriously in violation of basic morals (the heart) and reason (the cognitive mind?) Obviously a lesser and unhealthy pleasure because without basic morals and reason the soul reveals itself to be debased or at least operating on a subservient level.

When I go out driving into the city, I sometimes feel depressed by what seems its oppressive character. But what is oppressive is not the city but the bad spirit that inhabits or rules over it. And what one must do is reject that bad spirit and say it is no spirit of mine -- and why should it be if you don't like it? For as powerful as is this bad spirit found in the world greater in power to any single individual is their own soul;

made all the more greater when it joins and becomes one with the holy spirit -- the spirit of love and truth. Even so, of course, our bodies and physical natures not infrequently cause us to be blinded to this hope and avenue of release.

For poets, artists and musicians there are seasons of the spirit just as there are seasons in nature. And just as some activities are better suited for certain natural seasons than for other natural seasons, so certain art and music, etc. are better suited for certain spiritual seasons. As to how many such seasons there are and in what they consist is understandably open to question. But when a good poet or artist catches the breeze of one, he intuitively knows now is a good time for such and such expression or sentiment or else not a good time for such and such expression or sentiment -- all the more so as he is in tune with that spirit which is most loving honest, compassionate, persevering, hard working, brave and faithful.

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- No. 1 The Shnook (a spirit person)
- No. 2 the ghoulish magician (a spirit person)
- No. 3 Speelburg (a regular person)

are basically how I view whom I am dealing with. The Shnook is the main mastermind and whose movie career it really all is (the magician's and Speelburg's careers being merely incarnations of sorts of his the original.) Now others will be in such deadly terror of these characters, but people need to understand is that as much as they are very strong in some ways in others they are laughably weak, and it is with very reasonable justification that I view all three with, for the most part, utmost contempt and deem them in most respects my lessers. For consider, the Shnook had or has to his advantage the following:

- a) surprise
- b) billion dollar war chest
- c) spirit people, as well as regular people, working for him
- d) highly technology in the way of brain torture radios, sorcerer level magic, and, of course, the amazing powers of being interesting
- e) Over 16 years to make good.

By contrast, I have relatively no money; no one to confer with let alone support me in my fight against them; I'm physically disabled because of the numerous assaults they have made or make upon my person; (while this is all going on) I have to run a nursery school in having to take care of the cat (though earlier it was *cats*); society and professions have hitherto refused or been unable to aid my being a victim of human rights and ongoing criminal violence and abuse -- and yet I have substantially defeated and vanquished his mind control and fear strategy after all these years. In other words, they need all this against one man alone; so that can't I reasonably say that I am better than any single one of them? Where is their champion? Where is their God? They have no one of that description to face me with unless he be accompanied by an army and I by my lonesome -- and yet even then I still beat him. True, they still have the drop on me politically and the law denies me succor, but then that all makes the legal and government people (i.e. at least who are indifferent or else accomplices to these of whom I speak), by their mendacity and spinelessness, my inferiors as well. So that you will see when all said and done, proof of the saying winner takes all. Perhaps not in this world and not in this lifetime, but in the realm of the spirit and which matters most above all other realms (including the physical), they can never be anything more than shnooks like their master as long as they defer to and accommodate these people.

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The Sun upon the Weirldlaw Hill (1817)

by Sir Walter Scott

"The sun upon the Weirclaw hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.

"Yet not the landscape to mine eyes
Bears those bright hues that once it bore;
Tho' Ev'ning, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.

"With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.

"The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree,
Are they still such as once they were,
Or is the dreary change in me?

"Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?

"To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
And Araby's or Eden's bowers,
Were barren as this moorland hill."

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Whether bad or good rules you will always end up getting a good education; and learning of one kind or other is intrinsically hard-wired into existence that way. The difference is, nonetheless, that when good rules it costs you immeasurably, or even infinitely, less.

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Yesterday, I came across a relatively old news story (of some months ago) regarding how a few trees at Washington's home Mount Vernon, and which had stood for hundreds of years, were knocked down by a terrible storm. Off hand, I take it the storm was an otherwise natural occurrence and it is not strictly necessary to read into the story anything more than this. However, that said, there are certain powerful spirit people who can and under certain circumstances control or affect the weather; not so very different from how ordinary people can do extraordinary things using technology; so that it is not entirely impossible that the felling of these venerable trees at Mount Vernon could have been brought about intentionally. Why? So that "dumb idiot," say our "Speelburg" for example, can or could be led to think that God is

displeased with America and desires that its people be punished for disobedience. Now "dumb idiot," not taking the trouble to separate powerful spirit people from God, will see in this destruction a divine mandate, and before long some spirit person has him enlisted to perpetrate some murder or other malicious mischief and mayhem in order to further "God's" design. And such then becomes one illustration of the price of childish irrationality and the belief that spirit people somehow represent higher authority, and how certain puissant, trouble making spirit people (i.e. "Classic Troublemakers") are and can be the source of ludicrous and tragic evil in the world, namely by masquerading as and feigning higher good.

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What, in your opinion, do you think you would like better? A television drama produced by and featuring David Niven or an episode of the Man from U.N.C.L.E. starring Jay North? In my own life, I did not actually have to choose (i.e. I did and saw both.)

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I told him if he acts like a Nazi, he's going to lose it all like the Nazis (it's that simple.)

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One of the quintessential aims of ghoulish civilization is to shrink people in size and importance -- and there are false Americans, Chinese, Europeans, Arabs, Jews, Hindus, etc., etc.

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NEW HEADLINES (once again): "Disgruntled loner, awash in debt, takes gun to family then shoots himself."

It is the delight and past time of certain witchcraft spirit people to being about such a tragedy -- while having others being completely mislead as to who and what really caused it. And yet does society make the effort to go after these wizards of magic and chicanery? Well, you of course know the answer is no, and you probably also know that on the contrary such ghosts are feted and treated as both authority and royalty by certain of society's most wealthy and powerful individuals -- with the victim being blamed in their place. Some, with all good intention, might scoff at such a suggestion. Yet I myself have heard and seen this kind of thing happen so many times -- whether publicized or no -- that I don't for a moment doubt the essential and in most instances truth of this being the case.

Remember the days not so very long ago, for example, when almost routinely we heard of postal employees, unhappy with life for one reason or other, taking a pistol to work and shooting their fellows? Who and what do you suppose was really to blame for those occurrences then? But why would witchcraft spirit people seek and want such a thing to happen? Because either a) they desire to see blatant injustice take place and have others suffer excessively and or b) the victim refused to "do the wrong thing a certain way," and therefore had forgone "protection;" it being necessary then to make an example of them (or something much along these lines or very similar.)

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If they intend to repair the economy (as so in the news we hear), wouldn't it only make sense to ask what was and is the cause of its deteriorated state? (Like, say, gangster spawned monopolies, "club membership," and criminal interference with communications and the concomitant free flow of trade and commerce.)

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How can one afford to cry so much for themselves when there are so many others to think of who died or who are presently dying? For which reason, it makes sense if one *is* being persecuted or crucified to think of someone somewhere who is, say, retarded or else poor and unwanted (and undeserving of such sickness or neglect); while delighting oneself as much as possible in being able to reject and therefore separate oneself from the evil which does the persecuting and crucifying; for it is these latter who ruin life for everyone -- not existence or creation itself as they not untypically, or at least their leadership, are wont to assert.

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Must the world of necessity go to wrack and ruin? If so, it is only because the people running it are incredibly stupid and inept; for there is no fault in the world of itself otherwise.

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The last time I went to a movie theater was in the mid 1990's. However, after seeing the above picture from a fairly recent movie poster, I have to think there is, at least, still *some* hope left.

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It seems to me two lessons to be drawn from this past 20's years of society-wide selling out and betrayal of basic values, and giving into spirit people rule are --

\* When people feel they need to purchase protection from criminals because the government can't guard them from the same then what good is such a government? And what good is such protection (in either case?)

\* What good is having something of great value if you can't even really have it (or at least not that much except at an exorbitant price and or else not for very long?)

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As is the case with many things, when it comes to spirit people you often have to have been there to get the gist of it, or in the case of spirit people the weirdness of it. One of the most authentically evocative ghost yarns in literature, in my opinion, is Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu's "An Account of Some Strange Disturbances in Aungier Street" (1853) (and which is available online at <http://ia310928.us.archive.org/2/items/jslefanusghostly11699gut/11699-h/11699-h.htm>) There can be no question from reading many of Le Fanu stories that he had encountered the real thing, and "Strange Disturbances" is useful to give you some idea from what a visit from (such as) the ghoulish magician is or can be like. Now in "Strange Disturbances" there is a sort of story attached to the ghost, namely that he was in his past life a lurid reprobate of some kind and who killed himself by hanging. Were what is related in the tale a real life occurrence, what a person would need to ask is what is the ghost up to? Why is he doing what he is doing (say strolling across your bedroom and going into another room -- though it might, unlike

this particular story, be a much greater variety of actions, such as his or her standing before you and looking at you or dancing on the floor.) What needs to be kept in mind is that these bizarre behaviors are done with an intended purpose, and though utterly mad on the surface, they are prompted by a calculation that seeks a specific reaction out of the viewer or subject. This pre-planning of what takes place is not necessarily done by the given ghost you see themselves. The latter could merely be someone used by a third else and who actually is arranging the whole visitation. The design might spring from various aims -- their own amusement (as with a molester), striking terror into the subject in order to make them more malleable for other end or transactions that go on elsewhere (say at business at the office), or some other motive.

Yet though given to old tricks, ghosts and spirits do evolve in their own way, and will forget their own past and remember it, or not remember it, like regular people. They can learn, and sometimes what has worked for them before does not, in a given instance, work now and this will surprise them (depending on the individual.)

In sum, these are some of the factors to keep in mind when dealing with someone who not unusually wants to intimidate and show off to you how superior he is, perhaps even to such an extent that you will think him all wise and divine. The guise of the spirit person in "Strange Disturbances," however, is only one sort and they might try just as well to appeal to you, using say a pretty spirit girl, with humor or say some magical event like a breath-taking apparition.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I am of the Bearstone tribe, not of the Chump political party. And though more than glad to give him the benefit of the doubt for the time being, should it turn out that the new President is in reality nothing more than the Washington, D.C. version of Oprah Winfrey (that is to say a puppet of Okeus and the unknown "Speelburg"), anointed to chase after phantom terrorists in the Middle East, then I have to admit we might seriously have to consider revolution.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Locate, hunt down and destroy these big shot spirit people, and I guarantee you will have solved ninety percent or more of all and everyone's (including other spirit people's) worst problems. For just as in chess the only way one really wins is by capturing the king -- so it is also in the war against evil.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

He says he must have his movie career at all cost. I say, no, mind your own business first *then* you can have your movie career. *Who then is right?*

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"He was a man of medium size, well built, with lively eyes and fine features. He could be very polite and agreeable, especially at the table, but if one stayed too long in his company, then the apothecary and horse trader [his pre-war employments] showed through the general. He spoke a great deal about his heroic deeds on the other side, and frequently mentioned his ingenious trick at West Point, a story which he could make ridiculous with much wit.

"In his military actions he constantly displayed his former resolution, which, however, was mixed with a cautious concern due to his fear of the gallows if he fell into the hands of his countrymen. He always carried a pair of small pistols in his pocket as a last resource to escape being hanged. I have watched him very closely, and I found him very restless on the day the Americans threatened to take Portsmouth with a coup de main. On that day, he was not the 'American Hannibal.'

"His dishonorable undertaking, which, had it succeeded, could have actually turned the war more favorably for England, nevertheless cannot be justified, for surely self-gain alone had guided him, and not remorse for having taken the other side. If he really felt in his conscience that he had done wrong in siding against his mother country, he should have sheathed his sword and served no more, and then made known in writing his opinions and reasons. This would have gained more proselytes than his shameful enterprise, which every man of honor and fine feelings - whether he be friend or foe of the common cause - must loathe."

~ Capt. Johann Ewald, *Diary of the American War: A Hessian Journal* (trans. and edit. by Joseph P. Tustin)

Yes, Arnold, by his cynical and mercenary betrayal did in fact do an evil thing. Yet what emerges in retrospect, and as illustrated by the above quoted passage, is that his error was, after all, really that of a buffoon, and that, further, he was brought to the pass of making his fatal error as a direct result of a manipulative spirit person and who knew how to exploit his weaknesses. Such as Arnold, or for that matter some of the more famous dictators of the 20th century, were not themselves intrinsically bad people, but really only frail and foolish ones; but whose foolishness was used by someone who was (and presumably still is) evil. This is not to exonerate Arnold, etc. of their responsibility to do right and avoid wrong, or absolve them of the moral obligation not to be a great curse in the world. The point is merely one of bringing attention to the mysterious figure in the shadows isolating, guiding and luring them onto villainous acts; and to ignore this figure simply increases the risk and likelihood that naive and vulnerable persons like Arnold or whomever will be used to bring about great tragedy, disaster and suffering in life to those who don't deserve it (and in which class of people perhaps might be included Arnold himself.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Technically speaking, a person is not damned for making a pact with the devil; where they get damned, or at least in deep hot water, is when they try to break the pact. In other words, if you make the devil your friend, there is nothing per se wrong with availing yourself of the benefits he offers; only remember, if you choose to go that route you're stuck with him.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

And Satan said: "Play the oaf and I'll stand by you through thick and thin -- that is, at least, so long as you can get all these other people to put up with you."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

*Here*

*Did you ever stop  
and ask whose stupid fault  
this was in the first place?  
Did you ever stop and think  
the bad is them,  
and when they are gone  
we have everything else  
to be glad over?*

For any day  
this all could end,  
And any day  
Cure all things.  
Any day all  
Will mend,

And it will be  
Eternal spring.

We don't need  
A somewhere,  
For somewhere is here.  
No, the problem is  
Too much strife and the fear.

Oh, how I long for peace,  
And that no war would remain.  
Oh, that there was no more fuss  
And it was peace again.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What is truly the single greatest and most dangerous problem in the world -- is and always has been?
Criminal spirit people (and to which, as a source of evil, no one or anything else even faintly compares.)
And yet what is the one topic that everywhere one is forbidden to address honestly and scientifically? Spirit people.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I've found that if you use the word "pshaw" with a ghost sorcerer its an embarrassing reminder to him of the trusting and well meaning women he's romanced and snookered into becoming witches.

Another word I wish we would return to the common lexicon is "tergiversator," and which comes from "tergversation" the definition for which (according to Merriam-Webster's) is:

1. evasion of straightforward action or clear-cut statement : EQUIVOCATION
2. desertion of a cause, position, party, or faith

~~~~~\*~~~~~

To say a person is "born a witch" (or witchcraft person), as I just came across a moment ago, is no different than saying they are "born stupid" or "born a slave" -- with the obvious response to which being "well, yes and no."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Religion is like *most* anything -- if it is done well it is tolerable or better than tolerable; when it is not done well it isn't tolerable, etc. Why then be so out of hand prejudice against religion as some are? (Well, one simple answer to this question is dishonesty, irrationality and spirit people, but these particular topics, for now, we can leave for some other occasion.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Maybe it's me, but I can't seem to make the connection between these three items. Perhaps you can do better. *Warning* -- The YouTube video is very explicit and is not recommended for the easily upset. Ordinarily I wouldn't even post such a thing here. Yet upon reflection, I think people have a right to know about the kind of individuals who *really* run Time Warner, Microsoft, Dreamworks, Bank of America, etc.



1.

2. ["Mondo Lizzie Borden" for Jan. 15, 2009 \(i.e. "Support Our Troops"\)](#)

Note. If the above link doesn't go directly to the Jan. 15 '09 article you may have to search for it from the page you're directed to.

3. See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2XNm3iJoL7s> [Interview with Maggie Sue.]

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Here's a tip -- one way to distinguish bad coffee from good coffee is if it tastes like fish.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

And *why* does he and did he do all these evil things down through the ages? Because he was jealous. (Poor baby.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The way I see it if you are born others have a responsibility to take care of you; with the strongest having the greater obligation to take care of the weakest; furthermore, it is more important to see that everyone has the basics before permitting special individuals extravagant material luxuries (e.g. such as multi-million dollar fortunes.)

*Their* way, on the other hand, is that the one who most fools, frightens and kills should have the best of everything, or if they can't have it themselves should be in a position to prevent anyone else from doing so.

Now most, you would think, would prefer the first philosophy over the second. And yet if a person thinks little of lying, taking bribes, or keeping secrets with respect to a legal case involving torture and violence then they indubitably are of the second, and not the first, party -- the reason for this being that clearly they are of far more service and advantage to the second rather than the first group.

How then does the second philosophy get around this objection? What they do is bring in heavenly angels and spirit people who say -- *don't listen to Sherman!* (or such like him who so object.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

"Mystery" Cuts

There are still a number of "Soul, Rockin' & Obscure" tracks I have yet to post because the artists and titles have yet to be properly identified. At present I am working to get this fixed; however, here are three songs that are still worth the listen if you don't mind the (at the moment) "anonymous" attribution.

* "When the Sun Rose This Morning..."

* "So Long Johnny"

* "Baby Please"

Later Update: The actual artists and tracks, so far, are as follows:

"The Sun Rose this Morning..." is actually "Sun Risin'" by Baby Little

"So Long Johnny" by King George

"Baby Please" is "Days Got Brighter" by McKinley Mitchell

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Just as it's impossible to be in all rooms in a house at the same time, it is impossible to know as much as you do or might know, or enjoy all that you do or might enjoy, or suffer all you might suffer all at the same time. Only God could do all such things at once, and is one reason why, at least arguably, God is necessary as a heuristic principle.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

In an interview with Leonard Nimoy on William Shatner's "Raw Nerve" program, Mr. Nimoy relates how as a young man growing up he desired to become an actor, and on expressing to his family this desire, one of his family members recommended that he ought to take up the accordion on the side as something to fall back on if acting didn't work out.

This anecdote I found is a wonderful example of something I want to bring attention to in my discussions about "evil;" namely that the vast majority of people are usually and mostly as naive and simple minded as Mr. Nimoy's well meaning relative. The question then is -- if this is so, why then is the world so governed by and possessed with evil as much as it is? And why is it insisted by some that life is dog eat dog, and that the only way to really succeed in this world is by compromising with evil?

The notion of real evil is to most any given individual actually something entirely unnatural, incomprehensible and alien to them. It's just that being irrational as many or most people typically are (or at least not deeply rational), they can sometimes be easily tripped up by con-artist spirit people who have made it a religious calling to corrupt us. Nor is this helped by the phenomena that if a spirit person happens to be proficient as magic and is able to fool someone for extended times in their life, odds are that someone will come to see the spirit person (and or their voice) as divine or higher authority. So that this point of view we see so frequently expressed condoning or reflecting an indifference to evil is in origin nothing more than propaganda put out by these same spirit people; and those who show themselves susceptible to it, in essence, have no more intelligence than a brainwashed child or an animal who doesn't know what he or she is doing; with the greater preponderance of humanity having nothing like this inherently evil disposition as such propaganda claims or implies.

The question raised then further is if most people are, at heart, really so naive and simple minded from whence did this evil as a religion thing come from? Why and how, if life and creation are good, was it possible to not only make its way into our midst, but indeed engulf and take hold of people's thinking and behavior like wildfire? This is a profound and important question for which there is as yet to my knowledge no simple or easy answer. However, one factor that does stand out is that people will often assume higher knowledge without feeling it necessary to be very thoroughly or properly rational -- and inasmuch as humanity is to blame it lies in this weakness. Yet more importantly, and as practical matter, there is and has been this person (or persons) who is responsible for influencing and manipulating people's thinking, and this person is a spirit person. What is necessary as a practical matter then to address and resolve this most serious of problems is to get at and destroy this spirit person; and until humanity can collectively and

rationally get together to accomplish this we have no real and effective hope in this life of solving our dilemma.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Oh goodbye! Good-*bye*!

*Note.* This is one way of saying that even though he can cause you grief and beat you up forever and ever, it is and *always* will be a dead end and he won't and cannot possibly *ever* find the solution to *his* problems in or through using you.

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War is a state of the world where man is at the center of life's activities. But this state is possible only out of his own choice, and naturally he might just as well instead (also of his own choice) complement and highlight, rather than dominate, the proceedings (of creation.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

I've never been to (such and such country) and, moreover, don't know all that much about it. But I'm sure its inhabitants would agree with me in saying it is one of the best and most delightful places in the world to live (at least insofar as there is no tyranny, injustice and pollution in it.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Though the image remained, the memory died because the enemy attached himself to it (the image.) Therefore, if the memory is to survive it lives not by the image, but by the spirit (or process) of love and (honest) truth.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

If you aren't fundamentally honest and rational, don't speak to me about religion; otherwise I will take it for granted you are either a craven ignoramus and or else demonically possessed.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

How bad is it these days? It's so bad that in order to do good or be involved in charity of some kind one needs must pay a tax to or purchase a license from the devil.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

Leaving aside the question in the present instance of his alleged guilt, at least the governor of Illinois *can* be impeached -- that's more than could ever be said for Steven Spielberg, the Masked Marvel, the ghoul of evil or whoever the richest, most financially powerful man in America currently is.

~~~~~\*~~~~~

My sense has in large part become one of inasmuch, and as some do themselves and would have us believe, the world revolves around the ghoul and doing the wrong thing a certain way, with the rest of us evidently just along for the ride, why should I care or especially concern myself (beyond basic duties and obligations the average person has?) Should I care so that I could receive honor or heavenly compensation for the extreme and unjust woes and troubles suffered at the ghoul's hands? The fact is I beat the ghoul, single-

handedly and against all and overwhelming odds, better than fair and square -- and yet he still gets to cheat, still gets to get away with murder (like crazy.) No, no glorious prize or special compensation for me, thank you. For one thing, who could worthily confer such on me? Who and where is he? Is he my friend and the ghoul's friend? Then he's no friend of mine. No, what I have decided is that I will forgo any special honor or compensation, and choose instead to bow out and not care or permit myself to be disturbed unnecessarily. Not because there are not things or matters worth caring or bothering about, but under this umpire-ship (if I may all it that) the game is skewed and not worth playing, and I will instead find my solace lost among the crowd (as the animals, for example, must), or else seek such rest so that I will no longer have to trouble myself with a game that is rigged so much that it isn't worth playing. I do not mean to imply by this that life isn't worth living; only if the ghoul and his cronies get to cheat so much, I'd just as soon not having to be living my life to make possible his being babied and being able to get away with murder so much as he does. Let those who can live in peace and be happy do so, and *may* they be able to do so. But if the only way I can do so is by having to accommodate the ghoul, et al. I just as soon not bother, and say it isn't worth it (while, in the meantime, praying and wishing justice for the very poor, innocent, and helpless, etc.)

~~~~~\*~~~~~

There is no moral, mental health, cultural, literacy, family, criminal justice, censorship, scientific research, human rights, or environmental crisis -- but there is an *economic* crisis! Thank goodness we at least got that HDTV/Blue Ray thing nipped in the bud.

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You'll have to excuse me, they pulled something on me today and to help get it out of my system I had to hear "Defying Gravity" (from 'Wicked' the original soundtrack) again. In the spirit then of what one of the little folk once said to me, namely "If one is good, two is better," here once more is that song. (As with the Monty Pythons and "Branded," now this by comparison would go good with Andrea Martin and Catherine O'Hara, imho.)

See: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FIMBcTGJ4YM>

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For those who might be interested, the following is a (mostly) new excerpt from the in-progress Fifth edition of my *Calendar & Record of the Revolutionary War in the South: 1780-1781*. The finished product I anticipate being done in about a month or two.

1 May [1781]. [raid] Douglass' Raid (Wilkes County?, GA.) Lieut. Col. Thomas Brown, at Augusta reported to Lieut. Col. Friedrich von Porbeck, commanding in Savannah, that Maj. James Jackson was hovering about nearby with 80 mounted militia on the Carolina side of the Savannah River, while 400 to 500 "cavalry" besieged Augusta from the Georgia side.

Edward Cashin: "He [Brown] sent John Douglass on a daring raid with a detachment of royal militia. Brown later testified that Douglass surprised a group of rebels guarding horses. The guards were bayoneted, and Douglass captured four hundred horses. What Brown did with four hundred horses is not clear. Ranger officers were sent out to seek help from the Indians. Captain Alexander Wyllly went among the Cherokees with instructions to bring that nation into action, but the Cherokees were discouraged by the incursions of the mountain militia of Virginia and North Carolina. Brown hoped to receive assistance from the Creeks also, but most of them were away on the Pensacola campaign."

With Von Porbeck having at his disposal 500 troops in Savannah and about 350 militia in the neighboring countryside, Royal Gov. James Wright, Sr. and his council entreated him to reinforce Augusta with 100 regulars, but he refused. In retrospect this refusal may have proved decisive, for two likely things might have occurred had the 100 regulars been sent, either a) they would have been lost at Augusta, or else b) the Rebels would have been repulsed. Porbeck's choice would seem to reflect a greater fear of the former than

hope for the latter, and shows again the tendency, whether forced or chosen, by British commanders in late Spring of 1781 to relinquish any idea of going on the offensive; and this perhaps due in no small part due to the split, and therefore indecisive, nature of the command structure with Cornwallis away in Virginia — Clinton in New York — Rawdon in South Carolina — and Balfour in Charlestown.

Cornwallis left the state of the defenses in S.C. and GA. confused and in abeyance. Indeed, there was little or no planning in the Deep South at this time, and the British essentially found themselves reacting to the Americans, while not having enough of a punch left of their own (due to divided leadership and lack of numbers) to cause the Americans to have to react much. It is interesting that, aside from some in N.C., Greene received the regular cooperation of the militia leadership, and his taking exception, for example to Sumter's failing to assist him at Hobkirk, shows an assumption of Greene's authority that left little or no room to question who was actually in charge. At the same time, and in fairness to Sumter, and despite Greene's just or unjust blame of him, he never for once attempted to assert either equality or superiority to Greene as commander. Rawdon, on the other hand and when all was said and done, found himself having to waiting on Clinton or Cornwallis since they alone had the men and material to make a counter offensive in S.C. possible. Greene with help of the locals and partisans, by contrast, had the advantage -- along with the disadvantage -- of having to rely on his own powers and resources, and if they failed there was no one really to fall back on to shore up or make up for any serious loss he might incur (hence the pronounced caution he displayed in almost all his engagements.) Although there were still many loyalists in S.C. at the time, the whigs were by and large far more aggressive and enterprising, and it was this finally which gave the Greene the momentum to continue on the attack (such as Rawdon could not do.) And as undisputed southern chief he could coordinate an offensive with much greater freedom and flexibility than had it been necessary for him, as it was to Rawdon, to answer to and rely on a superior far away for greater strength than he himself had.

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Once again and for the record, yes (as well and aside from "demonistic" telepathy, if I may call it that) I am and do have brain torture radios being run on me around the clock -- for what has now been something like 15 years straight non-stop now, and about the only respite I get is (though not always) when I sleep or am asleep.

"Brain torture radios!" You might say. "What a crazy thing to do to someone? And who would have the wherewithal and persistence to do such a thing?"

Ah, but you see such as brain torture radios is just one example of why these people are so powerful. Even so, after waking up early this morning and when I saw my cat, I said, "look how good the poor little animals have been" or (as on another occasion) "how come the poor little animals have been so good?" -- thinking what a joyous and wonderful feeling it was to have rejected and stood up to these people all this while, and not sold out or caved in like so many others, and instead aligned myself with the animals (who are as much, when not more so, victims of Hell in this world as anyone, of course.) What some thought was impossible, I have proved (with God's grace, a rational outlook, and despite my many shortcomings) *is* possible. And though for many years I've been through Hells and torments like many of you (who read this) could never even have dreamed or imagined were possible, I never for a moment (or at most for a moment) questioned the wisdom of my defiance and contempt of these spirit people (and despite their many efforts to make it seem like they were God from heaven.) True, it is often still an agony for me that I desperately wish would all end. But give in and go along with these people in order to have it be so? Not for all the riches, honors, halos or what have you in the world.

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As Jesus as much as said, "Peace unto you if you said no demonism by me."

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Since pretty much the beginning, mankind has been led to think the world revolves around devilment and demonism. But if our lives are seen as always having to answer to devilment and demonism this is only so because people let it be so, and demonism, etc. is just a doctrine and teaching like any other system of belief. In its own special way it has proven very successful and materially profitable for its proponents. But, of course, it is also fatally flawed and self-defeating (and for reasons we've spoken of and brought up here time and again.)

One thing I for my part especially hate about these rotten spirit people who are behind all this is that life, whether rich or poor or in between, or whether people or animals is inevitably, if not always, challenging and hard for anyone. Where then do these criminals get off violently abusing others and being such vicious parasites as they are? I fail to see the justification for it. Yes, we all must die, but with these their aim is not merely murder, but as much or more so to cause and inflict acute and gratuitous suffering, and this, again I find, is simply and entirely inexcusable.

And another point worth mentioning...In addressing the topic of spirit people, it is not strictly necessary to come to absolute conclusions about the essential nature of souls and or of life itself. Much, obviously, can and has been said on these profound and momentous subjects, and no doubt more will be said in times to come. All we are suggesting, in the meantime, is that if there are spirit people, they have an obligation if they occupy our country to adhere to certain norms of behavior -- such as no murder, no torture, no rape, etc. -- and this, assuming they have any right to be here in the first place; and which latter question the citizens of a given nation can (in some measure) ultimately vote on and decide for themselves.

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Now do you see what kind of curves a person is thrown? Namely, is the above to be pitied or ridiculed?

~~~~~\*~~~~~

The Department of Defense

Who that will not listen
Ever learned the lesson
Of Troy's fall?

For years he fought
And kept the wall.
Yet one day's sleight of hand
And look he lost it all.

Whoever is most fair and just
He said should rule.
But now say his captors
"No, it is he who best fools.

"And if good you must be
Then die you certainly will.
Oh, you won't be good and die, eh?
Then like us you must kill."

~~~~~\*~~~~~

What has hitherto been the fundamental problem with governments is that they do not really acknowledge or are capable of contending with real evil on a long term basis. This is largely due to the vast majority of people being this way generally. Types they can caricature, and or they can demonize and vilify a certain person or party as evil. Yet beyond this sort of superficial name calling they do not go and this because they will or cannot admit to or deal scientifically with spirit people and who are the true source of (serious) evil.

To help some along away in this signal weakness and incapacity to confront evil, it is worth mentioning that the trick or art of dealing with witchcraft and deluded religious people and criminal spirit persons consists in striking a balance between sympathetically understanding them (while making allowance for their perhaps involuntary puerility and ignorance) versus being firm and adamantly condemning the otherwise inexcusable trouble they are causing. Yet while it is well to be one way more than the other with these people one naturally cannot always, if ever, do or be both equally.

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One of the most memorable show openings of all time -- in fact, I vividly recall being disturbed by it as a child (why *were* they treating Chuck Connors this way?) Interesting now, however, is to envision Graham Chapman and Terry Jones playing the key dramatic roles here.

See: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TXIUS5-ag_g ["Branded" tv show intro in color]

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[or139]